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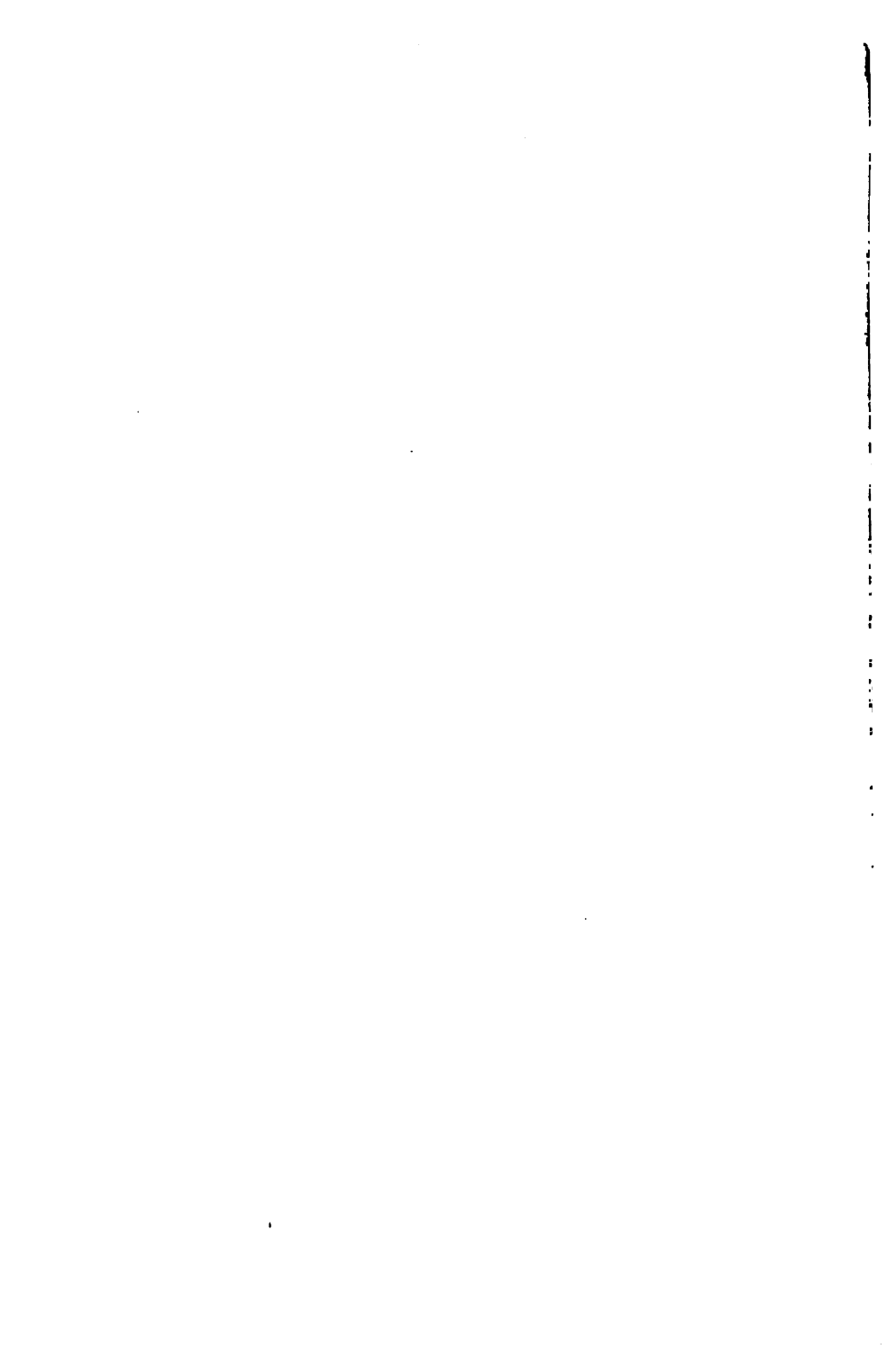
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**Columbus Monument, Cristobal, Canal Zone**

# THE AFRICAN MEDITERRANEAN

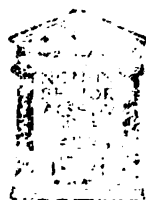
By

STEPHEN BONSAI

Author of

"The Vulture for Sunning" "The Golden Horseshoe," etc.

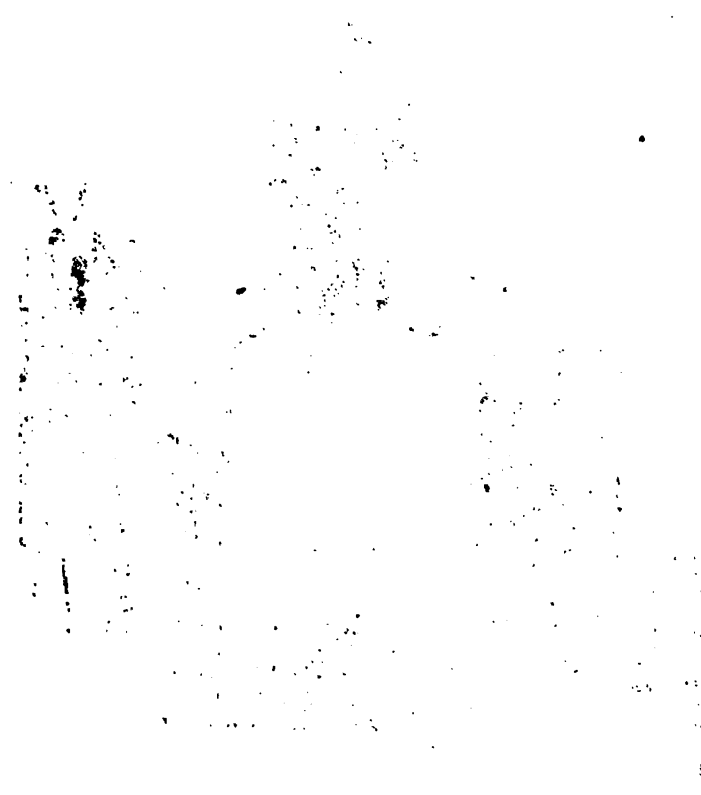
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NEW YORK

MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY

1912



# • THE AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN.

By

STEPHEN BONSAL

Author of

“The Fight for Santiago,” “The Golden Horseshoe,” etc.

ILLUSTRATED



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MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY  
1912

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**"The American Mediterranean lands, although lying almost entirely within the tropics, are perfectly accessible to man for all purposes of permanent settlement. In this respect they present an absolute contrast with the vast regions of Africa situated under the same latitude."**

*Élise Reclus.*



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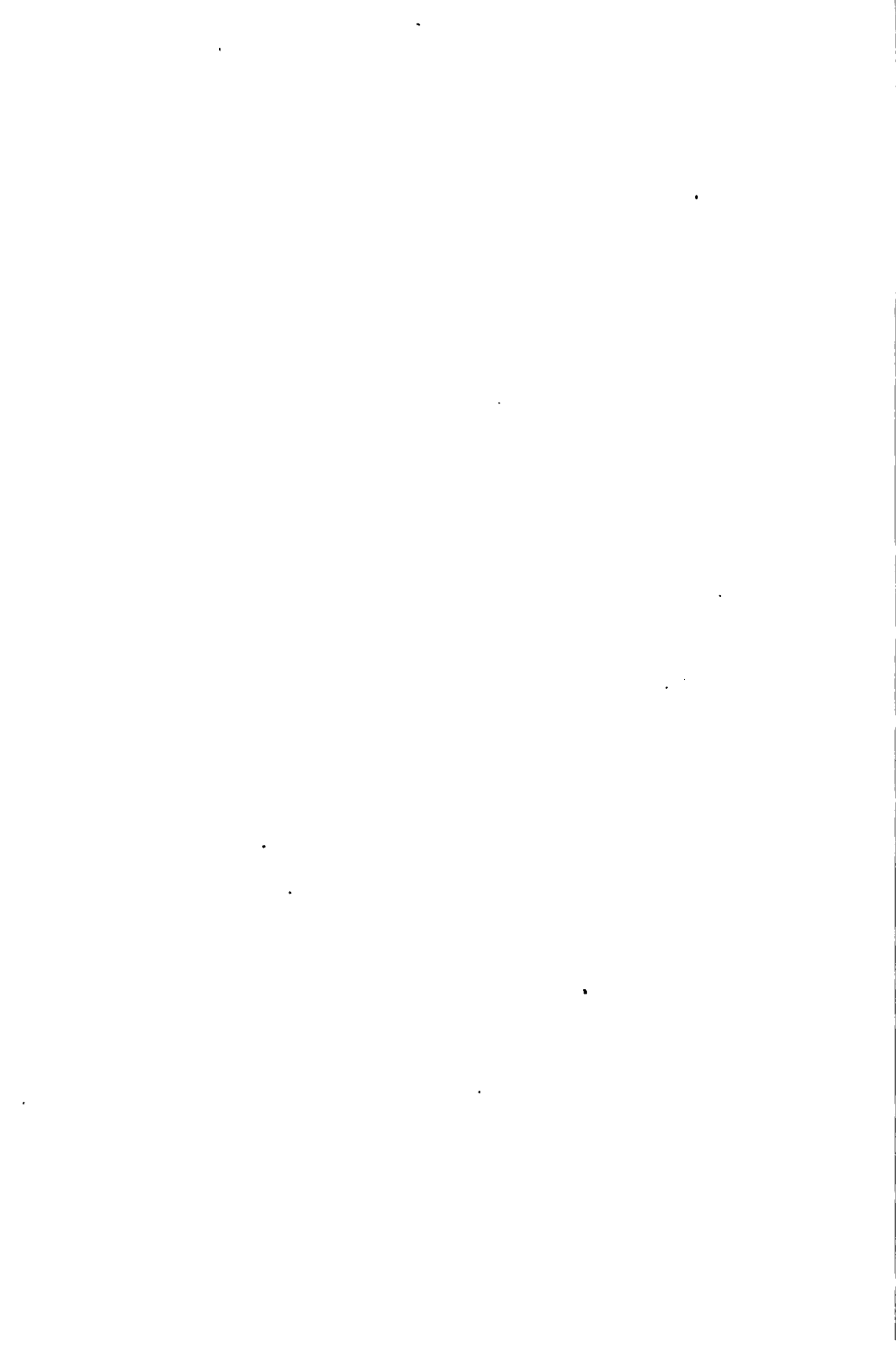


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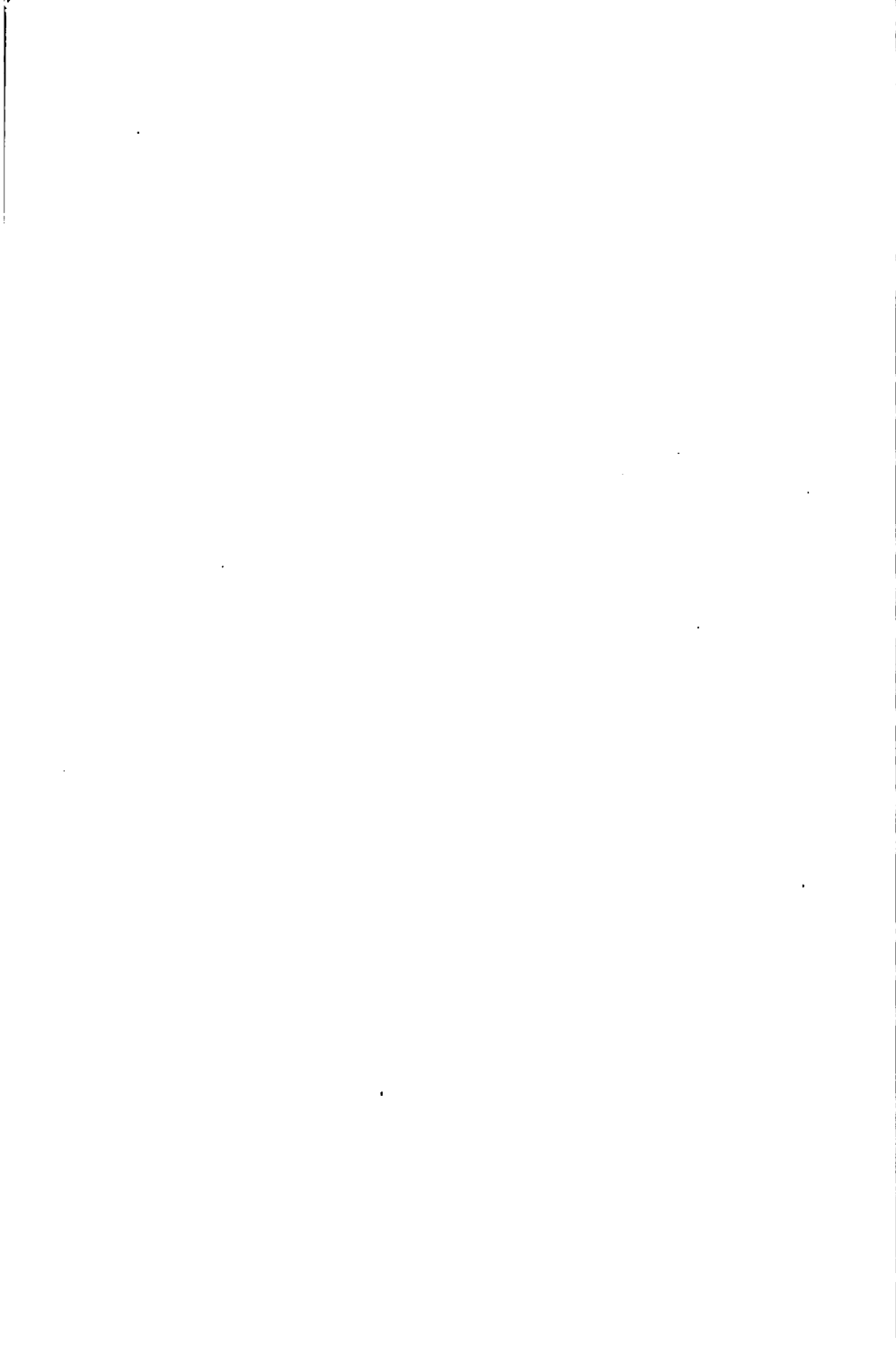


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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

IN the following pages I have attempted to bring together the records and the impressions of many voyages in the American Mediterranean and many visits to all the Caribbean countries made by me during the last twenty years.

In those countries, where recent developments have been along traditional lines, such as unhappily has been the case in Hayti, I have made but little effort to more than summarise events which have occurred subsequent to the date of my last visit.

{ Our merchants and our legislators are at last awakening to the possibilities of the new world that borders the great South Sea to which the shipping and the industries of two hemispheres will soon penetrate through the water-gates of Panama. } Before I myself follow in the wake of those pioneers I have in this volume sought to impress upon possible readers the great beauties and the magnificent resources of the lands nearer home which have never been separated from us by { the geographical obstacle which the genius of the American people has at last surmounted, which to-morrow will lie adjacent to the main-travelled roads of the sea that are about to be re-charted to meet the almost miraculously changed conditions of the water-way through the Isthmus. }

In a work of this character I am necessarily under obligations for valued assistance derived from many sources, for which I think in every instance acknowledgment is made in the text. For statistical information I have drawn somewhat upon the official publications of the countries in question, but more heavily upon the bulletins and the other publications of the Pan-American Union, which in the last few years, under the able and energetic direction of the Hon. John Barrett, have become the highest authority on the Latin-American world. Many fragments of the following chapters have been published in the *New York Times*, in the *Chicago Tribune*, and in the *North American Review*. My thanks are given to the editors of these publications for permission to republish these articles in their amended and definite form.

STEPHEN BONSAI.

BEDFORD, N. Y.

September 1, 1912.

# THE AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN

## CHAPTER I

### THE CARIBBEAN WORLD—YESTERDAY—TO-DAY— TO-MORROW

[THE West Indies extend from the tip of Florida's toe, west to east, a thousand miles out to sea. This is the first and most important section of the Caribbean world and comprises the four large islands of Cuba, Jamaica, Hispaniola (Hayti and Santo Domingo), and Porto Rico. Once this last island sinks down behind the horizon, the insular chain which surrounds the Caribbean waters takes a downward turn extending to the South American coast. The continental shore-line of South and Central America, the old Spanish Main, from the mouth of the Orinoco to the Yucatan Channel, completes the land boundaries of the American Mediterranean on the south and west, and brings us back to Florida waters and our point of departure.]

The great majority of these island links, which are known as the Lesser Antilles, belong to England and they form two administrative divisions called, that in the north the Leeward Islands, that in the south the Windward Islands.

Geographers and sailors are far from being satisfied with these terms, because, for one reason, the islands off the Venezuelan coast are left high and dry without a collective name. As a matter of fact, all the islands which



form the beautiful crescent extending across the storm-vexed seas from St. Thomas to Tobago (Robinson Crusoe's real home) and to Trinidad are Windward islands and the little outposts of the South American continent, Margarita, Tortuga, Orchilla, Aves, Buen Ayre, Curaçao, and Oruba, compose the true Leeward group.

[One hundred and fifty years ago these to-day neglected islands were regarded, and justly so, as the most valuable portions of the world's surface then known and accessible to man. When muscovado sugar brought \$300 a ton and cost less than \$100 to produce, when slave labour was cheap and hard driven, a small 200-acre Barbadian plantation represented an annual income of \$75,000 to \$125,000.]

Lands as valuable as these had many suitors, and the ownership of the islands was only established after many severe and bloody struggles. One of these wars lasted for a hundred years, and for several decades at least—until, as usual, people forgot what they thought they were fighting about—was known as the war over Captain Jenkins' ear.

I remember once when I had the advantage and perhaps the audacity to talk history with Mr. Lecky, he expressed considerable scepticism as to the damage that was done to Captain Jenkins' ear, and was rather inclined to throw doubt upon the tradition or the legend which we learned as history when I went to school, according to which Captain Jenkins was a bluff sailor-man who went on a trading venture to Martinico and had his ear severed from his honest bullet head by some tyrannical don or frog-eater, even in those days, it would seem, averse to anything like free or fair trade.

"I am afraid the good Captain Jenkins was a pirate or at best a smuggler," said Mr. Lecky sadly, "and that his missing ear, if it really was missing, was but a pretext. We fought France and Spain a hundred years, and we cheerfully gave up thousands and tens of thousands of our men to get cheap brown sugar for ourselves (you see, the sweet tooth was, with the advance of civilisation, developing fast) and to sell it not so cheaply to our Continental neighbours."

Perhaps Mr. Lecky was right and Captain Jenkins was no better than he should have been, and the worthy merchants who produced him on the London 'Change and in the coffee-rooms were the direct forbears of the sugar trustees of to-day. If the great historian spoils an excellent story which has made many a British breast swell with pride in generations past, it must also be admitted that he deals at the same time quite a blow to the theory with which in his later years he became unduly enamoured, to the effect that there never had been a "yellow" war until the days of the penny newspapers, whose editors and correspondents he would quite frequently class with cholera and black death and the other plagues sent to scourge the human race.

[The vast extent of the American Mediterranean, in which I include the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, the encircling rim of islands, and the coast of the old Spanish Main, is not indicated by the small-scale maps upon which the West Indies are generally drawn.] As a matter of fact our Mediterranean has a circuit drawn from Cape Sable round to the Bahamas, of about 12,000 miles or approximately one-half the circumference of the globe. It has been estimated that a steamer of average speed leaving Key West and steaming along

the coast of Mexico and the Central American and north South American states, then keeping to the inside of the Antilles and laying a homeward course, would take about forty days to get back to the starting-point. The actual progress of the tourist or traveller is still more dilatory. These are the seas of the nine-knot boats. An eleven-knot boat is a phenomenon that is regarded with the admiration and the awe which we, farther north, pay to the trans-Atlantic greyhounds. Navigation has another anomaly in these waters, and it is one that does not make for speed. Your skipper may have a great big voice and even at times use a belaying-pin not gently upon his native crew, but, after all, he is only "number two man" to the fruit supercargo who is charged with keeping and bringing to port in good condition the tons of fruit that every north-bound steamer carries in its cold-storage chambers. I recall that once on a journey from Colon to Jamaica, the fruit supercargo for six hours reduced our speed to four knots an hour because the temperature in the fruit chambers was not low enough, and all the power the engines could make above the pitiful four knots an hour was required for the purpose of refrigeration. There was also a threat from the tyrannical representative of the fruit king that our electric light would have to be cut off, but in the face of the united body of remonstrating passengers, in this detail the supercargo relented.

So, as a matter of fact, the forty days' limit is not often realised. In my last cruise practically, though not absolutely, encircling our Mediterranean, during which my course lay from New York to St. Thomas, to Santa Cruz, to St. Kitt's, to Antigua, to Guadeloupe, and Martinique, down the Windward Islands, making

calls, and on to Barbados, Trinidad, and Grenada, then northwest along the South American coast to La Guayra, Puerto Cabello, Curaçao, and southeast to Baranquilla, Cartagena and to Colon, thence north to Jamaica and eastward, visiting the ports of Hayti and Santo Domingo, thence across the Mona Passage to Porto Rico, then westward again along the northern coast of Hispaniola to Guantanamo, thence to Havana and New York. I spent forty-four not over comfortable days at sea, generally in small-powered sugar boats, and was most fortunate in being nowhere subjected to the delays of quarantine.

Of course in winter many magnificent excursion steamers, replete with every comfort and even luxuries, sail for the West Indies, and they offer a splendid opportunity to escape the rigours of our northern winter. They are, however, not to be recommended to the student of conditions, and the most picturesque places are often left out of the itinerary for sanitary or political reasons. After all, if you have good health and fair sea-legs, the slow sugar boats and the coffee coasters for the long voyages, and the antiquated annexes and the inter-colonial steamers for the short trips, are the best. There is much that is picturesque and most interesting in the ports of call of the big boats, but, after all, it is on a small scale. I have seen Constantinople and even Naples swallow a thousand tourists belched forth from the decks of an ocean liner for a few hours' run on shore and after the first momentary hesitation that the sight produced it was all over, the great sight had swallowed up all the spectators; but Santo Domingo and Cartagena could not do this, and you had better see them alone or in a small company. Some of

the Quebec line of steamers that ply in these seas are good and some are not so good as they ought to be. The little Dutch boats that ply through the islands on their circuitous voyage from New York to Amsterdam via Surinam are neat and charming, and though slow and deliberate in their movements, I can heartily recommend them. The enterprise of the Hamburg-American line is responsible for an innovation that should be encouraged. Thanks to it the contrast between what must have been the life on the ancient caravels and what is the comfort on the ocean greyhounds to-day is not greater than the experiences of my first and my last visit to Hayti, though only five years intervened. The enterprising Germans now run a little steamer, smart as a yacht, neat, clean, and comfortable, once every month from Kingston to St. Thomas, stopping on the way at all the interesting ports of Hayti, Santo Domingo, and Porto Rico. These steamers and, of course, the Royal Mail of England for the long stretches, one or two legs of the cruise, furnish very agreeable surprises to the traveller weary of his recent experiences.

One disappointment at least awaits the traveller in the West Indies; probably the one thing he thinks he knows about the region in which he is travelling is only partly true. The nuts may come from Brazil, but the Gulf Stream does not come from the Gulf of Mexico. Hydrographers now say that the stream which traverses our Mediterranean is practically identical with that great equatorial current which flows from the West Coast of Africa across the Atlantic, penetrates through the Lesser Antilles into the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, whence it returns through Florida Strait to the Atlantic and begins to play its great rôle in the Western

Ocean and the adjacent lands. Now it is known that only a small fraction of this enormous current comes from our Gulf. Still, though relatively small, the American contribution to this oceanic river is considerable. It is said to form a liquid mass about 55 miles wide and 450 fathoms deep, moving at a rate varying from two to six miles an hour, or if these figures are correct it is equivalent to 300,000 rivers as copious as that of the Mississippi.

As weather conditions and reports of hurricanes that have been lost or are found form the only news that reaches the outside world from the islands of the American Mediterranean it would seem fitting that something should be said on this subject. It would be thought that such a vast body of tepid waters, whose warming influence is felt as far north and east as Nova Zembla, would raise the temperature in this section of the torrid zone so high as to render the islands uninhabitable. There are, however, the counteracting influences of the atmospheric currents, and of altitude, by which most fortunately the action of the Gulf Stream is neutralised and all the surrounding lands of the isthmian region and the islands are made suitable for the settlement of white men. I have suffered slightly from the heat in Kingston, Jamaica, and in Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe, but nowhere else within the confines of the American Mediterranean.

Terrific hurricanes such as the one by which Porto Rico was devastated in October, 1899, are unfortunately not infrequent. Their season is from July to November; sometimes, though not often, they occur out of season. It is held by scientists, though the mariners who sail these seas generally dissent, that these cyclonic disturbances are of local origin and appear to be con-

nected with the cold northern and eastern trade-winds which rush in to fill the vacuum caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere during the summer months. The centre of a hurricane at sea is a very unpleasant place to be. Practically few ships have survived to tell the tale. Fortunately the ocean is large and the real storm centre occupies a comparatively small area. However, weather reports by cable and by wireless through these regions have been so perfected during the last decade that the dangers of navigation have been minimised, though not wholly eliminated.

Weather conditions are notoriously a matter of personal opinion or whim, but I have always thought that an earthquake was a too substantial fact to admit of doubt or discussion among its survivors; however, the inhabitants of Kingston, Jamaica, have convinced me of my error. After years of litigation they have also, which is more important for them, convinced the highest courts in England that their city was not destroyed by an earthquake and a hurricane in 1903. The weight of evidence which they have produced has convinced the learned judges that if these terrestrial and aërial commotions did occur it was only after the town of Kingston had been destroyed by fire, and the fire insurance companies will have to pay something like two million dollars damages. It was a wonderful achievement of the Kingstonians. They proved for once that Nature in her phenomena puts the cart before the horse.

The struggle for the sugar lands ended practically with the great fight off the rock-bound coast of Dominica where in 1782 Rodney sank the fleet of De Grasse, composed in part at least of the very frigates which had sailed up the York River the year before and made our

victory at Yorktown possible. Napoleon tried, but in vain, to win back the profitable plantations. Then as now the people of Dominica and of St. Kitts and a number of the other islands spoke French, but the ancient flag was never restored to them.

Defeated in his turn by the oaken frigates of old England, Napoleon, most resourceful of men, thought of a way in which he might ruin a country he could not conquer. Somewhere in his private papers the watchful historian who seeks the little causes of great effects has found the entry:

"This day the emperor granted two thousand livres from his private purse to investigate the possibility of making sugar from the beet root. Thus France may escape the heavy tribute she is yearly forced to pay to foreigners,"

was the imperial comment.

The successful result of his experiments ruined the West Indies, and gradually in the course of three generations the most profitable of islands became the Cinderellas of the nations.

To-day, again, the tables are turning. The cost of manufacturing sugar from cane has been so reduced that the growers of the sugar-beet will have to look to their profits. With the market of 80,000,000 people once open to them on this side of the Atlantic, the growing of cane sugar in the West Indies may well become again a lucrative pursuit, though, of course, not nearly so profitable as it was a century ago.

When the lean years came and deficits began to present themselves with great regularity in every annual budget that came from the West Indian islands, the



matter-of-fact overlords in Europe also began to take stock of a business where the balance was invariably on the wrong side of the ledger. It is quite difficult to prove this statement, but there is much reason to believe that our English cousins, the most businesslike of overlords, some twenty years ago made what might, had it been received with enthusiasm, have developed into a formal offer to sell their out-at-the elbow West Indian islands to Uncle Sam for a reasonable sum, and to-day some think there is a standing offer on file in Washington whereby John Bull pledges himself to take our Philippine troubles off our hands if we in turn would only oblige by shouldering his West Indian burden.

> Perhaps the fruit trade between the islands and the mother countries across the Atlantic in refrigerated steamers, which is just beginning, will save the economic situation and perhaps it will not. Perhaps the English threat of reducing the scale and the class of government given—that the cost of administration may be reduced to the level of the revenue collected—will, in some hard-up day when the old-age pensions have to be paid, be carried into effect, and then perforce West Indian civilisation will take a backward step by which our interests cannot but be affected.

One hundred and fifty years ago all the powers of the world were competing for the possession of the islands, which many of them to-day would gladly abandon if the way to doing so were clear. And those powers which to-day, like Germany, cannot successfully deny the impeachment of coveting West Indian real estate, it is equally clear, only regard them as strategic positions or stepping-stones to more desirable places and

heights beyond. [Vast economic changes are impending in the Caribbean as a result of the construction of the isthmian canal, and it behooves us not to neglect any advantages which may accrue as a result of our tremendous canal investment.] (When the impending changes have taken place, the political situation of all our insular and continental neighbours is not likely to remain as it is.)

Of our recent relations with the various governments which exist in the countries that are washed by the Caribbean waters there is little to be said. All that might be said is either well known or not worth saying.

Grant had a strange yearning for these islands and he never forgave those men who defeated the perhaps then ill-considered projects of annexation and purchase which he cherished. A little later, it would appear from a recent volume of Mr. Rhodes, the idea of national aggrandisement in the West Indies found a spokesman in Sumner, the man who had, and perhaps the only man who could have, defeated Grant's Santo Domingo scheme.

It was at the time when the burning question of the *Alabama* claims had brought Great Britain and the United States to the brink of war, and Mr. Fish was urging upon Thornton, the English Minister at Washington, in anything but an academic spirit, the withdrawal of Her Majesty's government from Canada, that Sumner outlined the most out-and-out America for the United States policy which was ever penned. In this formal paper, which is known in our diplomatic history as the "Sumner hemisphere flag withdrawal memorandum," the Senator from Massachusetts, who was also chairman of the foreign relations committee, wrote

"To make the settlement complete," referring to the claims and the Fenian troubles, "the withdrawal [British] should be from this hemisphere, including provinces and islands."

More important even than the Spanish war which left us proprietor of Porto Rico and protector and sponsor for Cuba, in bringing about the new conditions in the West Indies, were the consequences of the Venezuelan correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney. After having ignored, if he did not flout the Monroe Doctrine, the English earl ended by canonising it. So far from opposing the extension and general acceptance of this hemisphere-embracing creed, Lord Salisbury and his successors in the British Foreign Office have placed their own possessions under the defensive shield out of which they once feared offensive weapons might be forged.

When the Venezuelan boundary question came on the international carpet, the British islands of the Caribbean were the scenes of much naval and military activity. It was then the plan and the frank purpose of the British government to make Jamaica and St. Lucia impregnable. Vast sums were spent at Castries and elsewhere. Then swiftly came the change of policy, the great naval station was abandoned, the immense fortresses were left unfinished, the white troops were withdrawn, the powerful squadrons sailed away, never to return. It was announced that the West Indian colonies had been abandoned as factors in the scheme of imperial defence, and it never was denied that as a result of the Olney-Salisbury correspondence and the development of the for many decades neglected Monroe Doctrine, the British government had decided to place its islands under the

protection of the overlord of the Caribbean, whose seat is in Washington.

The situation of the Dutch and of the Danish colonies in the Caribbean is similar and equally unhappy. These are thrifty nations which have never hitherto governed colonies at a loss, as they are doing to-day. In population and in commerce these colonies are inconsiderable, and they cost a pretty penny, which is onerous upon the limited treasuries of the countries to which they belong. They are only rich in potential qualities, which require the developing hand of a world-power.

The West Indian "advance" men, who are continually preaching in Berlin and in Hamburg about the possibilities of the Caribbean situation, commercial and political, are quite right when they say that once the German flag is raised over St. Thomas and Santa Cruz, over Curaçao and Margarita, the strategic and defensive position of the German empire in the West Indies would be as strong as that of the United States, and stronger) ✓ than that of England, whose positions were chosen, and exceedingly well chosen, for the days of sailing vessels. Now and again the traveller through these to-day lonely and, as far as sails are concerned, forsaken seas comes upon some moss-grown fortress with dismantled battlements and wonders what it was for and why it was built there. His enquiry and research soon reveal the fact that in the golden days of sugar in the eighteenth century these forts commanded certain passages and channels of the sea which it was necessary for traders to pass through in the era before steam, when the trade winds ruled this part of the world with something closely akin to tyranny.

So the Dutch and the Danish colonies are run at a loss,

which is bad, but the political exigencies of the situation require of the Dutch and the Danish home governments to make believe that they enjoy throwing money into the Caribbean, which is worse. They are both equally concerned to see postponed the day when the question of the ultimate destination of these islands shall pass beyond the academic stage. The statesmen of The Hague know perhaps better than we do, or at least in more detail, how extremely anxious Berlin is to secure these positions which might be regarded as indispensable if the future of the empire is to be upon the water, as Emperor William says it is.

Not being able to part with what once were profitable plantations, but are now simply costly toys—neither to Germany, because we would regard such a step as a breach of the Monroe Doctrine and most certainly a *casus belli*, nor to us, because Germany could and probably would make things unpleasant for the vendors at home—the Hague and the Copenhagen governments will probably continue to foot their West Indian bills with the best grace imaginable until the next general adjustment of balances and unfinished business is reached between the powers as the result of war or the awakening of an intelligent self-interest.

There is, of course, another view of the situation of the British colonies, but neither in England nor in the islands is it shared by many thoroughly conversant with West Indian conditions. This view has been well expressed by Mr. Holland in the *National Review*:

“The imperial conference of 1907,” he writes, “when the air was full of projects for a closer imperial union, showed that definite projects must be postponed. Nevertheless the imperial conference itself is now more

than ever before an established fact, and the wording of its first resolution constituted a real step in development. The council of the empire exists and as time goes on will acquire strength and substance. . . . The universal free trade idea was powerful when no rival idea was in the field, but it has now encountered one stronger than itself, that of the might and unity of the empire.

In more direct relation with our subject is the project of a West Indian federation of British crown colonies with what might be called an interinsular parliament and a governor-general appointed by the Emperor-king. This project seems to command at any and all times a large amount of space in the London papers, but among the islanders it excites hardly any interest. I broached the subject to a distinguished gentleman of Antigua, as, indeed, I did to many other men of weight with whom I came in contact during my trip through the islands, but it was invariably dismissed with a few and generally bitter words.

The leading Antiguan said when he had relieved his feelings with a good scold of Whitehall Street in general and the Colonial Office in particular:

"These islands are so many oranges which the mother country has sucked dry, and now we, the peels or the rind, what you will, are thrown away. I hear quite a trade is springing up between Haytian and Dominican ports and the United States in orange peels, but that is commercial, not political. You can take it from me that the great majority of the people of England are concerned in the pursuit of the elusive guineas and do not care a penny for political orange peels such as we are.

"I think it was Froude, was it not, who said the West Indies grew sugar but not men. As we no longer grow even sugar, how can they be interested in us and in our

calamitous affairs? It would hardly be wise to remind them of the good white rum we gave them in ages past. Their gouty toes probably keep that in all the freshness and remembrance that is desirable. Now and again we get a colonial minister like Chamberlain, who was either patriotically and honestly concerned with our well-being and our welfare as outposts of the empire, to which in the days of our strength we rendered loyal service, or was desirous of securing a new political battle-cry with which to rally a parliamentary majority or to secure a niche in Westminster Abbey. But, as a rule, they leave us alone in our ruined sugar mills and our neglected plantations, which are growing up into jungle again."

The leading editor in Jamaica, when I called his attention to the West Indian federation project, found it amusing, but in bad taste. The situation in the islands, he added, is far too serious to be made a subject of jesting. The federation scheme serves to point a few paragraphs in the London daily papers and furnishes an occasional long article in the Colonial Office journal, but it has no more practical purpose than that.

"The whole business is an absurd dream of two or three English faddists," he continued, "who are weakly supported by a few West Indians who have lived so long in London that they are completely out of touch with the islands.

"The paper project is, as I understand it, a federation stretching from Demerara on the southeast to Honduras on the northwest, and so embracing integral portions of two continents and divers islands of many seas. When the advocates of this scheme are invited to give us facts, laying aside the vague generalities in which they usually indulge, they say: 'Well, at all events it would be economical.' Economy, though not the sole end and aim of government, is a desirable thing, but it cannot

be advanced in favour of the federation scheme, at least not to the satisfaction of business men.

"The governor-general would have to be well paid and needs must live in great state, and be continually taking costly official journeys through the islands, or, according to the ideas in which we West Indians, whites as well as blacks, have been trained for generations, he would simply cut a ridiculous figure. The resident lieutenant-governor in each of the colonies would have to be paid nearly, or quite, as much as the present governors if we wanted to secure the same or a higher class of men for the posts, and we do. The members of the legislature of the federation would have to be paid (the members of the colonial assemblies, as at present constituted, are not), because the performance of their duties would carry many of them, indeed most of them, thousands of miles away from their homes, their families, and their private concerns. Under these circumstances I fear we would not secure the high-class men that at present with few exceptions compose the colonial assemblies.

"The whole idea of a federation is, to my mind, absurd unless a community of interest can be proved, and in this instance evidence quite the contrary is apparent to every observer. It is true that Demerara, and perhaps one or two of the other colonies, have quite made up their minds they want the federation and are convinced they would prosper mightily once preferential tariff relations with Great Britain were established. They forget, or do not see, that the government of the United States would be forced to retaliate, and as a result Jamaica, Dominica, and the other islands dependent upon the American markets would be ruined."

In France, where the deficits in the annual budgets of Martinique and Guadeloupe have become fixtures and the periodic race conflicts on these once peaceful islands a cause of grave anxiety, the comment and the advice



upon the West Indian situation contained in the recently published work of Captain Gabriel Darrieus, entitled "War on the Sea," has attracted widespread attention. The author is a distinguished officer of the French navy and a highly-regarded professor at the Naval War College. The weight and authority attached to his opinions in France correspond to the fame which Captain Mahan enjoys with us. In many of his statements, particularly where he enters the political field, this distinguished naval officer is mistaken, but his conclusions are enjoying wide acceptance in France to-day, and his influence upon the West Indian policy of his government and his people is undeniable.

"The great island of Cuba," he writes, "was the first objective of the forward policy of the United States, and because of its value, extent, and riches it deserved to be so favoured. It was not so much, however, because the American government saw in Cuba an excellent opportunity as because Cuba lay within the sphere of attraction traced by the Monroe Doctrine, that her divorce from Spain was consummated by force of arms after, it should be added, long and patient attempts at a mutual agreement had failed.

"But, it should be borne in mind, this famous doctrine, which is the fanatical credo of the American policy, was by no means conceived for an isolated case. Indeed, it applies marvellously to all occasions which afford opportunity to increase the patrimony of the Star-Spangled Banner. And Cuba is by no means the only satellite which gravitates toward that mighty star, the United States. Many other islands in the West Indies are still foreign to the Americans, and it is on that account that several European powers, ourselves [the French] in particular, have an interest of the first order in following with the most extreme attention the manifestations of public opinion in America.

"Over there the rapid strides toward imperialism, the feverish activity with which warships are launched until it is evident that soon the American will be able to successfully dispute the second place among the navies of the world, are all undeniable symptoms. For what are all these preparations if not in case of need to compel the acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine? True it is that beyond the Atlantic the indispensable weapon of maritime power is forged with full knowledge of its influence in history.

"But a few short months ago, in a much talked of speech, President Roosevelt, in alluding to the rôle of the United States in the West Indian waters, developed the idea that, without meaning to attack acquired rights on those shores, it was the duty of the great republic not to neglect or to ignore anything that was there in progress. He even insisted that by natural right the United States had in the Caribbean 'a mission of surveillance and even of high police to establish order there whenever it became necessary.'

"Many good people . . . affect to see in these words merely a warning to the opera bouffe republics of Hayti and San Domingo. They would even freely applaud intervention of the excellent policeman, but they forget that policemen often calm disorders by dragging everybody to the guardhouse. They likewise lose sight of the fact that there is great encouragement to pursue a policy in a first success. After having confiscated the actual theatre of the disorder, who can say that the other West Indian islands would not have their turn? It is so tempting to offer one's good offices when the proprietor is not at home and when Europe is so far away." \*

I will conclude this necessarily limited and fragmentary survey of opinion at home and abroad in regard

\*A more complete statement of the views of this French naval officer and strategist is given in the chapter on the French islands, page 287.

to the present state and prospects of the West Indies with a quotation from Brooks Adams, a distinguished publicist, who on several occasions has exercised his gift of prophecy with remarkably successful results:

"Should the future resemble the past," wrote Mr. Adams several years ago, "and the conditions of competition remain unchanged, the Caribbean archipelago must either be absorbed by the economic system of the United States or lapse into barbarism." Since these words were written the development of our policy at the hands of President Roosevelt and Mr. Root, as shown in our dealings with Hayti and Santo Domingo, indicate with great clearness that any serious lapse into barbarism on the part of our near neighbours would call for the intervention of our police force.

Mr. Adams then goes on to say:

"Now the current sets toward America and the absorption of any considerable islands will probably lead to the assimilation of the rest, for the preference of the products of any portion of the archipelago by the United States would so depress the trade of the remainder as to render civilized life therein exceedingly precarious."

These results which the political economist foresaw have been fully realised. To-day the reward of two hours' labour in Porto Rico is greater than the pay for a long day's work in Jamaica or Barbados. Plantations in Porto Rico, whose products have a free entry to the American markets, seem to quadruple in value yearly, while in the other islands land has no value and is rarely sold, because in many sections it is not worth the expenses of the legal transfer and the cost of a survey.

(Fourteen years ago, as a result of the war with Spain, we ourselves became West Indian landowners. We annexed Porto Rico outright and our peculiar and inevitable relations with Cuba which have been recognised by every American public man, from the days of Jefferson and Everett to Olney and Hay, were codified in the Platt Amendment and became at once a part of the Cuban Constitution and of our public law, which is the International law of the American World.) Cuba is today independent conditionally upon good behaviour and upon her governing bodies showing some appreciation of the rights and the interests of her long-suffering neighbour, liberator, and benefactor.

(Such misgovernment and civic inefficiency as brought about the expulsion of Spain from Cuba will not be tolerated in the young republic whose destiny is so inextricably involved with ours.) Following natural economic laws, which cannot be deflected from their courses, American capital and American settlers are daily increasing in the beautiful island which well deserves its name of "Pearl of the Antilles."

A hopeful feature of the situation which Cuba presents is the ever-increasing immigration of Basques and Galicians to the island from northern Spain. These new arrivals are as different as night is to day from the hordes of office-seekers and adventurers which Spain formerly dumped upon the shores of her unfortunate colony. They are thrifty, hard-working, and honest, and both here and in Panama, they stand active open-air work better than any other men of the white race. Naturally, under these circumstances the newcomers are not liked by the lazy Creoles; however, should political conditions not render their

stay on the island unendurable, the Basques and the Galicians may save for Spanish civilisation and culture the island that was lost by Spanish corruption and political inefficiency.

The very general desire of the lesser European powers to shift their West Indian burdens to American shoulders was most strikingly illustrated in 1901, when the Danish government, awakening to the steady drain of the annual deficits of the insular budget, offered the islands of St. Thomas, of St. Johns, and Santa Cruz to the United States at a moderate price. The authorities in Washington were not averse to the proposal and a treaty of purchase and cession was drawn up, signed by the plenipotentiaries, and promptly approved by the Danish Folkething or Lower House of Parliament. Then delays ensued and unexpected difficulties presented themselves; at last, however, in 1903, the treaty was rejected in the Landthing or Upper House of the Danish parliament by a tie vote after very unusual measures had been adopted by both sides in the hope of gaining the day. At first this change of front on the part of the Danes was quite generally explained and interpreted as the exhibition of a childish desire on their part to reciprocate the discourtesy with which the treaty with a similar object had been treated in our Senate as long ago as 1867.

An examination of the facts, however, tells quite a different story and reveals a more novel and certainly a more interesting situation. The treaty was clearly defeated by the pro-German members of the Danish royal family, with Prince Waldemar at their head, and the campaign which resulted in such a narrow but yet decisive success was directed from Potsdam or from

Berlin, wherever the German Emperor happened to be. Prince Waldemar and his friends celebrated the victory with a banquet, which, if not public, was certainly not concealed. Under the same high auspices and with the approval and assistance of German financiers, several companies were formed with members of the Danish royal house as patrons, for the purpose of purchasing and exploiting on a large and modern scale a great number of plantations in the Danish islands which, for the most part, had been deserted many years. These ventures in tropical agriculture have proved sad failures, and the fiscal outlook of the Danish West Indies was never more dismal than it is to-day. The political lesson is valuable—it has certainly not been lost in Washington—but the economic illustration is also of value; it again inculcates the lesson that what the Caribbean islands are most in need of is not capital but a market. Capital will be found available wherever profitable business presents itself, but this is a dream that cannot be realised as long as the great market of the United States and the lesser market of the Dominion of Canada remain closed. Since this disclosure of active German interest in the fate of the Danish islands the Hamburg-American Steamship Company has practically taken possession of the best harbours in St. Thomas, where it controls not only large coal deposits, but a very valuable floating dry-dock. By giving employment to hundreds of St. Thomas boys, who make excellent sailors, the German company has undoubtedly saved many of the unfortunate islanders from want and destitution. On the other hand, the local Danish authorities, beyond the sphere of influence of Prince Waldemar and his clique in Copenhagen, view the anomalous situation,

which has been created for them, with undisguised displeasure and not a little uneasiness.

As a result of recent activity it cannot be denied that the Germans in time of peace have made themselves as much at home in the Danish West Indian possessions as they did in Curaçao and the other Dutch ports during the Venezuelan blockade or war. These islands are very important strategic positions. In the new conditions which the completion of the Panama Canal will inaugurate they will probably be the most desirable harbours for warlike purposes. From a military standpoint, at least, we can well ignore the development of German strength and influence in southern Brazil, where it would be, whatever may come of it, farther from our shores than the fatherland on the banks of the Weser and the Elbe, but the occupation of these Caribbean naval stations is a possibility that it is unpleasant to contemplate and it would be unwise to ignore the fact that plans leading to this result are now being matured and that they seem to enjoy the approval and support of the most influential circles in Berlin.

Our changed relations with the Dominican Republic as revealed by the convention signed in February, 1907, are equally significant of the increasing responsibilities which the passing of each year brings to us. A situation is presenting itself practically at our doors which we can neither master nor wholly escape unless we assume a policy more resolute and more active than our present course of drifting. The Dominican Republic is an extremely fertile tropical country, occupying the eastern and by far the larger half of the island of Hispaniola, with Hayti and the exclusive black republicans as uneasy neighbours on the west. For years the suc-

cessive governments of the Dominican Republic, almost invariably of revolutionary origin, had failed to discharge their international obligations, the ephemeral and often fugitive governments of the republic were frequently pressed for payments long overdue by the warships of European powers; the desired result was rarely obtained, but the island was almost invariably thrown into anarchy out of which other revolutionary and even more irresponsible governments arose.

As a rule, of course, the money or loans for which payment was pressed had either been squandered by, or divided up among, the political freebooters who chanced to be in power when the transaction was concluded and, of course, repayment by the people who had in no wise enjoyed either benefit or profit was exceedingly distasteful to them. By the automatic working of the Monroe Doctrine we were always compelled to preside over these stormy settlement days with a public minister, a warship or two, and sometimes with a fleet; the experience had often been vexatious and it frequently led to vexatious incidents, and a plan by which a recurrence of such incidents could be prevented was welcomed with an enthusiasm which perhaps blinded us to the remoter consequences of the step.

However, as a matter of fact, we accepted responsibility, and the whole Dominican debt question was examined into. Some of the amounts were scaled down in a reasonable spirit, and some of the more outrageous claims were disallowed. The debt was bonded and the bonds became a first lien on the Dominican custom-houses, whose revenue the convention provided should be collected under the supervision and control of American officials. Doubtless this step, without precedent in



our history, was in the embarrassing circumstances the wisest and the most economical course to pursue; certainly none of the alternative plans promised immediate satisfactory results. Still we have assumed grave financial responsibilities in a Caribbean state where the political fabric is of the flimsiest and the ideas of law and order, among the classes which have too often directed the destinies of the country, but rudimentary.

For fifty years to come at least, the custom-houses of Santo Domingo are as much under our protection and control as are the custom-houses of Portland, New York, or Galveston. It cannot be denied that we have assumed in a sense a financial protectorate over Santo Domingo, a financial tie which, as between a strong state and a weak one, has in the past in other quarters of the globe almost invariably led to a closer political connection. We have undeniably assumed responsibilities which may become at any moment extremely onerous. We are not only bound to protect Santo Domingo from foreign enemies (that was often our function in former days), but now we will have to suppress all revolutionary movements which shall endanger the orderly collection of the customs, and this they all do, as the possession of a custom-house alone furnishes the sinews of war. It is also well to remember—though the line of thought suggested is an unpleasant one—that there are two or three other Latin-American states bordering on the Caribbean whose fiscal affairs are as ripe for American intervention as were those of the luckless Dominican Republic three years ago.

Exhibiting that false pride which apes humility, I shall not deny myself the pleasure of saying that in the government of Porto Rico, the first colony of our coun-

try, our success has been remarkable. Not only have the thirteen years of our administration in this little-known island been so many object lessons in capacity and in honesty to the Porto Ricans, but to the inhabitants of our so-called self-governing communities at home as well. To Porto Rico we have given unsparingly of our best and our most intelligent, and in a new field the assimilative and governmental genius of our race has been strikingly displayed. Indeed, I hold that we are under a debt of gratitude to these islanders. We have not only won laurels in their service, but our pockets have profited, which is always a pleasant fact to chronicle in this age of relentless economic struggle.

The Porto Ricans, especially the landowners, have grown rich under the protection of our flag and fostering tariffs, beyond the dreams which even the most avaricious among them permitted themselves in the days before our coming, and our own commerce and industries have greatly profited by their prosperity. Custom-house statistics show that in the last fiscal year we have sold to Porto Rico \$25,000,000 worth of goods, an amount which equals, if it does not perhaps surpass, the total of our business in the great markets of China. Here, indeed, trade has followed the flag, and in no other way can the potential value of the West Indian market be more strikingly illustrated than by insisting upon and emphasising these remarkable figures.

Porto Rico would be a terrestrial paradise but for a few political grievances, some real and some imaginary, which its inhabitants cherish, while just across the narrow seas the Dutch and Danish islands are going to rack and ruin, the French islands seem to be drifting steadily toward a race struggle of the Santo

Domingo variety, while even in the English islands the crowded blacks, with all their loyalty to the Union Jack, under which they have for so long enjoyed liberty and even-handed justice, are near starvation, as near as people can be who live in nature's most generous garden. It cannot be denied that these unfortunate people are beginning to say to themselves and sometimes aloud on the stump: "We wish we could work under the Stars and Stripes and return at night to sleep under the Union Jack. Isn't there some way that this could be arranged?"

In Mexico the fall of the Diaz dynasty in May, 1911, and the failure of the Madero régime to restore tranquillity to the country, natural and to be expected as it was, has projected another political problem into the arena of the Caribbean world; one that very nearly affects our interests and which may press very urgently for a solution at an early day. As an eyewitness of much that took place in Mexico during and after the revolution, I shall go into the conditions that exist in our sister republic at some length in another place.\*

To resume, our colonial problem is one that presses for a formula. The question of what our legal relations should be to non-contiguous territory and to populations alien in race and in institutions, almost in civilisation, is one that should be engrossing the minds of our legislators and the best thought of our country. The trend towards colonial expansion is undoubtedly the principal phenomenon of the political world to-day. We cannot hope to escape the world currents in which all the great powers are involved, but we can renounce our present drifting course, we can formulate a policy, we can maintain some control of our ship of state.

\*See also footnote at end of chapter.

France is profiting to-day very materially from the colonial empire which she had the courage to found, and the tenacity and forethought to foster while yet in the shadow of Sedan, and staggering under the burden of the German tribute. To-day the German emperor and his people with their highly-developed industries, avidous of new markets, would give the bones of many Pomeranian grenadiers for the colonial possessions which Bismarck spurned in his historic speech.

**NOTE.**—The United States Government has repeatedly refused to acknowledge the belligerency of the Orozquistas and the Zapatistas or any other faction or fraction of the present revolutionary movement in Mexico. That the administration in Washington will not change its views upon this very important question is often given by the revolutionists as the reason for and the justification of the outrages they have frequently inflicted upon Americans.

On the other hand, the Government in Washington has taken cognisance of a state of war in the neighbouring republic by two extremely significant acts: by the note of April 14th, 1912, signed by the Hon. Huntington Wilson, Acting Secretary of State, in which it was declared that the United States would hold both "Mexico and the Mexican people responsible for all wanton sacrificing or endangering of American property or interests" and by sending the army transport *Buford* down the west coast to relieve and bring away Americans who desired to leave Mexico.

Through Consul Letcher at Chihuahua the U. S. Government took the unusual step of putting itself into direct communication with General Orozco and warned him not only to respect the property interests of Americans and guard the persons of Americans from injury, but to recognise American Consular officers. President Madero, in his protest against the course which the administration pursued in this matter, said:

"The Mexican Government regrets exceedingly that your Government should have sent to Orozco a note identical with that to which I have the honour to reply."

## CHAPTER II

### CUBA—FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER

I CAME back to Cuba after an absence of ten years, enchained by the hospitality of the American navy. We of the little cruiser *Tacoma* made a pleasant voyage from San Juan, in Porto Rico, along the northern coast of Santo Domingo and Hayti, and it was especially pleasant when we got behind the line of northern reefs and the great rolling waves from the Western ocean had to stop bullying the 'prentice boys from the inland states and the captain's guest. We caught a glimpse, as we went by, of Samana Bay, which Grant coveted so ardently, and we had a sight of the lee shore of old Cape Francis, where Barney and many another of our revolutionary naval heroes led apparently the roystering lives of gentlemen adventurers when their ungrateful country, having no further need of their services, left them to shift for themselves.

Mole St. Nicholas we saw, or imagined we saw, in the soft, tropical haze, and then Cape Maisi rose out of the sea. There was no mistaking this familiar Caribbean landmark.

We had been steaming through a solitary sea without a ship or a sail, when, suddenly, we came into the broad way of the Windward Passage. Fruit steamers came up out of the Jamaican horizon, all flying our flag and saluting our captain's ensign. It was like getting home again. But to the captain and to me the

sea was dotted with many ships which only he and I could see. We were on the line now of the voyage which our armada made to Cuba in '98. In it Captain Hood held his first command and I was an humble camp-follower. To us the sea was studded with phantom ships and peopled with an army which will never assemble again because it has passed into history. After our ship's crew, in honour of the place, had celebrated the monthly general muster, the captain and I began to pick out landmarks and drop buoys on our scribbling pads for the benefit of future historians. Was it not here that the captain of the transport *Gussie*, always to the front, had asked permission of the Commander-in-chief to water his thirsty mules (the commoner liquid having given out) with a shandygaff of soda water and lemonade? Was it not there that the little midshipmite, ten days out of Annapolis, explained his position to General Shafter to avoid any future misunderstanding? He was signal-boy on board, and as far as he could make out, according to the regulations, his was an independent command, and he could only receive orders from the Commander-in-chief of everything afloat, but favours he would gladly do for the Major-General. Curiously enough the incident that came back to me with the greatest force and power upon re-visiting these stirring scenes, was the memory of a midnight talk with Admiral Sampson on board his flagship, the *New York*. Like most silent, word-sparing men, how impressively and how eloquently he could talk when the spirit moved him, and he thought it worth while! Some idle words of mine about Japan broke down our great commander's barriers of reserve, his own memories of the Empire of the Rising Sun rushed their floodgates, and for several

hours he dismissed apparently all thought of Spain and Cuba from his mind, the blue prints were ignored, and the man who was carrying forty men-of-war in his head, apparently for the time devoted his whole force and being to expressing the admiration with which the Japanese had inspired him, in equal measure for their warlike and their civic virtues.

We must be inherently a peaceful people. Here we are, ensconced in Guantanamo Bay for ten years, and we have not raised a finger to fortify what the Russians or the Japanese, or any other predatory people, would immediately convert into a great naval station and citadel, and proudly christen "Mistress of the Caribbean." Here all the West Indian conquerors have come and builded themselves a safe repair; here flit about the ghosts of Morgan and of Sir Olive Leigh, Cortez, Quevado, and a host of others; here in safety from the storms they awaited the coming of the plate ships and the golden argosies; here the men of Devon careened and caulked their sloops of war and prepared to singe the King of Spain's beard or to loot his most precious possessions. From here, in a later day, more careful of appearances and consequently armed with the King's warrant, Admiral Vernon sailed for Porto Bello and later for Cartagena with the loyal North American as deck-passenger. Here we, too, came in the dawn of the war of '98, following the precedent of the sea rulers unbroken throughout three centuries; here Sampson came to coal his ships, and here he sent M'Calla and his marines on land to raise the flag to the breeze and form our first camp on shore.

By a treaty arrangement with the Cubans the soil

which the marines won with their blood is now in our possession, and here, as many fear, are being assembled the ships and the men and the stores that will one day lead to and make easy the conquest of the Caribbean. But let Milk Street dismiss its fears; we have been in this nursery of war for ten years and have risen pacifically superior to the genius of the place. The few cannon which the Spaniards left have been distributed in museums at home, and apparently no new ones have come to take their place. [To-day Guantanamo, the Vladivostok of the American Mediterranean, is only defended by its high and ancient renown, by an unarmoured receiving-ship, with rubber plants and other trees growing out of its deck, that looks as if it had come, not for a career of conquest, but to stick fast in the mud for all time.]

It is true that before we had become accustomed to the weight of the new responsibilities which the Spanish war shouldered upon us, and perhaps careless of them, some defensive plans were made and drawn up and blue-printed, and wise-looking men came with strange machines for measuring water and the land, and brought voluminous books for the recording of the same; they came and camped a long time behind the stockade and fought mosquitoes where the marines had fought Spaniards, but they were peaceful men at heart, and they wiped out the last traces of Guantanamo's former war-like state by filling up the historic rifle-pits of the marines because; forsooth, they were excellent breeding-places for mosquitoes!

And the carefully drawn-up plans were never carried out. In default of a Congressional appropriation, it is said; certain only it is, however, that they were never



carried out. And of the other defensive measures recommended as imperatively necessary by the strategists only one has been executed, and that is a little dredging; but as we have only dredged in that small fraction of the harbour which is openly and directly exposed to the fire of ships outside, this dredging can hardly be regarded as a defensive measure.

Our failure to carry out the plans or the purpose for which this great naval station was obtained is said to be owing to a disagreement between naval and army authorities as to its availability. The General Staff of the army is strongly in favour of Panama as a naval and military base.

*Not a Latin trait*  
 Governor Magoon, who presided over our second intervention in Cuban affairs, was a large man, about the size of his immediate predecessor, President Taft, and about ten times the size of little Weyler, whom I often saw seated in his place, but not in his chair, years ago. The Governor was not an impulsive man, and he had not a Latin trait in his composition. His maner and general make-up was the direct antithesis of all that Cubans had hitherto esteemed and admired in their viceroys, and yet the provisional governor was very popular among many classes of the strange, unruly community over which he presided. Of that there can be no doubt. I was deeply impressed with the Governor's sincerity and with his singleness of purpose. He took the greatest interest in the efforts which I made to get at the workings of the administration over which he presided, and in furthering my work placed me under obligation which I thought best to repay by telling him of the charges that were brought against him and his administration by anonymous Cubans as I met them on trains and in

steamers, in cafés and hotels. There can be no doubt that they attributed to the provisional governor all the failings of venality and corruption which were attributed, and correctly attributed I believe, to General Weyler in his day. Governor Magoon was pleased and thanked me for my candour, and he said slowly:

“ From some quarters I have not expected justice, much less gratitude—indeed, I counted not upon it from any quarter, but I must say it has been lavished upon me in a far greater measure than I have deserved. There is only one of these charges that I could deign to answer, and that is as to the exercise of the pardoning power which some of these critics find excessive and for which they ascribe venal reasons. They say I have pardoned nearly eight hundred men out of prison. I believe these numbers are approximately correct, but all the rest of the yarn is invention. I have always borne in mind, and I think my critics have not, that I succeeded Judge Taft as provisional governor of the island when opposing factions of the people were at each other’s throats and the conditions for more than a year had been approaching anarchy. You must also take into consideration—I certainly thought I should—the turbulent and disorderly political conditions which had prevailed for fully ten years previous to our intervention. Now my critics say that many—that, in fact, a great majority—of those who have benefited by my exercise of the pardoning power had been convicted of offences which had nothing whatever to do with politics. Well, I answer them flatly, they are wrong. I do not pretend to know everything about Cuba—I only wish I did—but there is one thing I do know, and that is that nothing has happened in Cuba during the last ten years that was wholly foreign to politics. Every case that came before me had a political complexion evident or latent; there were men who had been sentenced to prison by courts that did not sit in a judicial atmosphere;

it was a time when party hatreds and rancour ran high and personal feeling and party ties actuated, unconsciously I have no doubt, but none the less truly and wrongfully, many judges in the land. Many of these sentences seemed too long, many absolutely unjust, and the bitterness which they engendered doomed to failure in advance all our plans for pacification. My rôle, you see, was to pacify, to assuage the angry passions that had been aroused. I think the results have justified my merciful action in almost every instance. The talk about half the men whom I have pardoned out being back in jail is simply an outrageous falsehood. I can only remember two instances of this, but I can remember fifty instances of men whom I pardoned and who, although they have only been at liberty a few months, have already rendered extremely valuable services to Cuba."

I take the liberty of giving this conversation in full because I think it answers very successfully the only substantial charge, in a shower of slander, that was brought against the provisional governor. I also give it because it discloses an intimate view of a very remarkable man who, under trying—almost intolerable—circumstances, showed administrative talents of a high order, which have not been generally appreciated.

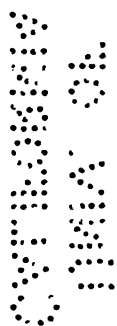
✓✓ The official bond that binds us to Cuba is the widely known but little understood Platt Amendment.\* It is a very important piece of legislation, and yet wherever mentioned, whether in Washington or in Cuban official circles, there ensues a gravelike silence. I for one propose to break this conspiracy of silence, if such it be. It seems to me that, if not already too late, the time for frank speaking has come.

\*The text of the Platt Amendment is given in Appendix A, Note II, page 404.



Courtesy of The Pan-American Union

**The City of Havana from Cabanas Fortress**



The Platt Amendment is not only hated but held in abhorrence by the great majority of Cubans. It was only accepted and so became a part of their constitution and public law because their political leaders believed that our evacuation of the island would otherwise have been postponed. It was not accepted in good faith by the Cuban Congress and every attempt to disregard the spirit, if not the letter, of this law is praised as patriotic. At times I think it is as well to be emphatic. No man in public life to-day in Cuba would dare to openly approve the Platt Amendment as a fair and equitable adjustment of the peculiar relations that exist between the Cuban and the American people.

There is nothing to choose between the attitude of the liberal and conservative leaders in this regard. In politics, Menocal, who received his education, his early training, his start in life, everything that he possesses from the United States, is as anti-American as is Gomez or Zayas, who are more distinctly Latin types. This unhappy state of affairs is not due as some think to any constitutional want of character and reliability on the part of the Cuban people, but simply because they have been taught to believe by their natural leaders and teachers that the passage of the Platt Amendment by our Senate was a gross breach of faith which justifies any form of reprisal, open or covert.

Upon the stump and in the coffee-houses a noisy orator before a densely ignorant audience can ring very convincing changes upon this subject, and yet as a matter of fact the hated Amendment only puts into concrete form our attitude towards the island of Cuba which has been invariably maintained ever since Jefferson recognised that Cuba commanded the mouth of the

Menocal

Gomez

Zayas

Mississippi and the entrance to our Gulf ports; that in consequence we could not remain indifferent to the condition of the island or to the form of government prevailing there.

Very openly Cuban politicians and Cuban journalists, almost, ~~if not quite~~, without exception, charge the Government in Washington with a gross breach of all the generous promises which were made when the war with Spain was declared. For proof of their assertions they point to the Platt Amendment, and they can point to nothing else. Far from being, as the Cuban editors and demagogues claim, the clear proof of our bad faith, the Platt Amendment illustrates what the European foreign offices are generally pleased to describe as our quixotic disinterestedness in the whole Cuban imbroglio. In this important instrument the new conditions that have arisen and the rights derived from a costly war are not referred to, much less recognised and consecrated in treaty form. In the Platt Amendment there is nothing new, but there is set forth and described, more precisely than ever before, our attitude to the island as it was interpreted in the days of Spanish supremacy by Adams and by Everett, and in the days of the occupation by McKinley and by John Hay.

With the exception of the demand for the few acres of desert land around the Guantanamo naval station which our marines watered with their blood, shed freely in the liberation of Cuba, the Platt Amendment contains no demand or proviso that will not be found fully sustained and very formally incorporated in the famous Cuban correspondence of seventy-five years ago between Lord Malmesbury and Edward Everett. Our attitude, which political and geographical conditions impose upon

us, whether we like it or not, has not changed one iota from that distant day to this. We do not say that the thousands of men who died and the millions of money that were spent in the liberation of Cuba have given us any new rights upon the island, or rather, any that we care to assert. But we do maintain that this expenditure of men and money has not cancelled the rights and the duties which we already possessed.

Cuba was not absolutely independent of the United States in the days of Spanish supremacy, and it cannot hope to escape a certain supervision and control now that American intervention has given to the inhabitants of the island a chance to enjoy home rule and that measure of autonomy which only they themselves can forfeit.

With the withdrawal of Governor Magoon and the provisional government, time marked a period in the story of our relations with Cuba. General José Miguel Gomez has now presided over the destinies of the second Cuban Republic for three years, and it seems to me high time to take stock of a situation in which we are so closely involved. The legislation of the new Congress is as openly hostile to our interests as it dares to be, and our diplomatic representatives are not always receiving the consideration to which they are entitled.

In the months that have passed the criticisms that were made so freely and so fiercely of various acts of the provisional government have largely fallen to the ground. It is now admitted that the treasury was not empty and consequently it did not become necessary to raise a loan for the purpose of carrying on the government. The roads which Colonel Black built are recognised as models all over the world, and engineers with



similar highways to build in tropical countries are visiting Cuba for the purpose of profiting by his experiences.

There has been no general uprising in the country, but it cannot be denied that the Gomez administration is a disappointment. Of course it must be admitted that the difficulties in the path of the new President are very great. It is clear, however, that General Gomez by his lavish election promises and campaign engagements created his own greatest difficulties. His method of government has been simplicity itself. A fat office must be given to an uneasy spirit. Any man who might go out into the woods must be anchored in an office with no work but high pay attached, or he must be sent on a mission abroad at the expense of the treasury. This method of government cannot go on much longer. It has already gone nearly as far as the resources of the republic permit. The preferential tariff by means of which Cuba's sugar has access to our markets has increased trade and enhanced the value of the cane-fields, but it has not brought with it that feeling of security without which any decided improvement in the economic conditions of the country is impossible.

Gomez has catered to the negro population as he promised he would do in his electoral propaganda, but he has not given every negro voter an office and the race passions are rising. I have recently received many letters from prominent Spanish inhabitants and on one point they all agree: the race war, long lumbering, is very near an open phase. One of these Spaniards, who has lived in Cuba forty years and has directed large commercial affairs which bring him in contact with all classes and conditions of people, writes:

...ar lives would not be worth a dollar's purchase if  
y...warships were not there just across the strait. The  
differences that now exist between parties, the various  
groups of conservatives and liberals, are purely artificial.  
The next alignment will be one of colour, and it will  
be so because the negroes insist upon it."\*

Some critics of the American occupation of Cuba say  
that we are directly responsible for the very noticeable  
rise of race feeling during the last decade. Some even  
assert that it has been brought about by the quartering  
of our troops, black and white, in the country. Nothing  
could be more misleading than this statement, though,  
of course, our soldiers, white and black, have carried  
with them to the island the prejudices and the antagonisms  
that prevail at home. I spent much time, however, in Cuba  
in 1896 and in 1897, long before actual American intervention  
had become a reality or was even dreamed of, and the negro  
question and the fear of the blacks were then rampant  
throughout the island, in the large cities, the centres of  
civilisation, as well as on the lonely plantations. It was  
one of the handicapping circumstances with which the  
revolutionary movement had to contend. After all, in Spain,  
with all her faults, there was protection from the black  
peril. Negro hoodlums organised into secret societies,  
and generally known as Nañigos, committed, even in  
those days, many crimes invariably directed against the  
whites, and they openly terrorised many communities.


Of course this rising wave of lawlessness is not pecu-

\*Since the foregoing was written something very like a race war  
has broken out in eastern Cuba. The preparations for intervention  
by the Taft administration had more to do with suppressing this out-  
break than had the Cuban soldiers and police.

liar to Cuba, though it has taken a more pronounced form there than elsewhere. It is a significant feature of all West Indian life during the last half-century, and almost equally striking manifestations of it have been seen in the French and English, the Dutch and the Danish islands. In this part of the world the old order of things has changed, and the new order has not been installed. There are influences at work, not very considerable, it is true, but still at work, and on the spot, in the hope that the new order never will be installed.

During the month I spent in Cuba at election time, when much that is usually submerged came to the surface, I crossed and recrossed the island from Santiago to Pinar del Rio, I came in contact with men of all classes and of all colours, with foreigners and with natives, and I met no one who was not of the opinion that the political ferment would have resulted in civil war long before election day but for the presence of the American army of occupation. Indeed this passive control became active in Cienfuegos, where an American officer was placed in charge of an alarming situation at the request of the local authorities; and in Havana Major Foltz of the American army, by his timely appearance on the riotous scene, I verily believe, on election night, saved the life of General Menocal, the new Hotel Sevilla in which he lived, and perhaps the whole foreign quarter of the capital, which, in political circulars at least, had been devoted to flames. Not one of the many Cubans of every colour and of every social category with whom I came in contact expressed the belief in even the possibility of Cuba alone and unaided solving the problem of self-government, and of standing alone among the nations with which it is confronted. At

least two-thirds of those with whom I discussed this question were of the opinion that another intervention was only a matter of time; indeed, of a very short time. No one man, unless it be Vice-President Zayas,—and even his utterance was vague and oracular,—expressed the slightest hope of the Cuban people, by their own strength and civic virtues, surmounting the difficulties which the young republic is facing. The remaining third kept silence in answer to my enquiries, but it was, it seemed to me, a silence that was far from being non-committal. I should say that this want of confidence, wholly justifiable as it seems to me, is the key to the whole unsatisfactory situation. If in their hearts the best elements of the population in Cuba have not the slightest hope of maintaining an orderly form of government for any length of time, it is natural that the outside world should share this impression. For obvious reasons, this is a question upon which tactful Americans never should, and rarely do, express an opinion; but the unfortunate Europeans who have, or hope to have interests in the island, not unnaturally regard the present travesty of government as vexatious, futile, and in execrable taste, and naturally enough from this quarter the responsibility is placed upon our shoulders. It has seemed to me, as we can neither please the foreign contingents in the island by our occupation, nor yet by our withdrawal, we had better dismiss them from our minds, in so far as our responsibility in an international sense through the Platt Amendment will permit us to do so.



There is still great commercial prosperity\* throughout

\*Tables of revenue, commercial and agricultural statistics, are given in Appendix A, Note I, page 401.

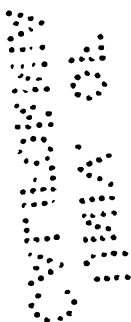
the island, and this is particularly true of the country districts where cane is grown. The building of railroads, the inflow of foreign capital which the American occupation invited, the preservation of law and order which—in the main, directly or indirectly—the presence of American troops has made possible, and the lowering of our tariff upon Cuban sugars, have all contributed to this result, which in its effect along the lines of the railways borders on the marvellous. There is, however, neither wealth nor prosperity in sight which could withstand for any length of time the inroads which the liberal politicians, particularly the negro partisans, are making upon the treasury, and in which President Gomez acquiesces, with, whatever his real feelings may be, apparent cheerfulness. Every man who makes a row is given an office, and lawlessness is forestalled as much as possible by the distribution of sinecures. In the face of these developments it would seem to most observers that President Gomez pursues a selfish and cynical rather than a statesmanlike course. He lights matches and plays with fire apparently quite confident that, should a conflagration ensue, we should have to intervene and put it out at our expense. Our rôle, in the eyes of the professional Cuban politicians, would seem to be that of an insurance company such as never existed in this selfish, grasping world; one that would <sup>have</sup> employ fire-fighters without cost, never ask clients for premiums, and make good all losses promptly and with thanks for the opportunity of altruistic service.

In the last few months General Gomez has gone down hill very fast. By calling to his cabinet Sanguilly to represent the most anti-American elements on the island, and Morua, a coloured man, as the spokesman of the low-



Courtesy of The Pan-American Union

The Prado, Havana



est class of Havana negroes, he has doubtless relieved the great political pressure and prolonged somewhat his tenure of office; but he has forfeited the respect and confidence of many of his followers, and he has, it would seem, brought measurably nearer the day when the second Cuban Republic, as at present constituted, will resolve itself once again into the lawless anarchic elements out of which it is composed.

The demands of the Veterans' Association, under the leadership of General Nuñez, during the early months of 1912, have filled many columns of the papers and given rise to anxieties which are not without justification, and it is freely prophesied that the reef is now in sight upon which the Cuban ship of state will drift to its destruction. I confess to much sympathy with the attitude of the veterans. The presence in office and in positions of power of so many pro-Spanish Cubans must be very galling to the men who helped to win the war and whose decimated families bore the brunt of the suffering. Further, in my judgment, the presence in office of so many of these men is not at all helpful in securing for the important and increasing Spanish population of Cuba that even-handed justice to which they are entitled.

It may be said with truth that the only redeeming feature about the administration of Gomez is that, judging from what he allowed his orators to promise for him on the stump and in his presence, General Menocal would not have filled the position in a more conscientious manner, had he been elected to it.

The other salient feature of the situation, which must be dwelt upon shortly, is the increase of the anti-American feeling throughout the island in the last ten



years. It has long existed, but it has increased in virulence and in scope until now it can, without exaggeration, be compared to the other great racial hatreds which have changed the course of history, such as the hatred of the Venetians and the Lombards for the Austrians, the Slavs for the Turks, the Koreans for the Japanese. Both of the parties vied in heaping insult and disgraceful charges upon our heads throughout the last presidential campaign; it was the one cry which united the people, and never failed to excite the weary electors to indescribable displays of tropical enthusiasm. Some of the speeches of a talented orator, one Suarez Pardo, a partisan of General Menocal's, which I listened to in eastern Cuba, were masterpieces of invective as well as of mendacity. This is a fact that should never be lost sight of for a moment: however high our deserts, however altruistic our conduct may appear to us, and to the unbiased—the sincerity of the Cuban hatred for Americans and all things American is beyond question. History may say that we saved the Cubans from extermination, cleaned them up, and put them on their feet at considerable expense in men and money to ourselves, but it is certain that the only feelings which we inspire in the hearts of the most influential, though not the most respectable, of Cubans, is the detestation which the Carbonari had for the white-coated Austrians.

## CHAPTER III

### THE BLACK REPUBLIC

My first glimpse of Hayti,\* in the winter of 1903, was confessedly superficial and fugitive. It left upon my mind, however, impressions which my subsequent and more prolonged visit, in 1908, I regret to say only served to confirm and to deepen.

We were sailing on a little Dutch steamer, as neat as a new pin, and our course lay from Surinam to New York via ports of the Black Republic. Behind us was Paramaribo with its Bush negroes, and before us was New York with many desirable things, and we would have been, I think, as happy a ship's company as ever sailed the summer seas had it not been for the shadow of a little transaction in real estate which took place between Holland and England many years ago, but which was fresh in the minds of our skipper and the ship's doctor. Though our skipper was a Hollander, whenever the treaty of Breda, 1669, was mentioned his feelings found expression in straight Yankee talk. "Say, who wrote that libel, anyway?

'The fault of the Dutch  
Is giving too little  
And wanting too much.'

Why, we gave New York and the Hinterland for that Surinam swamp and the Bush niggers. What do you think of that? It's bad enough to know it, but it's

\*A short sketch of Haytian history is to be found in Appendix B, Note I, page 405.

hard to have to be running backward and forward as I have been for ten years between the two ends of that swap."

We comforted the captain as best we could, but we did not succeed in changing the subject until the lofty headlands of Hayti came in sight. An experienced traveller in the West Indies has said that these islands are politically turbulent in exact proportion to the rugosity, as he calls it, of their physical contour. If this is so, Hayti has a natural born right to be the most revolutionary of them all. The great mountains rise sheer up out of the sea and flashing streams drop from dizzy heights into the salt water. Jacmel was our first port of call. From the deck it seemed the haven of our dreams. We found it to be, however, a  
> simple dung-heap embowered in palm trees. When we came to Jérémie we found we had not the courage to go ashore. Then we went on to Aux Cayes, and took on board a lighter-load of the aromatic coffee beans which command such tremendous prices in Amsterdam and other places where real coffee is appreciated. We did not land here, either, feeling it wise to husband our strength for our approaching visit to Port-au-Prince, the capital city. Fortunately, here our laziness was helped out by an influx of first-class passengers, all coal-black negroes and nearly all members of the Parliament, which Simon Sam, the President (or was it Alexis Nord?), had ordered to assemble shortly. At luncheon somebody said something about the current revolution, a remark which was resented politely but firmly by a coal-black deputy with a Vandyke beard.

"No, monsieur, that is an error. For the last week the republic has been absolutely at peace. For the last

eight days not a shot has been fired in earnest, only fusillades of joy over the victory of His Excellency Simon Sam."

For two nights and a day we now steamed in a leisurely Dutch way along the picturesque shores of the little-known island. When darkness came, upon every promontory and headland great fires were lighted which blazed like beacon lights throughout the night. Some of our fellow-passengers did not get a wink of sleep or take their eyes off these fires, around which now and then, as we approached near enough, we could distinguish moving hither and thither a number of human forms. The exciting rumour ran that before our very eyes the orgies of Voodoo worship were being enacted, and perhaps even cannibal banquets, such as Sir Spencer St. John describes, were in progress. For, of course, it is only under the cover of night that the snake and Obi worshippers come forth to engage in their uncanny rites under their aged papaloi and mamaloi leaders. But our captain, who had commercial interests at stake in the island, and had dared to lend his savings to the treasury at the rate of two per cent. per month, who cared nothing for developing the tourists' patronage of his line, said that the present régime on shore was the best imaginable for Hayti and the pockets of the few resident foreigners. As for the mysterious fires he stated that they were lighted by folks on shore, who were burning the charcoal they needed in their business. This seemed final though prosaic, but the parliamentary delegation who sailed with us put a new aspect upon the rather weird phenomenon by announcing that the fires were lighted and kept going all night by the people, who were so glad that the incomparable Simon

Sam had emerged victorious from the revolutionary mêlée, and that peace had reigned unbroken for eight days; and so many plausible though inconclusive explanations being offered, we never knew the secret of the flames, but yet they remained the most characteristic picture of that dark, mysterious island almost at our very gates, which lights up every night, no one knows why.

In the grey of the morning, just before we turned the headland to enter the roadstead of Port-au-Prince, two little fishing-smacks came sailing toward us out of the shadow of the shore. Their crews wore tunics and sashes of many colours, and to our surprise they hailed us in the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean. We slowed down, and as they came alongside the captain told us his sea friends hailed from Genoa, were some of those migrant fishermen from Italy who now practically monopolise the fisheries of the West Indies. When they begged for a loan of a barrel of water the captain pricked up his ears and put questions. No, they did not dare to go into port. *Per Bacco!* On shore all men of olive skin were being trussed up like pigs on poles, and so, little by little, from their excited talk, we learned the details of the latest revolution in Hayti, the revolt against the Egyptians, as a certain group of Syrian money-lenders were called, which during the last week had shaken the financial system of the island to its very foundation and caused some blood to flow.

"They are killing the Egyptians in the streets because they charge ten per cent. a month on loans, and then, at the end of the year, *per Bacco!* they want back their principal again. No, we sha'n't dare to go on

shore for weeks. We have olive skins, too, and they might take us for Egyptians. The blacks are such ignorant," asserted the fishermen. The ship's officers, who were one and all as blond as the Vikings of old, thought that this state of affairs in Port-au-Prince was rather amusing and would add an unexpected spice to our sojourn there. But those of us who were dark and lean and might be taken by an infuriated mob for the usurious Egyptians did not receive the news with any particular joy. But, after all, though it will surprise some, things get exaggerated even without the help of newspapers. When we entered the port we found that only three pseudo-Egyptians had been killed and about forty wounded, and when we came out of the custom-house and gazed up the broad, wretched street down which a sandstorm, usual to the season, was blowing with great velocity, one of our parliamentary fellow-passengers stepped up and sought to calm our fears. "True, there has been a little bloodshed," he admitted, "but nothing to hurt, and now I have conferred with all the organs of government and can assure you the incident is closed. The Guild of Egyptians has gone out of business and all its members who survived arrest are safe in jail. Have no fear, friends from the great republic of the North. Hayti is at peace with the world and itself since the illustrious Simon Sam [or was it Nord Alexis?] became our constitutional sovereign by right of conquest."

However, we were hopelessly timid folk and kept about the water-front for a day or two. Then we summoned courage and ventured further inland, even to the Chamber of Deputies, where one hundred negroes, all coal black and many wearing frock coats of French

cut and pointed beards,—rather more carefully dressed, I think they were, than our own legislators,—were discussing the new tariff laws. Everywhere we met gangs of ragged policemen, each one of whom wore a scarf of silk about his shoulders bearing the device in French, “The law supports the right.” So we became bolder, and at last ventured to visit our legation and Consul. This official was absent, he being also accredited to Santo Domingo, and the Consul-General was away for his health. We were received most affably by his substitute, the Vice-Consul, a coloured gentleman from Philadelphia.

Before we well knew what he was about our official representative had arranged an audience with the President of the republic, who only a few days before had reached the capital after his arduous campaign against the present pretender and his predecessor in office, General Firmin. We were loath to visit the executive mansion, or Black House, as it is rather contemptuously called by the white dwellers in the capital, and our resistance only yielded to the statement of our representative from Philadelphia that the President would feel slighted unless we came. “He knows how well our people are received at the White House now,” asserted the Vice-Consul.

“Then we will reciprocate,” we answered, and so we started out. On the Champs de Mars the recruiting of men to support the new régime was going on actively, and the sight was certainly interesting. It resembled a scene in the French Revolution,—all the actors, however, having blackened faces. The uniforms seemed to be full red balloon trousers, a dark-blue coat, and a flamingo-hued shako. This was the costume to which

all of the tatterdemalion crew aspired but only the recruiting sergeants realised.

After a few minutes' walking we came to the open square, in which rises the executive palace, and here we paused—in fact, there was nothing else to do, the Black House lot being surrounded by an iron stockade that it would take a daring cat to climb. Behind this entanglement lay the victorious army, seated upon their hams and resting upon their laurels. They had arrived only twenty-four hours before at the capital and were bent upon enjoying the fruits of victory. Their arms were stacked—all kinds of arms—but near at hand, and they were cooking and drinking and eating by their little charcoal fires. Had we not known upon such high authority that these men were the upholders of the constitution, we might have imagined ourselves in a brigands' lair. We looked about us and saw the executive mansion, a hideous edifice, with one side blown in, that was brought from Paris some years ago, our Consul informed us, in boxes. No one could tell us why or when the side was blown in—whether it was an earthquake or a revolution that struck the blow. The fact of the matter is—and I hope this will explain the scrapiness of my information on some points—there is no continuity of tradition in Haytian politics, for when one President gets out the new man makes a clean sweep of those who have been unwise enough to linger in loyalty around the steps of the deserted throne.

We wandered around the iron stockade until we came to the great gates, encrusted with burnished gold, that time and revolutions have tarnished. But the gates were closed and we could only peep in at the Black House, dusty and bare of trees, but filled with sullen, ragged



soldiers. The signs were certainly not propitious to our promised interview, but we continued our walk until at last we came to a slit in the iron stockade—for all the great gates we saw had been bolted and barred and double padlocked. Here, indeed, an entrance was physically possible, if the military permitted. Even as we watched, an officer in gorgeous uniform of many colours and much gold braid came stalking by and passed out, having whispered the password to the sentry. But as we drew near and prepared to enter there was quite a movement among the soldiers. A tall, burly black came and stood in the slit and pressed his musket against the iron bars of the postern—and this was only the first line of defence. Behind him, in close supporting distance, was another ragged soldier with bayonet extended to greet us, and behind him, gathered in a little knot, were half a dozen barefooted bandits kneeling and crouching on the ground in the position in which, as history teaches us, infantry always prepares to receive a cavalry charge. The bayonets were the old three-cornered effective kind which have been discarded by all modern armies, and as we looked upon them we weakened. After all, what right did we have to force ourselves upon the privacy of Simon Sam (or was it Alexis Nord?) Certainly every one was vague on the subject—only a few violent partisans caring to commit themselves, and our Consul was diplomatic; at times he called the President Sam, at others Nord, and the indiscretion was always uttered in a low voice.

“There has been a mistake—an awful mistake,” sighed our Consul, after he had talked for a minute or two in negroid French with the guardian of the gate. “He says we are not expected and cannot pass. The

President has received news from the Cape and soon there will be fighting again." We were not for insisting, and in fact very glad to get away. The Haytian army is a forbidding sight. There wasn't a smile in the whole regiment as it lay there eating and drinking and smoking. However, as we walked away our Consul pointed out a gorgeous-looking individual smoking away at the second-story window of the executive palace. "It's Sam," he whispered. "Simon Sam! He is eighty-seven years old and can jump into the saddle without assistance. He has twenty children; one was born only last week, the day of the great victory at Cape Haytien, but he hasn't got his household in working order yet. How much better they manage these things in Washington," he sighed.

Strange world! How uncertain and unstable are even the seats of the mighty! In September, 1908, I saw General Sam forcibly pushed out of Maloney's famous saloon in St. Thomas, where ex-Dictators muse and aspirant Presidents ply their followers with white rum.

"No man can behave as you do in my saloon, even if he does have a gold-headed cane," shouted Maloney, and this emblem of high office followed the ex-President out into the sloppy streets. "I am a respectable barkeep," explained Maloney to my enquiries, "and I can't stand Sam's morals and manners, even if he did bring the goods with him on his getaway." \*

\* A list of the changing governments and the political convulsions from which Hayti has suffered in the last hundred years will be found in Appendix B, Note II, page 407.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE BLACK REPUBLIC (*continued*)

As in every Haytian town, in Port-au-Prince the royal palm, or *palma nobilis*, rises out of the midst of the great public square. It is surrounded by ancient cannon, relics of the French war, or of the British attempts to lay hands upon the islands, which continued for several years at the beginning of the last century. Here Nord Alexis would often take his stand and talk in a rambling way to his people—rambling seemed his discourse, but it held the attention and charmed the faculties of all his listeners whose skins were black. In this place of assembly, under the blue sky, in the shadow of that palm which is the national emblem, the President often got into what he doubtless thought (I certainly did) was close touch with his people. Here he would talk to them about Dessaline, that arch-murderer of the independence wars, whose slogan, "Liberty or death," is on every childish tongue in Hayti, while the name of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Haytian with the godlike character, who will live as long as history, is forgotten there altogether.

Nord Alexis was an accessible man. The doors to the palace were wide open every day in the week to those who took the trouble to announce their coming the day before, and on Thursday of every week you or any other man could drop in quite unannounced and you could show him your fighting gamecock or your jack-

knife—anything, indeed, that you might flatter yourself would please or interest the old man, who was so childish in some ways, so extremely shrewd in others.

Still my long-plotted interview seemed destined never to take place. "Only his duty to his country and his people, says the President," reported a breathless aide, "prevents his Excellency from receiving the callers to whose visit he had looked forward with much anticipation of pleasure." But to-day his time must be wholly devoted to the service of the State; the next day and the next were wholly at my disposal. Some misled bands of ignorant peasants were, under the guidance of a man unworthy of the proud name of Haytian, assembled at Carrefour or Mirliton, and the President would shortly proceed to chastise them.

I made no attempt to join this foray; the probable clash of two black armies left me quite cold or probably cautious. Here was a mix-up in which even the most unobtrusive correspondent could not fail to be conspicuous, and I passed it up, as the battle never came off, without eternal regrets. As we walked away I caught my second view of the President, who has now passed out of Haytian politics.

He was then tall and immensely broad-shouldered, and in spite of his almost incredible age, on the eve of ninety, he was as quick and active on his feet as a jungle-cat. Rainbow-clad adjutants were thrusting under his nose, where he sat on the second-story veranda, map after map and telegrams and notes from the front, but the kindly old man for one moment turned from it all and transported our Consul to the seventh heaven of delight by a formal bow in his direction. He looked like a fighter then, and there can be no doubt that such

he was. His enemies doubtless were well advised when they waited until he had passed the age of the Psalmist by twenty-five years before they set about the overthrow of Nord Alexis.

When I made my second visit to Port-au-Prince, the day and the hour of our meeting had been fixed, but the dark horseman came between. Mme. Nord Alexis, though long ailing, died unexpectedly, and the mind of the survivor of this wedlock, which had lasted for sixty-eight years, became a blank. They had lived so long together and in such singular harmony that when the separation came the aged President would not believe in it. On the day after his wife's funeral he had in quick succession three fainting spells, from which he recovered physically, but his mind wandered far from the capital, back to Cape Haytien and the scene of his youth, to the great castle in the clouds above the village of Millot, near the north coast, where the great Christophe lived as a real emperor in all matters of life and death at least, and Nord Alexis was his favourite page.

But while I was never so fortunate as to enter the inner sanctum of the Black House and see the President "under four eyes," I have seen the pen with which he signed his decrees and his death warrants, and the little manikins of clay which he so often consulted when in doubt upon a course of action.

A man, of course a general, is in prison for treason or a *détournement* of funds. (This is the delicate way they speak of stealing in Hayti when they will speak of it at all.) It is a question of such minor importance, simply whether the man shall live or die, that the President will not refer it to the papaloi or Voodoo priest,

who lives in the hills behind the city, so he drops a manikin of clay upon the floor. If it breaks, the man dies; if it remains intact, then he lives—as long as the noisome atmosphere of a Haytian prison will let him.

Again in doubt, the President would draw a line across the floor of his sanctum and then pitch manikins, this time made of wood and attired in the gaudy glory of Haytian generals. If the puppets passed the line, it meant one thing; if they lagged behind, it meant another, and so the State papers were fashioned and the presidential decrees inspired in Hayti.

But of course upon the graver questions the papaloi and the mamaloi, the high priest and the high priestess of the Voodoo sect, sat in judgment. The papaloi, or Guinea coast prophet, with his fetich worship and his Congo prayers, is the one solid, substantial fact in Hayti. Around about him turn Haytian life and politics. In some administrations the doors of the Black House have not been as wide open to these prophets of the night as they were while Nord Alexis ruled, but never have they been closed except in the reign of the mulatto Geffard some forty years ago, and his was a short and little day and ended with exile to Jamaica, where, under the guidance of intelligent and sympathetic white men, the Afro-American is accomplishing more, perhaps, than anywhere else.

Nord Alexis fought off until late in life the degrading superstitions and the disgusting rites which are the Voodoo prophet's gospel and daily practice. While for many years governor of various northern provinces he was almost, if not entirely, free from the taint of Voodoo. It was only, indeed, when he became President, when the cunning papalois promoted his wife,

Mère Alexis, to be a red-mitred priestess of their sect, that the old man's good sense was undermined. His great age and the coming of second childhood aiding, he became in their hands a puppet as pitiful as were the manikins of clay in his own.

In Hayti, the land overflowing with generals,—the overflow being most conveniently observed in the saloons and dives of Kingston, St. Thomas, and Puerto Plata,—the form of government is that of a republic with popular representative institutions, while the practice, the invariable practice for many years, is that of a military despotism enforced by banditti, who all their lives, in or out of office, live by brigandage.

The constitution \* requires that the President should be elected by the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate in joint session, and provides that his term should expire on May 15 in the seventh year after his election. The practice, however, is just the reverse. The President selects the senators and the deputies, and they in turn, out of gratitude for the salaries received, the junketings enjoyed, and the bribes which they have pocketed, reëlect their patron, or hail with joy the successor he nominates.

When a military chief executes a state stroke, as did Nord Alexis nearly eight years ago, he presents the legislators with the alternative of a banquet and a continuance of good times, or of facing a shooting party in a convenient cemetery. Invariably he finds the parliamentarians amenable to this line of reasoning.

The administrative scheme of the republic has been worked out in a way which easily adjusts itself to the

\* A fuller description of the form of government will be found in Appendix B, Note III, page 410.

tyrannical rule of the general of the day. The country is divided into a number of arrondissements or districts. Each of these districts is presided over by a military chief who is the personal appointee of the President, neither the advice nor consent of the Senate or any other body of men being asked. This general is the chief justice, the supreme chief of his district, and a law unto himself as long as he remains on good terms with the President, and continues to forward to him the desired tribute. Under this general is placed a *commandant de place*, who has the immediate and routine supervision of the soldiery. The arrondissement is further divided into a number of districts, which are subdivided into sections. Each of these districts and each of these sections is commanded by a superman, who is the admiration of all the other soldiers, because he wears red trousers and a blue coat, often adorned with brass buttons, and because sometimes his woolly head is crowned with a képi covered with gold lace. Of course a man so attired is hailed as a general wherever he goes, and, equally of course, he exacts a general's perquisites.

At times, according to the political pressure that is applied, the republic is divided into three parts. One is presided over by the delegate of the north, the second by the delegate of the central plain, and the third by the delegate of the south. As often as not one of these offices remains vacant. It is held in reserve as a plum only to be secured by particularly meritorious service to the President in power. The duties of the delegates are to keep a closer supervision over the various district generals than can the President himself from the distant capital, and, of course, the delegates



impose a regular percentage tariff upon the collections and the stealings of the minor generals. No provision having been made for their payment out of the national treasury, they are obliged to take care of themselves.

Unlike the delegates, who have no treasury status, the *généraux d'arrondissement* are paid every week directly from the custom-house, at the rate of 250 gourdes a month.

The gourde is a dirty paper promise to pay of the Haytian treasury, and it is held in such low esteem in the country that the enormous number in circulation is never included in any statement of the national indebtedness. The nominal value of the gourde is a dollar. You can exchange it for real dollars in Hayti, but nowhere else, at the rate of eight or nine to one; in a word, the fluctuating value of the gourde is between eleven and twelve cents.

Out of his salary, which may be justly reckoned at about \$30 a month, the *général d'arrondissement* is expected to meet all the expenses of governing his province, pay, clothe, and feed his army as well as live in the state becoming his high official position.

In actual practice, however, he does nothing of the kind. > By a system of graft and robbery which I have never seen paralleled, even in the Far East, the expenses of the administration are converted into huge profits for the governor and comfortable incomes for his trusted and confidential associates.

The fate of the soldier in this military oligarchy, though by force of circumstances he often develops into an arrant rascal, is much to be pitied. Often a general with the magnificent salary of \$30 a month has a thousand men on the rolls of his military force. As

the President does not bother himself about the details of provincial government until a revolution breaks out, the governor or general of the *arrondissement* usually allows a large proportion of his men to secure work where they can, upon their promise to return to duty when wanted. Even the soldiers who are kept with the colours are allowed to follow gainful pursuits, and so keep body and soul together. In a small way they, too, rob and steal, but the corruptionists higher up are so numerous, the spoil, relatively speaking, so small, that their pickings are slender indeed.

I made the cruise along the coast on a vessel that called at all the coffee ports and loaded the aromatic bean exclusively. From the warehouses to the lighters the coffee-sacks were carried by soldiers, through an arrangement that was at least profitable to the local generals. All the soldiers received was a staggering drink of common country rum for each bag carried. Musicians are generally paid by the exporter to make the porters step lively and get as much out of their ill-requited labour as possible. The musicians have the most primitive of instruments. They hold in each hand a stone which they clash together with a certain rhythm as if they were cymbals. It has a wonderful effect, however, upon the porters, who, staggering along in the burning sun under the combined weight of the rum and the coffee-sacks, never fail to burst into a song, which is sometimes patois and sometimes pure Congo, when the music of the clashing, crashing stones falls upon their ear.

When a revolution breaks out and the unhappy *général d'arrondissement* is ordered to march to the scene of the trouble with the 1,000 men whose names

he carries on the skeleton cadres of his military companies his troubles begin. Many observers of the course of events in luckless Hayti, both native and foreign born, have told me that more blood is shed as a rule in rushing the luckless peasants to their long-forgotten standards than in the actual conflicts which ensue, and I myself have seen dozens of recruits brought into the recruiting stations bound so tightly with ropes and thongs that, when liberated in the barrack yards, they could neither walk nor lift an arm to receive the battered muskets thrust upon them.

It may be asked why the country people submit to such treatment, which exceeds in barbarity even that which was meted out to their ancestors by the French planters a hundred years ago. The answer is not a difficult one. The long-suffering peasants choose to accept the lesser evil. Every military chief is surrounded by a score of human bloodhounds, from whose pursuit there is no escape, not even in the jungles and mountain fastnesses of Hayti, and horrible to contemplate as is the life of a common soldier in Hayti, it is thought by this light-hearted tropical people to be preferable to being beaten to death or to being left to starve in the stocks.

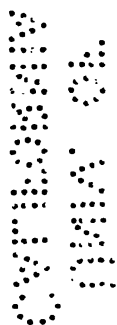
That this fear is a real one I can testify from personal experience, though this has been by no means extensive in Hayti.

When on the point of embarking at Port-au-Prince for Aux Cayes on the 17th of October, 1908, the long dock of the custom-house on which we waited suddenly resounded with the most piercing cries of human agony it has ever been my fortune to listen to. The dock is large and was encumbered with mountains of freight and hundreds of indifferent spectators or pas-



Courtesy of The Pan-American Union

**A Relic of the Black Empire—The Ruins of Sans-Souci, Northern Hayti**



sengers, engrossed with their own customs troubles and the by no means inconsiderable difficulties of securing the transportation they desired, whether by land or sea. It was long before I tracked down the cries to a little structure of wood on the dock, and by this time the heartrending screams had subsided into low, mechanical sobs. Around the house were stationed a score or more of soldiers, who seemed much excited and would pay no attention to my enquiries. At last the sergeant in charge said politely, but with the evident intention of satisfying my obtrusive curiosity and sending me about my business:

"A low fellow is being whipped in there. *Il manquait d'égards à l'amiral*—he was rude to the admiral and had to be punished."

Several passing Haytians smiled cynically, but hurried on. As I was leaving, two Jamaican negroes spoke to me and one said, with the boldness of British subjects, white or black:

"That ain't no ordinary whipping goin' on in there, boss. They have been breaking a man's legs in there between a pair of muskets, that's what they have been doing."

And despite the scowls of the sergeant the bold fellow explained to me the mechanism of this horrible torture:

"I guess he was a deserter from their cutthroat army or perhaps somebody said he was carrying letters for Dr. Firmin. But they have broke his legs sure. You can't mistake that holler. It's different from when they is being whipped."

A deathlike silence reigned in the little hovel now. We moved on and halted behind some coffee-sacks. In a few minutes the door was opened and an insensible

man was carried out on a stretcher, and down through the custom-house into the city, followed and surrounded by a guard of soldiers. His head was covered with his torn shirt. I could see on his bare back no signs of a whipping, and I believe that the story of the Jamaican as to the way in which his legs had been crushed between two muskets was true. Several Haytians accosted admitted that this was probably so, and then immediately hastened away, as if fearful of meeting a similar or a worse fate.

Of course, if Hayti were a true republic the people would have an opportunity to correct the abuses from which they suffer by exercising the manhood franchise to which, under the constitution, they are entitled, but, of all the farces and travesties of popular institutions which are so prevalent in the Black Republic, that of the so-called popular elections is the most flagrant. Elections to the Chamber are held or not held, not as prescribed by law and at the proper intervals, but simply when and how it may suit the personal convenience and private profit of the supreme military chief of the day. If he can secure more money in bribes from the deputies already assembled and in session than is offered by those desirous of legislative honours and opportunities for corruption, then the old Chamber remains on indefinitely. If the new men offer to the military chief a sufficiently substantial inducement, the legislature in being is dismissed, although it may have enjoyed only a month of life, and new elections offered.

The manner of holding the elections is simplicity itself. The candidates, in person or through their agents, call upon the military President, to whom they make known their aspirations and their claims. He refers

them, one and all, to his business man, who generally is the Secretary of the Treasury. Here money talks exclusively, and not by any means the filthy paper currency of the country, whose want of any real value is well appreciated at the treasury, but the ringing gold of the hated foreigners.

The Secretary of the Treasury makes out a list of the bids which he has received and submits them to the President. The latter looks it over and then sends his orders to the district generals, his appointees, and subordinates. In Jérémie Mr. So-and-so must be elected, and at Cape Francis Mr. This-or-that, and in a few days he learns that the governmental candidates have been returned by overwhelming majorities, and in the midst of great popular enthusiasm.

As a matter of fact, as often as not out of pure laziness the local general does not hold any election at all, but simply declares the government candidates successful. When the prescribed forms are observed, however, the soldiers deposit in a bunch the required number of ballots in the box and then the polls are closed. I am certain no election has been held in Hayti for the last thirty years where these forms have not been observed. This is at least one question of the many which perplex the country upon which the most perfect agreement prevails among all observers. The electoral machinery, instead of being a check upon the military autocrat, has been turned into one of his favourite and most efficient instruments of profit and corruption.

That the great military machine by means of which unhappy Hayti is misruled is kept well oiled cannot be made clear without a brief examination of the tax system of the country and some of the many abuses which



flourish under it. Legally speaking, taxes are limited to the import and export duties. A Haytian, according to law, may own twenty houses and a dozen plantations, and yet not be liable to a cent of taxes.

As a matter of fact, however, whatever his occupation may be, in one form or another he must pay to the various officials by whom he is watched and harassed a percentage of his income which, when times are hard and the treasury in pressing need of money,—a chronic condition in Hayti,—often wipes out his profits altogether. Bad as this is, the people concerned generally submit with as much cheerfulness as they can assume, because the only alternative is the utter destruction or confiscation of their property, and not infrequently the loss of life.

Foreigners must pay taxes on the houses and business places they rent, and even clerks have to pay a large percentage of their salaries upon pain of expulsion. Then there are harbour and lighthouse dues, exceedingly heavy and useless, as the money is never applied to its nominal purposes, which fall almost exclusively upon foreign commerce and affect the prosperity of the foreign colonists.

It is in the evasion of the import and the export duties that the grossest abuses prevail and the injustices are committed against which the foreign firms in the country have long complained in vain. The chief offender on this score was, until her remarkable career came to an end, Mme. Nord Alexis, the versatile, many-sided wife of the aged President. While it is undoubtedly true that Madame la Présidente was a red-mitred priestess of the Congo fetich worshippers and a devout believer in, and practitioner of, all

the Voodoo superstitions, she nevertheless had a good business head on her shoulders, which at times brought half a dozen of the most influential German business firms to the verge of bankruptcy.

In her commercial ventures Madame la Présidente ignored the export and the import tariff walls completely, and no one in the customs service was bold enough to remind so exalted a personage of their existence. By this simple method she would bring in a cargo of shirtings from New York and undersell the stores 20 per cent., while retaining a handsome profit for herself.

But coffee—the rich and aromatic coffee of the Haytian highlands, for which the connoisseurs of Paris and Vienna and Amsterdam will pay any price—was Mme. Nord Alexis' best crop, out of which she secured a mint of pin-money, though what she did with it no one could say, for to the end of her days her attire was primitive and simple. Her bandannas were like those of the market-women and her gowns were of calico, like those of the peasant girls, only more slatternly. The only foreign luxuries she is known to have indulged in are carpet-slippers and simple clay pipes. By many it is thought that the good woman spent all her commercial profits in the purchase of the tons upon tons of ammunition which, rumour had it, were stored away in the huge cellars by which old Nord had the national palace in Port-au-Prince undermined against the day of the revolution.\*

Madame la Présidente's coffee ventures were as

\*Possibly the recent explosion which killed President Leconte and destroyed the palace may have originated in one of Mme. Nord's forgotten magazines.

simple as her flyers in shirtings and immensely more profitable. The export duty on high-grade coffee is extremely heavy, a dollar gold per hundred pounds, I believe, while there is no duty on cotton seed. Her method was this: She would buy up all the coffee in sight in certain districts, through agents, pass it boldly through the complaisant customs as cotton seed, and ship it to Havre. The swindle was once revealed by the statement of the French custom-house, which showed during the last crop that a vessel left Aux Cayes and, proceeding direct to the French port, arrived there with 40,000 more sacks of coffee than the bill of lading showed, while in some mysterious way the cotton seed it was invoiced to carry had disappeared! This flagrant case and the ease with which the corrupt practice could be proved spurred the foreign coffee merchants who were facing severe losses as the result of unfair competition to petition the President in regard to the custom-house abuses by which the country was such a loser. The President paid no attention to their appeal unless the revival of some vexatious anti-foreign tax laws, which had been allowed to lapse, was his acknowledgment of its receipt.

This corruption in the executive mansion and the highest places of the military hierarchy has permeated every rank of the ruling banditti class. The policeman and the recruit steal in proportion to their opportunities just as do the President, the finance minister, and the chief of customs. It has been computed, and, I believe, with approximate accuracy, that there are 2,200 generals drawing small salaries and licensed to steal by the present administration in Hayti. Should any of the revolutions which are in progress to-day be successful, they

would all lose their jobs and be succeeded by as many other hungry human vultures. The men who are turned out remain generals without pay, but their license to steal is not withdrawn.

As a rule, they are too proud to beg, too lazy to work, and too dangerous to the administration to be disturbed. The new President would, as a general thing, prefer to have the officials of the previous administration levying taxes upon their industrious neighbours than engaged in stirring up civil strife. So outside of the official tax-gatherers, blackmailers, and extortionists, there is a still larger band of banditti who have had all the experience in corrupt practices which comes with holding office in Hayti, and who remain, after their office-holding days are over, an association and syndicate of thieves and robbers, which is never seriously molested as long as they have the modesty and the good sense not to poach upon the more profitable fields of plunder, which the new administration naturally reserves for its own peculiar and especial profit.

I have estimated—and, I believe, conservatively—that each of these official brigands has associated with him, bound by the closest ties of crime in common, a score of henchmen, all of whom, together with their families, have to be provided for.

Under this tremendous burden it is natural that the agriculture and the industry of the country, never pushed to an intensive stage, have broken down. With the exception of a few, where especial circumstances prevail, the plantations are deserted and overgrown with luxuriant weeds. The poor peasant, for fear of the soldier tax-collector, does not plant his garden near his wretched

hut, but secretes it somewhere in the adjacent forest. All signs of wealth and prosperity are concealed in fear of confiscation, and no one plans to secure more than a bare subsistence, knowing full well that, however intelligent and successful his enterprises, in the end that is all he will be allowed to enjoy for himself, if that. The whole peasant and working population of the island for years have practised—in self-defence, I think, more than from natural inclination, as some charge—this precarious scheme of existence, until the drought and the consequent almost complete failure of the small fruits, as well as the great crops, have reduced them to starvation and a state of misery and want which I could not have believed had I not seen it in all its heartrending, as well as repulsive, features.

Experts in tropical agriculture and the usufruct of the torrid zone reckon that Hayti is potentially the richest island in the world with the possible exception of Java, in the Dutch East Indies. Under Dutch rule Java supports 30,000,000 of healthy, well-nourished people, and enriches all the world with the value of her products. In Hayti there are not more than a million and a half of people, several hundred thousand of whom are in a chronic state of starvation, and her exports are practically nil, with the exception of a little hardwood and a few thousand sacks of coffee, both of which it has been said, with but slight exaggeration, grow wild.\*

On May 15, 1909, the presidential term of the chief magistrate, General Nord Alexis, should have expired, and the revolutions and the uprisings which occurred during the last weeks of 1908, especially, one in Aux

\*Some account of the resources of the island is given in Appendix B, Note IV, page 411.

Cayes, headed by General Simon, and another in Jérémie, headed by General Fanchard, were, after all, but the barbarous and bloodthirsty form in which the candidates shy their casters into the presidential ring.

When events follow their normal course, fighting continues throughout the island until one or the other of the candidates gains decisively the upper hand. He then proceeds to the capital and begins paying off his "election expenses" out of the national treasury.

These revolutionary elections are carried out with such an utter disregard of law that even after the strongest man, who is generally the most unscrupulous brute, is firmly seated in the saddle, the country cannot settle down upon a peaceful footing. There are too many outrageous wrongs to be righted, by fair means or foul; too many personal vengeance to be secured, with the result that rarely does the reign of terror cease, either before or during or after the revolutionary elections.

These revolutions or civil wars are, of course, characterised by the most utter disregard of the rules of civilised warfare, both on the part of the government and the various stripes of insurgents who from time to time take the field, lured on to it by the hope of promised office, or driven to it by the hirelings and professional soldiers of some military chief.

In the winter of 1907-8, when twenty-two of the adherents of Dr. Firmin fell into the hands of the administration general at St. Marc, that officer walked them out to the nearest cemetery and, after they had dug a trench deep enough to hold their bodies, had them shot and buried. He then reported to his commander-in-

chief, President Nord Alexis, the occurrence textually as follows:

"Feeling confident that my procès verbal of the affair, which I shall have drawn up at the earliest possible moment, would meet with your excellency's approval, to save time, I have executed the twenty-two prisoners—provisionally." This butcher never received a word of censure, but, on the contrary, was promoted by his chief.

It makes but poor and sordid reading, a sketch of Haytian politics in the last few years, but as some insight into it is absolutely necessary for an understanding of a situation in which our interests and our navy are always involved, I will tell the story as briefly as possible of how General Sam retired and how General Nord Alexis induced the deputies and senators to elect him to the presidency.

According to law, the presidential service of General Tiresias Simon Sam came to an end upon May 15, 1902. General Sam, who had been one of the most disreputable presidents that even the amazing political conditions in the Black Republic have produced, was, toward the end of his term, less concerned with the choice of his successor than with how to get safely away from the island with the proceeds of a fraudulent emission of \$5,000,000 worth of 5 per cent. gold bonds. These bonds he had marketed with the connivance of a syndicate of foreigners composed of Frenchmen and Germans. There were, I am glad to say, no Americans concerned in this transaction.

Saddling his country with a debt of \$5,000,000 and banking the cash proceeds of the sale, which probably did not amount to more than \$300,000, General Sam

slipped away from his capital on the midnight of May 13, or only two days before the expiration of his term, and took up his residence in St. Thomas under the protection of the Danish flag.

On the following day the inhabitants of the Black Republic awakened to find themselves without a government and with an empty treasury. In this emergency the Black Republicans behaved with much judgment and gave a striking illustration of what might be expected of them if, once and for all, the robber generals and the military bandits who prey upon the island could be expelled or kept within control by a strong power.

There was living at the time in Port-au-Prince an ex-president of the republic, M. Boisrond-Canal, who is perhaps the only chief magistrate of Hayti for the last fifty years who did not meet with a violent end or die in exile. During his term of office he had been a fairly good President, and had distinguished himself by his antagonism to the popular practices of Voodoo, in which may be embraced the cult of the anti-white religion, the superstitious Congo rites for medical and religious purposes, together with, in moments of great excitement and religious frenzy, an occasional relapse into cannibalism.

In the clean hands of Boisrond-Canal the best people of the island placed the provisional government, and he showed that he was worthy of the trust by immediately ordering the election of deputies to the legislative chamber, upon whom, together with the senators, the duty would devolve of electing a successor to the absconding Tiresias Simon Sam. In view of the unusual conditions and the position of trust in which he had been placed, one might say with truth by popular acclaim,



M. Boisrond-Canal declined to allow his name to be presented to the voters as a candidate for the presidency.

In the electoral campaign which ensued, and which, by a most natural course of events in Hayti, soon degenerated into civil war, characterised by most inhuman atrocities on all sides, there were three leading candidates. No one of them was closely allied to that military hierarchy which has, after 100 years of uninterrupted rule, brought a marvellously fertile island to the brink of ruin and over a million people, born in the midst of plenty, to the point of starvation.

The candidates who represented the popular disgust with the military régime and the resulting lawlessness were Senèque M. Pierre, who had been on several occasions Secretary of War; M. Fouchard, who had been Secretary of the Treasury, where he had shown some opposition to the political pilferers, and Dr. A. Firmin, who in previous cabinets had been Minister of Foreign Affairs, and for some time Haytian Minister to France.

Of these candidates Dr. Firmin was by far the most enlightened and the most acceptable to the reputable foreign interests in Hayti. Subsequent events, however, have shown him to be lacking in many of the qualities which are absolutely necessary for the retention of power in a country like Hayti. It is conceded by many of his former friends that even were Dr. Firmin carried into the presidential chair by a popular vote so overwhelming that it could not be denied, he would not be able to maintain himself for more than a week or two in that most difficult position. The doctor has written several learned treatises upon anthropology; he is an expert upon the subject of skulls; he can tell the

cranium of a Carib from that of a Caucasian or a man from the Congo at a great distance, but his political exploits and experiences of recent years show him to be a poor judge of the living man, in Hayti as everywhere else the indispensable pawn of the political game.

The moment the election decrees were issued, Dr. Firmin proceeded to Cape Haytien, a flourishing commercial port on the north coast of the island, and issued a manifesto announcing his intention to run for deputy. Firmin wished to represent this constituency in the chamber, which, according to the Haytian constitution, is also the electoral college, because Cape Haytien is the most influential district in the island and, doubtless, because he had noticed that many presidential candidates had suffered defeat because they were not personally present in the more or less secret conclaves of the Chamber when convened to select a president.

By June, 1902, the election excitement throughout Hayti, and particularly in the north, had reached fever heat. Brawls were of frequent occurrence in the streets of Cape Haytien between the friends and the foes of Dr. Firmin. At this juncture and with the avowed purpose of maintaining law and order and insuring an honest election, the provisional government removed the military governor or general of the Capt Haytien arrondissement, who had certainly during the disturbance given ample proof of his incompetency, and sent north General Nord Alexis to assume his difficult task.

Whatever may have been the plans of the members of the provisional government, they certainly cannot be held responsible for what happened. Alexis was at the time 85 years of age, perhaps even 90, and no one could have suspected that the presidential bee was buzzing in

his woolly bonnet. He had been Minister of War and had governed several districts of the country from time to time, and in the light of Haytian conditions his rule was regarded as not wholly unrighteous. He accepted presents when offered by clients who were doing business with the government, and he has never been able to clear himself of the accusation that he shared in General Sam's fraudulent emission of bonds to the extent of \$25,000. However, as Haytian generals go, Nord Alexis was not and never has been a grafter, and even to-day, after many years of the presidency and the business opportunities which it presents in the Black Republic, his hands pass as being relatively clean in money matters.

He was a rough-and-ready darky soldier, standing 6 feet 4 inches in his bare feet, which are, in striking contrast to the ebon hue of his face, worn white from frequent contact with the rocky trails of his turbulent island home. He drank daily an amount of white rum which would have staggered a less experienced toper, and was always puffing away at the great black cheroots of the Haytian vegas, which so quickly shatter the nerves of those accustomed to the lighter Cuban smokes. General Nord Alexis could neither read nor write, but he had learned to paint his signature to official decrees.

(His chief asset was a remarkable wife, a woman, like himself, of pure African blood and of the humblest antecedents.) Those who claim that for the sixty-eight years of their married life this remarkable woman inspired her husband's political course may be mistaken. Certain it is, however, that during this long wedlock, whether in the field or in the executive mansion, General

Alexis never ate food that had not been prepared for him by her loving hands. In Hayti, where the poisoned dish is such a potent political weapon and so frequently in evidence, such a helpmeet was invaluable. Nord Alexis may not owe his success to his wife, but it is thought that he escaped the plots of his enemies through this good woman's reliable cooking.

Upon the arrival of this strange pair at the Cape, Mme. Nord Alexis began to step out of her domestic shell without, however, neglecting even for a meal her culinary duties. She had always been a fervent adherent of the Voodoo sect, and this immediately brought her into contact with the most reactionary people of northern Hayti, who were also antagonistic to the candidacy of Dr. Firmin, who had lived so long in Paris that he had well-nigh forgotten the homely (to use a polite expression) ways of his people, and experienced the greatest difficulty in speaking their patois.

As the election day drew near Firmin lodged protest after protest with the provisional government against the way in which Nord Alexis was conducting himself and the elections, all, however, to no purpose. At this time there were twenty candidates for the exalted office of chief magistrate, but Alexis was not even mentioned as a dark horse. The result of the election was—whether Firmin did not control the votes of the majority or whether Alexis intimidated them, I am not prepared to say—that the learned doctor did not secure the coveted seat, and fled to Gonaïves on the west coast of Hayti, where he was elected to the Chamber and immediately raised his standard, which was regarded by many as one of revolt against the provisional government.

Firmin even went so far in his warlike preparations as to start a navy, and soon the ill-fated little steamer, the *Crête à Pierrot*, under command of a half-caste adventurer named Killick, was flying his flag and committing acts upon the high seas which Germany at least soon denounced as piratical. The particular act which brought the Firmin campaign to an untimely end was the search of the Hamburg-American steamer *Marcomania* for arms—the arms were found and immediately confiscated. It was apparent they had been sent by the provisional government to Nord Alexis for the undoubted purpose of arming the population of the north against the adherents of Firmin.

A few hours after the *Marcomania* had been detained and searched, the German cruiser *Panther* appeared in the harbour of Gonaïves and gave "Admiral" Killick the short delay of fifteen minutes to deliver up the Firmin gunboat *Crête à Pierrot*, which the German officers had declared piratical. Killick sent his crew on shore, lighted a fuse which connected with his magazine, and smoked a cigar quietly on deck until just, as the boarding party was leaving the German cruiser, his little ship blew up. This mishap and the development of Nord Alexis' military strength ended Dr. Firmin's chances for the presidency. In October he left the island and took refuge in Inagua. From there, and from St. Thomas, he has directed and sometimes led the expeditions which, during the last five years, have frequently been landed upon the Haytian shores for the purpose of expelling Nord Alexis, and in one form or another bringing about a change of government more favourable to Firmin's chances.

While Firmin still held the field and Nord Alexis was

being constantly reinforced so that he might promptly quell what the provisional government regarded as an open revolt, the wily old chieftain had secured the confidence of the three or four more prominent candidates to such an extent that they each despatched to his aid all the ragged soldiers they had enrolled; each, of course, in support of his own particular candidacy. There is much reason to believe, and of a documentary character, too, I am informed, that the candidates did not place this implicit trust in the aged general's good faith until they had each in turn, and in the strictest confidence, it would seem, received ample assurances that he, Nord Alexis, was for them first, last, and all the time.

With his army largely reinforced in this manner, General Nord now marched south across country to Port-au-Prince. As he went he left behind him to guard the main strategic points small garrisons which, though this was not noticed at the time, were mainly composed of partisans of the presidential candidates who had, under the protection of Alexis, and at his suggestion, formed the anti-Firmin coalition. It was also noticed that as the aged general marched into Port-au-Prince, the capital of the Black Republic, on December 14, all the partisans of the other candidates among his soldiers were sturdily flanked by men who could be relied upon as devoted adherents of Nord Alexis.

Once within the capital, and with the provisional government, which had long since stripped itself of every available man to send him reinforcements, in his grasp, Nord Alexis spurned further disguise and openly presented himself to the assembled deputies and senators as a presidential candidate whose claims it would not be

wise to overlook. He talked of his long years spent in the service of the State, but when the national assembly hesitated, he surrounded the palace in which they met with soldiers.

On the night of December 21 the general visited the Chamber and once more, and in person, advanced his claims. Inside the palace it was seen that great preparations for a banquet were in progress, and outside the soldiery were falling into little groups which looked uncommonly like shooting parties. Soon the stern alternative was presented of a champagne supper or a general massacre. The deputies reached a decision, and with loud cries of "Liberty or death!" the select men of Hayti filed into the banqueting hall and proclaimed General Nord Alexis chief magistrate.

I think I have elsewhere expressed the opinion, which I certainly hold, that rarely if ever are the revolutionary clashes very bloody or very stubbornly fought out to a finish. The greatest loss of human life takes place in bringing in the unfortunate and unwilling recruits and through the punishment of those who held back or seemed lukewarm, by the horde upon whose banners, for the moment, victory has perched. In the short walk from Port de Paix to the Grande Marne I have come across as many as twenty fresh graves, where unfortunate peasants had been shot down and hastily put out of sight, as they sought to escape the recruiting parties, and some there were doubtless who had preferred to run the gauntlet of the guerrillas by whom they had been captured, rather than face the summary court-martial that was awaiting them at the nearest military post. Poor devils who had taken the last remaining chance of liberty and freedom in the jungle—and lost.

It is also undeniable that a great many private feuds and vendettas are paid off in the most barbarous way when recruiting parties are abroad in the land. When sent into the country upon a recruiting foray, with orders to spare neither time nor rope in bringing in cheerful volunteers, the commandant of the party, if plied with white rum or complimented upon his uniform and martial bearing, can generally be persuaded to make two or three additional victims. When the capricious arrest or the illegal recruiting ends, as it frequently does, in cold-blooded murder, the victim is thrown into a shallow grave, a bamboo post is stuck at his head, and here are hung his battered hat and satchel of straw; perhaps also the stem of the banana bunch upon which he was munching when death came. It should ever be borne in mind that the military banditti who rule the country form a very close corporation into which men are born but are rarely admitted on other grounds. After the revolution of the moment is over, and the need for their services ceases, the victors in the fray dismiss the recruits they have drafted by such forcible methods, to whom, while hostilities continued, they have invariably granted the posts of honour and of danger; and, while the available offices and sinecures are being divided among the professionals, the soldiers improvised for the campaign are allowed to beg their bread or to starve to death as they limp back across the country to their often ruined homes and uprooted coffee-patches.

In the hostilities that prevailed in the spring of 1903 I became interested in the fate of one of these unfortunates. He was a "volunteer," who had been captured in the mountains back of the Cape and compelled to fight with the professionals and the mercenaries of



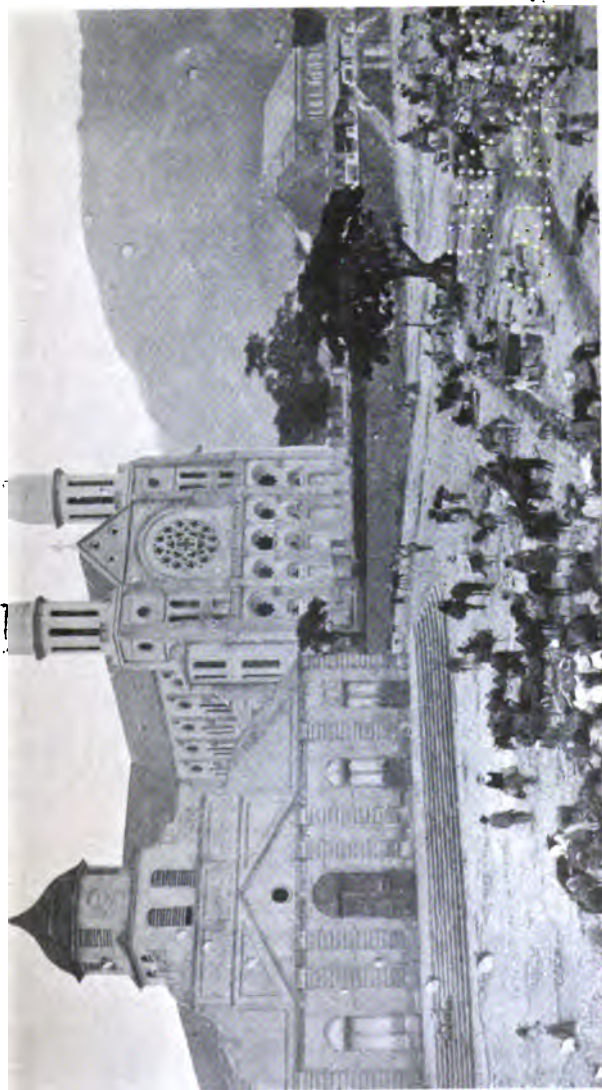
Alexis Nord against the counter-revolution headed by Dr. Firmin. As he had to fight, and as at least one feature of the situation was clear to him, that the other fellows were trying to kill him, my acquaintance fought as hard as he could for the cause with which, in some inextricable way, his life had become involved; and a sabre-cut over the head and a musket-ball in the shoulder showed he had been in the thick of the fight. When he, with others, ultimately landed Nord Alexis in the Black House, the old war-horse, who became President so late in life, was very grateful and made his fighting men many complimentary speeches. Particularly my battle-scarred acquaintance was given to believe that for him a handsome sum of money would be forthcoming, and perhaps a nice little office, with a good salary attached.

Months went by and none of these promises were realised. He came very near to starvation, and on several occasions I surprised him as he waited by the slop-chute of a foreign steamer for the Barmecide feast which at certain hours is dropped out into the dirty waters of the harbour.

The last time I met him the patient, long-suffering expression had given way to one which bordered on contentment. He had his belongings wrapped in a handkerchief and was evidently on the march.

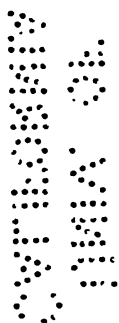
"Well, have you been given the office?" I enquired, with a cruelty which was far from being intentional.

"No," came the answer, while, for a moment, the cheerful expression vanished; then brightening again, he added, "but the President, in view of my wounds and excellent services, has kindly given me the right to return to work."



Courtesy of The Pan-American Union

**The Cathedral at Port-au-Prince, Hayti**



"Where?" I enquired, thinking a place had been made for him on one of the government farms.

"Where?" he repeated, with amazement at the absurdity of my question. "Why, wherever I can find work." And that afternoon, despite the flooded condition of the trails and the torrential rains which were falling, he started north, seeking work where he could find it, and happy in the possession of all his limbs and of fair health, which is not the common lot of those who are drafted into the services of the government or the revolution in Hayti.

The revolution and civil war out of which General Simon has recently emerged victorious, was inevitable, but it was certainly hastened by the action of President Nord, who, anxious to assist the presidential campaign of his nephew, Camille Gabriel, removed Simon from his office as delegate of the south. For reasons which are more easy to understand than to explain to those who have never breathed the Haytian atmosphere and are unacquainted with the political ways of these truly black republicans, although General Simon has maintained himself in power for nearly a year, he is still generally regarded throughout the island as a mere stop-gap.

The true leading aspirants to the office are General Jean Gilles, delegate of the north, and Dr. Firmin. Gilles is a typical chief of the banditti hordes, who regard the public offices of the country as so many perquisites reserved for themselves alone. He is very popular with the soldiers in the north, who, in battle, have generally given a better account of themselves than have their brethren of the south. It will be a surprise

to many if Gilles does not soon attain the goal of his undisguised ambition.

Dr. Firmin \* is still in the field, though not in Hayti. Doubtless he will present himself, and with armed force, before the revolutionary election, which is so orthodox in Hayti, is closed.

In his platform Dr. Firmin promises to make the civil branch of the government supreme, and he is supported by a Belgo-German firm which has made much money in selling war stores to previous administrations. Perhaps they have seen the error of their ways, and once their candidate is elected, will only submit peaceful wares to his attention, but, as a rule, the people of Hayti do not think so.

The solid opposition of the military banditti is at once the glory and the heavy handicap of Dr. Firmin's candidacy. An even more serious obstacle to his long-cherished ambition is, I take it, the feeling among the people that if elected in one way or another Firmin—that is, the people—would have to pay the at present unsettled or "carried over" expenses of his two presidential campaigns and four revolutionary efforts.

Firmin at times, when it suits his purpose of the moment, claims to have in his candidacy the tacit support of the United States. There is, of course, no substantial basis to this claim other than the fact that on one or two occasions when Dr. Firmin, in exile, came to Washington, he was privately received by Mr. Root, then Secretary of State.

\*Dr. Firmin's presidential aspirations were terminated by an unexpectedly peaceful death in April, 1912.

## CHAPTER V

### THE TRUTH ABOUT VOODOO

IN the West Indies, from Demerara to Honduras, from Panama to St. Thomas, when people tire of talking about the sugar tariff or the Governor's last garden party, they as often as not, and rather oftener, I think, fall to talking about the cannibalistic practices and Voodoo crimes of the superstitious Haytian blacks. It is not a comfortable theme of conversation, but it is interesting as it comes so near home to them all.

All these weird and creepy stories and gooseflesh-raising rumours lend an interest to the sight of the shores of Hayti which is not aroused when the other islands swim into view upon the waves of the turquoise sea. When the first Haytian land-fall is made, West Indians, as well as travellers from more distant climes, throng the bridge and even the look-out aloft, if the captain permits, and begin to make discoveries. One of the most common of these rests upon nothing more substantial than the lazy columns of smoke which one sees so frequently floating slowly heavenward from the Haytian jungles and the highland forests. What is generally the fire of some lonely charcoal-burner, or a party of peasants making a clearing to be planted in the woodland, is by the power of imagination and of ignorance transformed into the scene of a cannibalistic feast. If there be a passenger on board who has been in Hayti, or, better still, lived there, his position of supreme au-

thority is an enviable one, and, human nature being what it is, he sometimes abuses it.

\* The truth is, that while you need have no fear whatever of eating human flesh in Hayti disguised as a roast or as a round of beef, there is no place in the world where you could so easily satisfy a cannibalistic craving as in this land, whose centre is not much further from New York, the empire city of the Western World, than is Chicago or Milwaukee.

Voodoo is not a written creed over which a house of bishops presides publicly, a fact which should account for the many and extremely varied versions of its practices which are in circulation through the world. It is certainly not a mere veneer or an old garment from the Congo days of the black race which has not yet been cast away. But it is a substantial edifice of West African superstition, serpent worship, and child sacrifice which exists in Hayti to-day, and which undoubtedly would become rampant throughout the island were it not for the check and control upon native practices which the foreign residents exercise.

\* Several Roman Catholic priests, who have long resided in the heart of Hayti, told me that one of the hardships and difficulties of the combat against African darkness upon which they are engaged, is the extreme reticence not only of the active Voodooists themselves, but of all blacks in regard to the fetich-worshipping rites.

A Haytian is often absolutely lacking in that form of self-respect which is the last to depart from the most ignoble white. "All will confess the most despicable crimes," said my priestly informant, "and admit having sunk to the lowest forms of human degradation, but,

even should you see him at the dance under the *sablier* tree at night, all smeared with the blood which may have flowed in the veins of a cock, or goat, or even a human child, he will deny having anything in common with the Voodoo sectaries."

It is this reticence that has impressed many observers most unfavourably and caused them to jump to the conclusion—an erroneous one, I believe—that the Voodoo gospel simply preaches the massacre and general destruction of whites, wherever found. Men wise in African tongues say that the horrible talismanic word should be written "vodun," a term widely diffused among the upper Guinea tribes, and supposed to indicate the all-powerful, non-venomous serpent who controls all human events, who knows all things past, present, or to come, and who communicates his dreaded power to the high priests and priestesses of the sect, the papalois, or "papa kings," the mamalois, or "mama queens," who rule the great majority of the people of Hayti by the wand of wizardry and the fear which it inspires.

There is still another definition of the term Voodoo, to which I find that many of the French priests and other ancient settlers in the country are inclined. They say, or many of them do, that the word is not of African origin at all, though used to describe African rites, but is a corruption of the old French word *vaudois*, meaning magician.

Mr. Léger, the Haytian Minister in Washington, in his book of special pleading, entitled "Hayti and Her Detractors," speaks of the fearful *loupgarous*, the religious kidnappers of children, as though they were simply legendary monsters, or if they really ever lived



and did their devilish work, are to-day as extinct in Hayti as the werewolf of Saxon days in England.

Of course, the countercharge which Mr. Léger makes that child-stealing is not unknown in Europe and in America is perfectly true, but here he simply dodges the gravamen of the charges which are brought by every intelligent foreigner and many of his countrymen whose position is so independent that they can, or think they can, tell the truth and reveal the devilish practice in all its revolting cruelty.

Of course, the real charge against Haytian civilisation is not that children are frequently stolen from their parents and are often put to death with torture, and subsequently eaten with pomp at a Voodoo ceremony, but that Haytian officials, often the highest in the land, not only protect the kidnappers, but frequently take part in the cannibalistic rites which they make possible. This is the charge which I bring and which I am prepared to substantiate in every particular upon evidence which appears to me, and to many others to whom I have submitted it, to be absolutely unimpeachable.

Of recent cases of kidnapping I have only the heart to relate two, which fortunately did not reach the final tragic stage. It should be borne in mind that, when the crime is completely successful, no evidence remains that would warrant an investigation.

In one of the northern ports an East Indian woman was sleeping by the side of her child. She had lulled it to slumber and then fallen asleep herself, when suddenly she was awakened by a sharp earthquake shock. In her terror she stretched out her arms to protect her child from falling beams or rafters, and found that the

infant was gone. The place where she had cradled it a few minutes before was still warm, but the child was missing. There could be no doubt of that, and the anxiety which, though dormant, oppresses every woman's heart in Hayti awakened to a living reality.

The frantic mother searched the chamber and even the whole house, but in vain. She was still engaged in this when the nurse girl, a coal-black native Haytian, arrived on the scene. She was evidently disconcerted at finding her mistress awake, but professed to know nothing as to the whereabouts of the child. Her mistress noticed from her first appearance on the scene that the nurse girl seemed out of breath and apprehensive. In her excitement she talked continually and with dread apprehension of the earthquake and the probability of a recurrence. Her absence at this hour of the night was so unusual and her whole bearing was so strange that the suspicions of the mother immediately fell upon the nurse girl, though for two years she had been a kind and, indeed, a most affectionate and trusted guardian of the missing child.

Though it was now the dead of night the distracted mother rushed to the house of the commanding general, and found him awake and much disturbed over the earthquake shock. Though on the verge of despair she was not without guile, and immediately began to profit by the abject state of nervousness in which she found the black chief. "The earth itself trembles at the sight of the crime which has been committed upon me and upon my child," exclaimed the mother, assuming the mien and bearing of a prophetess. "What horrible things are about to happen! alas! that the innocent should suffer along with the guilty!"

The superstitious general, now thoroughly aroused, set to work to save himself, and the town over whose government he presided, from the fate which the prophetess of the strange East Indian race, with her second sight, saw was impending. He probably was absolutely innocent of any complicity in the disappearance of the child, but with his local knowledge of people and conditions, he was able to obtain information which would have been a sealed book to any one else, and which would, indeed, in all probability not have been disclosed to him had not the earthquake shock, in throwing down a few shaky huts, strikingly illustrated the existence of a power which was visibly greater than the African Voodoo.

In a few minutes the general learned all the facts about the nurse girl, which had been so easily and so carefully withheld from the East Indian family. Her mother was a witch doctor who lived in the mountains some ten miles back of the port town where the occurrence took place. Within an hour after the disappearance of the child soldiers were on the trail, and before morning the child was discovered in the mountain hut alone with the mother witch and a few votaries of the dark cult. The child was rescued, but no arrests were made. The poor little elf had been drugged in some way, and it was weeks and even months before it was restored to normal health. A prosecution was not insisted upon for many reasons, the principal one being that the overjoyed mother was fearful that the curse and Voodoo incantations, from which her child still suffered, would be strengthened and renewed in case a policy of revenge was pursued.

Another and still more recent case of child-stealing

occurred in the capital. This victim was a white child, the only offspring of a foreigner and his wife, who had been for some time domiciled in Port-au-Prince, and were apparently popular in all classes of society. The child was sent out every morning for a promenade in its baby-carriage through the open squares, in charge of a French nurse. One morning this woman became engaged in conversation with friends, and possibly entered a shop, never, however, leaving the baby-carriage out of her sight. At last, turning homeward, the nurse came to a deep gutter over which she thought it best not to roll but to lift the child and the carriage bodily. But, to her horror and amazement, she found the carriage was empty.

As was natural, the nurse made a frantic outcry, and in a few minutes the parents and, in fact, the whole population of the capital were apprised of the startling occurrence, and the consular and diplomatic officers were called in. Fortunately, most fortunately, there was at the time a foreign man-of-war in the harbour, and a great deal of use was made of this in an unofficial way by the minister of the country to which the parents of the missing child owed allegiance. In fear of a shell being dropped in the Black House or a bombardment of the city, which had been hinted at, Nord Alexis for once turned away from his Voodoo friends and protectors. Hundreds of police rushed through the city, and all who were able instituted a house-to-house search, crying as they went the Voodoo word, "Wrongda! Wrongda! Here there has been a charm."

Under the circumstances it is not strange that in an hour or two the stolen child was found in a deserted house. A toothless old hag on the premises said she

had come upon the child alone upon the street, and had brought her indoors out of harm's way. The unfortunate child was found to be stupefied as though by the influence of some drug, and was taken home. The hag, in the face of the popular outcry, was lodged in prison. The best doctors in the capital were summoned and, one after another, endeavoured to restore the little sufferer to normal mental and physical health, but all to no purpose.

For weeks and months the child hovered between life and death, and in conscious moments its actions were those of an imbecile. Upon one thing all the doctors agreed: A powerful drug had been administered, but in the matter of combating its hateful influence they were not helpful.

The foregoing are facts which can be corroborated by a thousand witnesses, but from here on we enter upon the realm of surmise and presumption. One by one, the foreign doctors retired from the case, and, one by one, Haytian friends, of whom the unfortunate couple had many, began to drop in and make suggestions. After all, was their contention, no one understood Haytian herbs and Haytian philters as well as Haytians themselves. Incidentally they remarked the old hag, who was still in prison, though it was apparent that, for want of evidence and want of will to do so, the government would never bring her to trial, was an herb doctor and a mistress of charms and philters without an equal in the country.

There seems to have followed a "transaction" of the kind which is not so repulsive to the tropical as to the New England conscience. The principals to it had disappeared from view when I reached the capital, and

the supposed accessories were reluctant to be drawn further into the matter. It is certain, however, that about one and the same time the hag of the poisoned philters was liberated from prison, and the afflicted child was relieved of the infirmities of mind and body from which it had suffered ever since the day of the kidnapping. A week later the happy couple left the country, never to return, overjoyed that their strange Haytian experience had not left an ineffaceable scar upon their lives.

I will conclude these illustrations of actual Voodoo practices with one which I wish to emphasise, not because it is particularly gruesome, or because it shows in an unusually lurid light the lawlessness of the serpent- and devil-worshippers, but simply because it seems to me that here at least we have a story with abundant data to proceed upon, which should and could be investigated.

A man of the better and more well-to-do working class in Port-au-Prince fell ill. He had at intervals a high fever, which the physician who attended him could not reduce. The man had some months before joined the congregation of one of the foreign churches, and the head of this mission visited him. On the occasion of his second visit this clergyman saw the patient die, and at the invitation of the man's wife and of his physician, he helped to dress the dead man in his grave-clothes, which, after the Haytian custom, is quite a ceremony. The next day this foreigner, and at least a dozen other men, all natives and of good standing, assisted at the funeral, closed the coffin lid upon the face of their dead friend, accompanied the funeral cortège to the cemetery, and there saw the dead man buried four feet under ground.

The malady of which he died, according to the at-

tending physician, a man of good intentions and of undoubted probity, at least, was not an unusual one, and it ran a normal course. There was, indeed, not a suggestion or even thought of foul play, until two days later, when the bereaved widow went to the cemetery only to find that the grave had been opened, and to see the empty coffin lying beside it. The stricken woman rushed to the nearest police office and there was promised a thorough investigation. In return for this promise and the apparent activity of the police in her behalf, the unfortunate woman acquiesced in the policy of secrecy and silence which they imposed upon her.

As it subsequently transpired, this was the only step which the authorities took in the matter, and it was well in accord with the invariable governmental attitude of suppression or denial in the presence of all Voodoo crimes. This, however, was to be one of the comparatively few instances which, owing to a fortunate accident, escaped the systematic stifling process. On the day after the widow's discovery the mail rider between Jacmel and the capital arrived several hours late, but with a story which could not be otherwise than accepted as a valid excuse. His was indeed an astonishing tale, and it is not remarkable that at first many were disinclined to believe it.

He reported, however, and subsequently substantiated every detail of his story as follows: On the night in question he was not pursuing his usual mail route. The waters of the Grande River were so swollen by recent rains that he had been compelled to leave the beaten trail and, in some places, to travel across country. While doing so, and while doubtless drowsy from his long night's ride and vigil, he suddenly rode into a

great clearing lit up by a huge wood fire. A dozen men and women who were gathered around the fire rushed angrily at him, and the mail rider, not unnaturally concluding that he had fallen upon thieves, opened fire with his revolver. The strange woodland mob fled wildly shrieking into the darkest recesses of the wood, leaving the astonished traveller standing alone, as he thought, by the mysterious fire in the clearing.

The mail rider took a swig of rum to steady his nerves, and was about to beat a hasty retreat back to the flooded trail, which now contained for him nothing so fearful as the mysteriously populated forest, when suddenly, despite the rum, his blood ran cold. A long moan, as of some one in mortal agony, fell upon his ear. Twice, according to his own story, the mail rider fled the ghostly place, and twice something which he could not define or overcome brought him back.

At last, snatching up a burning cedar branch from the fire, he looked all about him, and the mystery of the moans at last was quickly explained. Not twenty feet from the fire and facing it, he saw a man dressed in the garments of the grave, who, though tied to a tree and gagged, was still faintly moaning and still weakly struggling to be free. The mail rider, after a moment's hesitation, getting the better of his fears, freed the poor wretch, who soon recovered his speech but not his mind. He could give no coherent account of how he had come into this strange plight, and finally the mail rider mounted him on his horse, tied him to the saddle, and led the way to the nearest military post on the road.

Here he turned the strange waif of the forest, who was still incoherent in his speech, over to the soldiers of



the guard, and hurried on himself to the capital with his mail-bags. Once there, he not only reported the matter to the authorities, which might have been forgiven, but he not unnaturally talked about it to all his friends, an indiscretion which ultimately cost him his place. Port-au-Prince was wild with excitement, and the next day the unfortunate man was brought into town. He was lodged in jail, for want of a better place, and here he was immediately identified by his wife and by the physician who, a few days before, had pronounced him dead, and by the clergyman who had read the service over his body. The recognition was not mutual, however. The unfortunate victim of Voodoo barbarity recognised no one, and his days and nights were spent in moaning and groaning and in uttering inarticulate words which no one could understand.

A careful investigation was promised, but from time to time postponed, and finally definitely abandoned. The procureur, or district attorney, who had been appealed to by the whole foreign colony, and, indeed, in private by many prominent Haytians, confessed he could do nothing, because of the mental decay into which the unfortunate man had fallen; but it was in reality because of the opposition of the President and the whole reigning Black House crowd to his taking any steps in the matter, as, indeed, he is reported to have admitted in private.

The unfortunate wretch was never allowed to return to his home, and, indeed, his identity was never officially admitted, though the wife pointed out that even the shroud he still wore when he was brought into the city bore his name written upon it. As the man never re-

covered his reason and the expected revelations were not forthcoming, interest on the part at least of the aroused community died away, and eventually the man, who had become perfectly imbecile, was quietly removed from the city prison by the order of President Nord Alexis, and placed on a government farm near Gonaïves, which is worked by the insane and by convicts with influence enough to get them out of the city dungeons.

Here, in this retreat, the unfortunate man was living last October, when I was in Hayti. Here he had been secretly visited by his wife and by the clergyman I have already mentioned, and by many others who had been present at his funeral and interment. These are all the facts of this extraordinary case that can be vouched for, but the inferences which are drawn from the facts are so generally made and in such perfect agreement are they, whether made by foreigners or educated Haytians, that while not evidence, they should not be entirely without weight.

This general opinion, a plausible accounting for the foregoing not closely connected facts, is as follows: The Voodoo sectaries of the capital were on the lookout for a human sacrifice. A heart or a quart of the heart's blood was required as an offering to the Guinea coast fetich always guarded by the little green snake. The baleful eyes of the witch doctors, the papalois and the mamalois, fell upon this unfortunate man, who had come into unusual notice of late because of his entrance as a fervent member into one of the Protestant missions. A poison was administered to him in his food which brought about his apparent death without exciting any suspicion of what had really happened, and a

few hours after his interment he was dug up and carried through the night to the clearing of the woods, where later the mail rider appeared in time to save his life but not his mind.

It is generally thought that the same medicine man upon whose orders the poison had been administered, was giving the antidote to the wretched man, trussed up to the tree, when the mail carrier dropped in so unexpectedly. Not with any purpose of saving the unfortunate's life was the antidote about to be administered, claim those who seem to be the best acquainted with the ways of the high priests of Voodoo, but simply to restore vitality and reason for a few fleeting moments because the dread Guinea god of the blacks exacts a suffering and a knowing victim for the human sacrifice.

There are many who believe that even at this late day if the papaloi or medicine man who first administered the poison to this unfortunate could be found an antidote might be forthcoming that would restore the victim of these barbarous practices to health and to reason, and many instances are related which are the common knowledge of reputable people which go far to confirm this belief. In fact, if a serious prosecution of these malefactors, who work in the guise of religious servants, is ever undertaken, the most serious obstacle to success will be the unfortunate victims themselves and their families, who dread the power which has been demonstrated upon those who are near and dear to them.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE TRUTH ABOUT VOODOO (*continued*)

EVERY moonlight night in Hayti you hear in the woods the tom-tomming of the Voodoo drums and you know that the devil's priests are astir. On the horizon burns a great campfire, and around it dance weird and shadowy forms. Now and again a piercing shriek rends the air, whether of joy or of pain or uttered at the sight of death, you know not, and your friend and mentor, acclimated by twenty years of residence and sophisticated by much study of this strange people, takes you by the hand and says, at least so did mine: "It is time, high time, to go now."

So I never saw the dark frenzy of the African rites descend to the level of the cannibalistic feasts which, at least in the last generation, became so frequently a matter of court record, and I believe that to-day there is only one white man in Hayti, a French priest, who has seen the Voodoo rites carried out to their ghastly conclusion. The little green serpent, the ruling spirit of the abject Guinea coast sect, is often worshipped and the feast terminates in scenes of the most vile debauchery, the "goat without horns," however, not always being sacrificed.

The cannibalistic feed is only indulged in on rare occasions and at long intervals, and is always shrouded in mystery and hedged about with every precaution against interlopers; for, be their African ignorance ever

so dense, their carnal fury ever so unbridled, the papalois and mamalois, the head men and head women of the serpent worshippers never seem to forget that in these vile excesses there should perhaps be found excuse enough for the interference of the civilised world to save the people of the Black Republic from the further degradation which awaits them.

Within the last fifteen years human victims have been sacrificed to the great god Voodoo in the national palace of Hayti. Last February there was assembled in the national palace what might justly be called a congress of serpent worshippers. During the life of Mme. Nord, which came to an end in October, 1908, not a week passed but what a meeting of the Voodoo practitioners was held in the executive mansion, and her deathbed was surrounded by at least a score of these witch doctors.

General Antoine Simon, who recently achieved the presidency, may be the intelligent man he is represented to be by not a few white residents who have come in close contact with him during the years of his government of the southern arrondissements of the island. But one thing is quite sure: if he wishes to remain in the Black House and rule, he must share his sovereignty with the Voodoo priests. If he should exclude them from power and banish them from his presence, his term of office will be of short duration.

There is generally, in fact invariably, much diversity of opinion in Hayti about things Haytian and a host of contradictory counsellors, but upon this point there is practical unanimity. No government can stand in Hayti unless it is upheld by the Voodoo priests or by foreign bayonets. At least two governments in the

last fifty years, that of Geffrard and that of Boisrond-Canal, have tried to dispense with the priestly poisoners of men's minds and bodies without at the same time inviting the active support of the civilised world, and in each instance these governments ended in disaster and in bloodshed which lasted for years.

But while few, if any, of the white men who are at present residents of the island have witnessed the sacrifice of the "goat without horns," it is the easiest thing in the world to assist at the preliminaries at least of a Voodoo feast. While my two visits to Hayti, taken together, do not cover quite a month, I have without great difficulty attended Voodoo feasts in town and country, in the open air under the moonlit heavens, and in the slums of the capital under the pallid glare of the electric light.

The place of meeting in the country, which I shall leave indefinite for fear of bringing a fearful punishment upon my guide and friend, was under the branches of a sandbox or prickly *sablier* tree on the edge of a great forest and only about two miles from the waterfront of a considerable commercial port. We were guided to this strange rendezvous, or at least my friend was, for I found the sound most deceptive, by the noise of a long drum of wood covered at either end with goatskins, upon which the drummers play without sticks, but with the fingers, thumbs, and palms, a weird, monotonous music, which once heard is neither to be forgotten nor described.

Now and again the drummer or some dark chorister who stands by his side bursts out into an African song, the words of which, I believe, no one of the singers or listeners understands. But upon

each and every one of them the music and the cabalistic words never fail to exert an exciting effect. To me, as I have said, the surprising thing about the drumming was its deceptiveness. Had I followed the testimony of my own ears I should have gone in any direction other than the one upon which the guide insisted, and the nearer we came to the scene of the strange religious rendezvous the fainter became the sounds of the weird music.

When suddenly the light of the great fire, around which the early arrivals were already gathered, burst upon my view I had quite come to the conclusion that we had lost our way and would have to retrace our steps. I shall make no effort to explain this miracle of "carry" and of acoustics, but merely content myself with adding my testimony to that of many others who have stated that you can hear the Voodoo drum quite plainly when you are five miles away, and can scarcely hear it at all (I certainly could not) when you have reduced the intervening distance to a furlong.

On the dark side of the glowing fire was a long, low shack, which my friend entered boldly. At the far end a curtain of red calico was drawn, behind which we could hear the moan and drone of strange guttural voices.

"The papaloi is invoking the gods of his father in Congo words which he does not understand," said my guide.

As my eyes grew accustomed to the dim light inside the shack I saw perched and tightly hobbled on a shelf by the curtain of flaming hue a dozen hens, all decked out in many-coloured rags, while right above us, strapped to a beam which ran across the shack, were

two goats, clothed fantastically enough in human garments roughly cut down to fit their proportions.

At the door of the shack were several puncheons of country rum, from which the new arrivals helped themselves quite liberally. Then a man and a woman, stark naked, dashed out of the shadow of the forest, danced several times around the fire, and then again were swallowed up in the darkness. I rubbed my eyes. For a moment I had thought to disbelieve them. Then, suddenly, I felt my friend tapping at my sleeve. As I heard him say, "It is time to go. Remember your promise," I glanced about me and found that from every side a hundred pair of eyes were riveted upon us. At the door of the holy of holies, the tumbledown shack, the papa king was peering at us through the darkness with his red handkerchief pulled down over his eyes as a shield and protection from the fitful glare. "It is time to go. Remember your promise," repeated my friend, and then, seeing my reluctance, added: "If we stay, nothing will happen. Only I will be a ruined man. You, by leaving Hayti, could escape, perhaps, but my life would not be worth a gourde's purchase."

I followed him as he led the way across the firelit circle into the shade of the forest. Here we untethered our ponies and rode away through the darkness and silence. When we separated for the night in the great square of a port which is not fourteen hundred miles from Manhattan Island the Voodoo drums were still being beaten furiously and the flames of the great fire were leaping skyward. It was hard to read even the fresh batch of New York papers which I found on the club table that night, and early in the morning, un-



hampered by my friend, who had given so many hostages to Hayti, I rode out again to the Voodoo rendezvous.

The great shack was empty, and even the flaming curtain was gone. The fire still smouldered, and in it burned, with a strange fleshy odour, the bones of the fowls and the goats which had furnished the basis of the banquet of the night before. The whole locality was strangely deserted, and, as it seemed to me, shunned by those who a few hours before had hastened hither to the sound of the Voodoo drum. Here and there, however, in the corners of the prickly hedges that abounded, lay groups of sleeping men and women, in whom I thought to recognise the serpent worshippers who had resented our intrusion.

Heavy clouds rolled now across the burning sun, a sharp, tropical rain began to fall, cutting short my investigation, but as I galloped back to the town I saw that none of the sleepers moved. They still lay like logs by the side of the penguin hedges, where they had dropped when the religious orgy of the night before was stopped by the coming of the light of day.

While, of course, it is in the mountains and far from the coast that the Voodoo practitioners exercise their most unrestricted power, they are nevertheless much to be feared even in the capital. Here, should their charms fail to work, as they sometimes do, the resources of the Guinea coast civilisation are by no means exhausted. A little ground glass sifted into a dish of rice, a vegetable poison in the water-bottle, and the scoffer and unbeliever meets his fate. If, as rarely happens, these methods fail, there is always the bravo on hand to serve the prophet or the prophetess, and a

knife-stroke in the dark is as effective a weapon, and one that hardly calls for more adverse criticism than the poisoned potion and its neat and expeditious results.

I should say from my limited experience that there is less, considerably less, real superstitious belief among the Voodooists of the capital than among the simpler country folk. In Port-au-Prince, indeed, the adherents of the ancient Congo creed pass for being simply an excellently well organised band of thugs without any of the sincerity and the real convictions which sometimes undoubtedly urge the country folk on to their most hideous crimes.

There is in the capital a standing committee of the Voodoo priests, who have a central meeting-place where they assemble from time to time for serpent worship and to discuss their attitude toward the government and any proposed legislation of the day. They are, of course, the most bitter opponents of schools, and to their opposition is due in large measure the fact that so little money is voted in Hayti for educational purposes.

Until quite recently the meeting-place of this committee was as well known as that of the Chamber of Deputies or the executive mansion. For some reason, however, this building has been deserted and their new meeting-place was not known to any of my friends. The whole matter was not clear, and in view of the development of the political situation did not attract much attention. I regretted it, however, because, as a result, my view of the Voodoo practitioners of the capital was confined to meetings in the lowest slums, which were attended only by men and women of apparently the lowest classes.

Again, through the darkness of the unlighted streets, we followed the sound of the Voodoo drum. There were sailors' boarding-houses and low dance-halls, with their discord-dealing music, all about us, but the sound of the Voodoo drum overwhelmed all other noises. Men left the drinking-booths and the dancing-dives and followed the sound of the insistent drum. As we came nearer and the call of the drum grew softer and seemed more distant, we were hailed by sentries, who seemed to be soldiers of the regular, or rather irregular, army of the republic. Some one satisfied them with an answer, and we hurried on through the narrow lane filled with rubbish and stagnant pools.

A few steps more brought us to our goal—a deserted warehouse, into which the procession poured. Half a dozen burly negroes were on guard at the gate, and two of these at least wore the uniforms of the troops I had seen that morning on guard at the palace. They were each armed with a heavy "monkey" palm club, but no objection was made to the blank and his companion, and I passed in. The place was crowded with black humanity, and was lit only by two flickering candles. At one end was a raised daïs, and upon this was placed a square box with small auger-holes bored through one side. This was the cage of the serpent, but whether the light was at fault or the serpent was not there, I confess I never caught a glimpse of the little green monster to whom the Haytians pray.

The drums resounded through the place and the black stream poured continually in. We were all as snug as a bullet in a mould, when suddenly the siding of the warehouse against which I leaned gave way, and a stream of fresh air poured in, which I confess

on the moment I valued higher than a king's ransom. When I turned away from the life-giving stream and once again faced the music as it were, a short, middle-aged woman was standing on the serpent box. Her shoulders, great masses of wrinkled flesh, were bare, and her great oxlike eyes rolled about in an ecstasy that seemed doped. Crouching at her feet by the serpent box were two men, who I understood this night were to be admitted as full members of the fellowship.

The woman ambled about for several minutes on the box, then drawing a whip of leather from her gown, she switched the crouching figures soundly, dropped off the box, and disappeared in the shadows of the stage. The drums were beaten for a moment now, and then another woman, equally aged and equally ill-favoured, sprang upon the serpent box. For five minutes she stood stock-still, and then began to hum a melody which recalled to me, though distantly, a dance song I had heard years ago in Morocco City.

Soon the middle-aged priestess was performing a regulation danse de ventre, and the crouching men beside the serpent box hid their faces on the floor and moaned. The audience, perspiring and catching for breath, took up the sensuous refrain, and just as the group of worshippers near me hit a higher note than usual we expanded, with the result that two more boards of the siding shifted and more blessed air rushed in. Soon the dancer fell back exhausted, and the drums filled in the pause with a monotonous chant, in which many of the audience joined.

Suddenly the first priestess sprang out of the shadow land and reappeared upon the serpent box. In one hand she clutched a gamecock, in the other a knife. Her

hand was about the cock's throat, and his eyes were glazed and steadfast. She stood still for a moment on the serpent box, and then suddenly began to spring about and up and down convulsively, as a man might do coming in contact with an electric wire heavily charged. In a flash we saw that the cock was bleeding and the woman's mouth filled with feathers. Then she brandished the cock aloft, and it was headless. She opened her mouth, and for a moment drank the warm blood that poured from the severed arteries; then stooped down and smeared the faces of the crowding men with what still oozed of the gory stream.

"I'm afraid I'm all in," said my companion, and I saw that his face was a ghastly green. All about us the people were pressing forward, apparently to be smeared with the blood, and I pushed the loosened siding back, and, one after the other, we stumbled outside and fell into an open drain, which, however, seemed cleaner and more wholesome than the place we had left. Fresh air quickly revived my friend, and soon we were walking away from the disgusting assembly. As I went I could see what I had only suspected before, that the serpent worshippers and drinkers of warm blood were being guarded from intrusion by a body of Haytian soldiery.

There is only one thing to be said in favour of the Voodoo practitioners, and in fairness I think I should say it. They do not kill all the people they are reported to kill, though the toll of their victims is heavy enough. The Haytian peasant knows more about medicine than most people, whether of his class of life or higher. In his garden, for instance, or against his palm shack he always grows a vine, ten leaves of which, when boiled

down into a brew, can stop a fever—at least such has been my experience—more quickly than quinine, but in one thing he is deficient. He does not recognise that Death, the Black Horseman, sometimes strikes swiftly, and to him a sudden death is an unnatural one. If a man falls stricken with apoplexy or with heart disease they cry out, "Here is witchcraft," and wonder who it was that performed the wizard trick and who got him to do it and how much he was paid for it. But with these exceptions made, the witch doctors deserve the evil repute which is given them, if only in whispers, by their own people.

To-day secret poisoning pervades the scheme of Haytian life, high as well as low, and there will be no relief from it so long as the superstitious blacks in office cringe to the power which the poisoner wields. These men, with their mysterious charms and their dreadful secrets, for it lies within their choice to kill their victims or rob them of their reason, terrorise every community in the island and have at their beck and call presidents and ministers, senators and generals, as well as soldiers and muleteers. 4

Little or no attempt is made to conceal the exercise of this frightful power, which only out of courtesy can be called occult. A general gives an order or a judge renders a decision which is not pleasing to the poisoners, and whether he dies suddenly or after long, excruciating agony every one understands what has happened, and most often profits by these blood-curdling examples. Quite as often as not the poisoners do not go so far, not at once. Their contemplated victim awakens some morning with a strange fever which prevails against all the homely remedies of the orthodox

doctors. Then a Voodoo practitioner is called in and a conference is held.

Sometimes, it is reported, they speak out openly and say what they want and what they mean to have with the brutal frankness of the Boss of a pivotal State. But more often than not they clothe their thought in tropical verbiage. They hint that Mr. So-and-So has an evil eye and should be removed; that such and such a decision is displeasing to the powers of darkness, who doubtless in revenge have imposed the penalty of the sickness from which the victim suffers. When in a trice, his eyes opened to the great danger which he runs, the general or the judge reverses himself, he recovers immediately, and the power of the Voodoo prophets and poisoners is trumpeted throughout the land.

I have written at great length upon Voodoo rites and Obeah practices as observed by me in Hayti, where they are part of the public life of the people, yet, unfortunately, it cannot be denied that these reactionary tendencies are noticeable among the blacks of Cuba and of Jamaica in a degree which is only a little less marked. In Cuba to-day a score of negroes are being tried for child-murder in connection with African rites. While in the interior of Jamaica I had many conversations with the English officers who command the insular constabulary. They were men who had spent their lives on the island, and I found that without a single exception they are of the opinion that if the supervision and control of the constabulary were withdrawn, as is sometimes proposed, the rural and the mountain negro of Jamaica would shortly relapse into the barbarism of the Guinea coast and fall into the practices of his Hay-

tian cousin across the Windward Channel. It is evident that wherever in the West Indies the black population is largely in the majority,—and this is the case almost everywhere,—the task of civilisation has only been half accomplished.

Again, in reading over the foregoing pages I can see how I have invited the charge of having laid stress on the conditions in Hayti which are intolerable, and of having touched lightly, if at all, upon such virtues as the Haytians possess. Here I would put in a word of explanation and of such amends as may be fitting. Undoubtedly the Haytians have many admirable qualities, but it seems to me they have been amply dwelt upon in the many volumes which have recently appeared both in France and in America, and which were generally published under government auspices. These books have been published at great expense to the practically bankrupt government of the island, inspired with the purpose of glossing over, where not absolutely denying, the stories of Voodoo rites and cannibalistic practices, of governmental corruption and official lawlessness which have brought, and deservedly so, the name of the Black Republic into such ill-repute.

Under these circumstances, naturally, I have sought to supply information and light where it seemed to me most needed. Of course, I recognise the fact that this island presents, on a small scale, the race and colour problem which will not down, and which for weal or woe involves the world. The Haytians, like all peoples, only perhaps rather more so than any other, are made up of a bundle of contradictions. They impressed so well-equipped an observer as Mr. Hill favourably, and he came away from the island with a more hopeful view of



their future than had previously been expressed by any foreign observer whose sincerity was beyond question.

It is undeniable that the Haytian mind, when taken in hand at an early age, is quick and intellectual. Haytian students who have flocked, for the past generation, in large numbers to the French schools and universities where the colour line is not drawn and race prejudices are non-existent, have very frequently attained high honours, but you can count upon the fingers of one hand these honour-men who, upon their return to their home, have not relapsed to the degraded conditions in which they were born. Haytians have musical gifts, artistic talents, and a literary facility which is astonishing, but—and this statement I think cannot be traversed—they are most refractory to the development of anything like character.

Incidents of personal experience are, of course, often deceptive. Certainly great value should not be attached to them, but I cannot forbear relating the following experience which, to my mind, is typical of the situation. We lay off a Haytian port awaiting the health officer. When he came he was, of course, as black as night. He was attired in the rustiest of frock-coats, and only wore one shoe. His French, however, was most delightful. He spoke like a gentilhomme of the eighteenth century, and when, after the ship had been passed, he invited three of us to go ashore with him we jumped at the opportunity, and were soon ensconced in the sternsheets of his boat.

We could see that the captain was not pleased with our haste, but his displeasure was soon forgotten as we were rowed away to the shore, listening to the learned black doctor talking microbes and bacteria.

One of our company was an English doctor who had studied with Pasteur, and his admiration of our mentor was as enthusiastic and, of course, more valuable than mine. After handshakes and profuse offers of service the doctor left us on the pier, hastening to make his report upon the health of our ship to the higher authorities, and a moment later, one after another, we began to discover that we had been robbed. Our captain appeared at this moment, nearing the shore in his gig, and before we had related our experience he shouted, "What did he get away with?" We answered we had lost a watch, and two small purses. "Well," said the captain, "he did better the last time he landed passengers. Then he got away with three watches and four pocketbooks. He let you fellows down easily, because you admired his French so much."

The population of the port towns is profligate, degraded, and in all relations with the whites most treacherous. The relations between the sexes are those of barnyard fowls, and the ravages of alcohol are everywhere apparent. Neither the men nor the women can be induced to work with any regularity, and what little commerce is carried on would be impossible but for the Jamaican negroes, who come to the Haytian ports in large numbers during the export season. The Haytian woman, however, it should be pointed out, is almost invariably superior to the man. If there is a shop, or, indeed, any other business in the family, she invariably presides over it. She keeps such accounts as are kept, and she is the custodian of the money that comes in. The trade\* of the interior is almost exclusively in the hands of women, whom one meets travelling with their

\* Statistics of commercial and mineral resources are given in Appendix B, Note IV, page 411.

packs on mule- or donkey-back in the most forbidding districts of the island.

The religion of the Haytians is nominally Roman Catholic, and I regret to say that the priests who are brought out from France to care for their souls do not always reflect honour either upon their church or their race. They are exclusively dependent for their livelihood upon the fees which they extract or wheedle from their parishioners, and, of course, any sturdy attempt,—and one or two such have been made,—to stem the African relapse, the undeniable tendency of the Haytians for the last fifty years, is combated with a boycott, and, in some instances at least, with still more criminal weapons.

On one occasion I profited by a very frank talk with one of these parish priests, who resided not ten miles from one of the larger ports. He admitted that many of the fathers succumbed to the relaxing influences and the intolerable ennui of their situation. Some, he confessed, were leading lives but little, if at all, superior to those of the Haytian peasants.

"I think," he said sadly, "that the failure of our mission is due largely to the hopelessness of our task. There is not a quality of mind or of soul among our parishioners that we can lay an uplifting hand upon. On every side we are hemmed in by a world of sensuality and debauchery. The true and only leaders of this unfortunate people are the scamps who profess Voodoo, and who earn their bread by fostering superstition and pandering to profligacy. We know what is going on in this island more fully than any one else, for we are the only Europeans who, year in and year out, live among the people. We do not make a public outcry

or even aid anonymous revelations. It has been deemed by our authorities best that we should not. We remain on guard watching and waiting, and at times we certainly are able to exercise a restraining influence without awakening a race hatred and a religious animosity which could only end in one way."

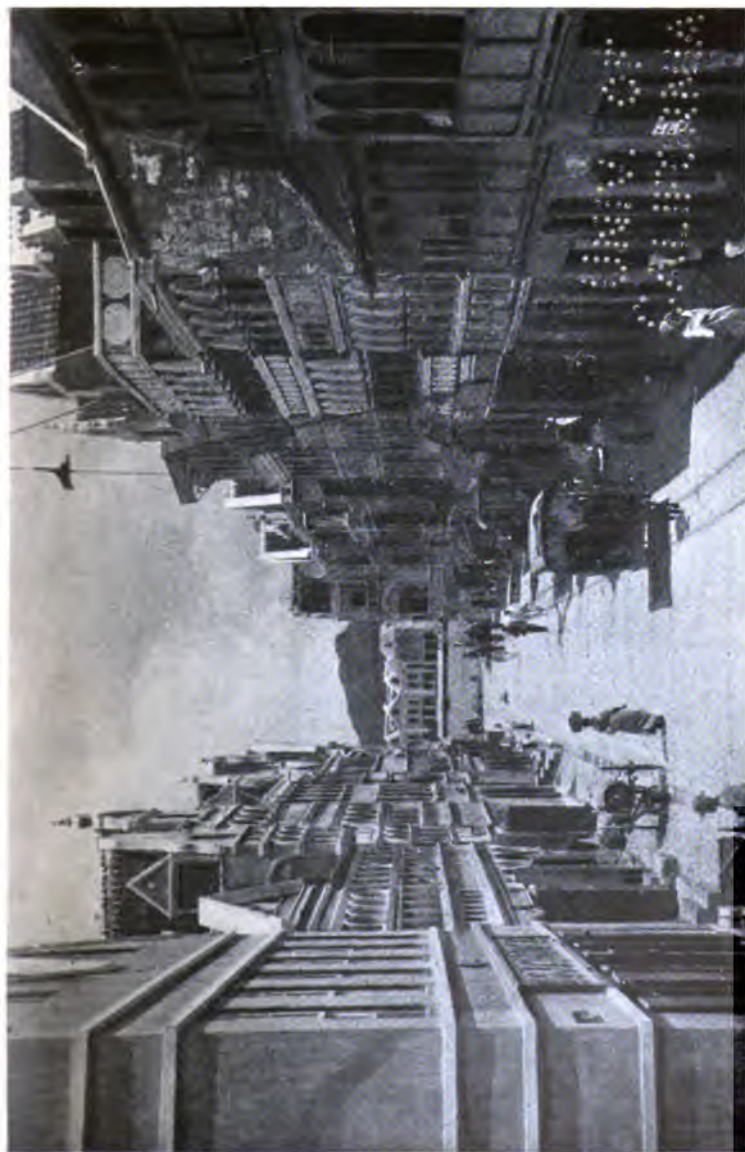
It is a forlorn and fugitive existence which the Haytian peasants of the accessible interior lead. They are constantly harassed by the tax collectors and by roving bands of soldiers who may, or may not, have some warrant of authority from the *général d'arrondissement*. The coffee-patches which these unfortunate people cultivate in a surreptitious way are hidden away in some forest glade or clearing, as are the fruit trees and the vegetable gardens from which they draw their means of subsistence. Nevertheless when their race consciousness and their religious superstitions lie dormant, these people are kindly disposed to strangers. I must place to the credit side of their ledger the statement of an American schooner captain I met in Cape Hayti. "I have been wrecked on all these islands," he said; "upon most of them I have been cast up literally naked at least once by the sea, and I'll tell you the black Haytians, outside the jurisdiction of a general or a government centre, are the whitest people of the whole lot."

In December, 1908, General Nord was expelled and General Simon came into power in the conventional revolutionary way. Nord was ninety years of age and within four months of the end of his presidential term. After the death of his remarkable wife the aged guerrilla warrior wished to retire, but he also wished to reserve to himself the appointment of his successor. This plan was upset by the revolutionary movement led

by General Simon, who had ruled Les Cayes, a province on the southern coast, for some years. Simon's revolutionary campaign was undoubtedly financed by a group of European merchants to whose money-making projects General Nord had shown himself opposed.

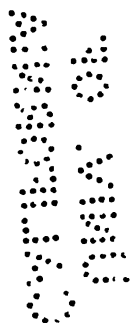
Under the guns of our fleet and the restraining influences of Captain John Hood of the *U. S. S. Tacoma*, who knows the Haytian situation well, the presidential transfer was effected, not without bloodshed it is true, but with fewer scenes of savagery than usual.

Simon is half the age of his predecessor and is, superficially at least, nearer civilisation. Still he belongs to the banditti horde, composed of about six thousand generals and some four thousand privates, who have misruled the Black Republic so long for their personal profit. It cannot truthfully be said that his methods of government differ one iota from those of his predecessor. Again Simon is a southern man, and the northern Haytians have always proved themselves to be the better fighters and the better politicians. There are already visible indications of an approaching uprising in the north, and the one fact in the situation which makes for stability is curiously enough the alleged indiscretion of President Roosevelt, contained in his letter to Sir Harry Johnston, the well-known African explorer and British official, who was making a hurried trip through the West Indies. According to the wording of this letter as it reached the press, for which it was never intended, the President expressed the personal opinion that we should intervene in Hayti in the name of civilisation and of decency. He asserted that he had only refrained from so doing because his constitutional advisers and a great majority of the senators,



Courtesy of The Pan-American Union

**A Street Scene in Curacao, Dutch West Indies**



particularly the New England men, could not be made to see either the necessity or the desirability of intervention.

The news of this indiscretion ran like wildfire through the official—that is, the banditti—circles of Hayti, and gave much food for bitter reflection. The great mass of the people of the island are obviously quite indifferent to intervention or even annexation by the United States. They have not the vaguest idea of the meaning of these words, much less of the political and social changes which they imply, but the banditti generals have. For them this policy which President Roosevelt stamped with his personal, if not official, approval means work and not offices for them, the robber generals and their rapacious followers, and to-day the most powerful influence, if not for law and order, at least for the preservation of public peace in the island, is the words of our ex-President, which only reached the public through an indiscretion.

We left the capital of Hayti on the eve of Mardi Gras. It was only three o'clock in the afternoon, but the dust-laden winds covered the city with a mantle of darkest night. Fireworks and the volleys of Roman candles filled the air with intermittent flashes of light and our ears with a carnival of drum-splitting sound. Our guide excused himself from the journey to the landing-quay, for, as he explained, in the volleys of blank cartridges a ball cartridge is sometimes allowed to slip in by accident or design. The streets were thronged with men and women, whose carnival disguises consisted almost exclusively of smears of white paint across their black, shining faces. Dancing booths filled the streets and in and out of them we saw improvised scenes of debauchery and of shamelessness



which the Court of Dahomey and the dens of Port Said could not parallel, and it was all taking place within three days' easy sailing of our shores.

Since the foregoing was written General Simon has been expelled, and General Le Conte has taken his place, and General Firmin, the hope of the best element in Hayti, has died. The unfortunate island is as ever in the throes of chronic revolution, and the banditti generals divide the meagre spoils, while commerce languishes and law and order are unknown.

## CHAPTER VII

### SANTO DOMINGO—OUR FINANCIAL PROTÉGÉ

THE coast line of that eastern portion of the island of Hispaniola, most unfavourably known in the Caribbean world as the reef-bound frontiers of the Dominican Republic, is by no means as impressively beautiful as the highland shores of Hayti to the west. Some of the interior views, the stretches of hardwood forests and the wonderful river reaches enlivened by the presence of the graceful egret bird, however, reminded me of scenes in Java and Sumatra and Ceylon. Certain it is that nowhere can the peculiar beauties of the tropical world be seen to better advantage. Once the respect for life and property, which at present is lacking in a small but powerful fraction of the population, has been instilled into their minds; once a greater security and a little incentive to endeavour is given, the Dominican Republic cannot fail to become one of the most wealthy of tropical countries.\*

The recent history of the Dominican Republic is a sordid story of bloodshed, rapine, and corruption. Its population is perhaps 600,000, though no census that inspires confidence has ever been taken. There are many families in the country in whose veins flows the best blood of Spain and of France, but the mulattoes and

\*A fuller description of the geographical situation of the Dominican Republic and its agricultural and mineral resources is given in Appendix C, Notes II, III, and IV, pages 418—424.

the blacks, taken together, are numerically superior. During the reign of the infamous dictator, Ulysse Heureaux, race animosity ran high, and, as in Hayti, many hundreds of people were butchered simply because they had white skins. In view of these internal conditions and in appreciation of the fact that we needed a West Indian naval station, President Grant sought, with great determination and foresight, in 1870, to bring about the annexation of the republic to the United States, or in any event to declare some form of protectorate. It is impossible to estimate what would have been the effect of this step, had it been carried out at the time. It is certain, however, that the unhappy islanders would have been spared that miserable sequence of revolution and anarchy, now and again interrupted by ruthless and blood-stained dictatorships, which has been their lot ever since.

From 1871 to 1882 Cabral, Baez, Gonzales, and Luperon alternated in control, each, as he disappeared from the scene, leaving his people deeper in the abyss of economic ruin and lower in the scale of social demoralisation. In 1882 Ulysse Heureaux came to the fore and the story of the next seventeen years is that of his uncontrolled dominance. It was an era of merciless terrorism and dictatorial lawlessness, and the resources of the country were squandered by prodigal commissions and in the reckless contracting of debts which served no purpose except to provoke international complications. As was natural, after the assassination of the dictator in 1899 (the credit for this good action is generally given to, though not claimed by, the present constitutional President of the country, General Caceres), things grew no better. Five men, one after another,

succeeded each other in rapid succession in the presidential chair, and the resulting situation was well described by Professor Hollander of Johns Hopkins University, who has twice visited the island on missions entrusted to him by the State Department.

“The ordinary crimes of the political decalogue became commonplace, the country was laid waste, the people crushed to hopelessness, the treasury left to stew in utter bankruptcy, and a host of creditors—foreign and domestic—after tightening their hold upon the future, became more and more insistent in the present.”

This anarchic system of government, which until recently prevailed, was of such a simple character that I am tempted to describe it. Here were none of the complexities to be met with in other Latin-American countries. Here the policy of to the victor belong the spoils was enforced in the crudest manner possible. It was, as one American observer, who for many years had watched the civic commotions of the country, remarked to me, “a plain open and shut game.” Revolutionary practices had become as deeply ingrained with the Dominicans as electioneering campaigns with us, and that they should have been so suddenly turned from their bloodthirsty and costly pursuits is a miracle in which as yet many, who know the land and the people, refuse to believe.

The changes of government came about at frequent and unstated intervals in this wise: A dictator, or supreme chief, is in power, having been installed by the usual—I might say the inevitable—agents and the usual machinery, say a half-dozen feverish and fluent talkers, the *convulsivos* who are responsible for so much

that is evil in Latin-American politics, with a few score barefooted or straw-sandalled followers, and last but by no means least the Patron, generally a man of finance, often a foreigner and not infrequently, I regret to say, an American. Immediately this man is installed, the Patron of the revolution, if a broad-gauged man, accustomed to the handling of all kinds of money, would immediately recoup himself for his expenditures by floating a loan in some foreign country on terms exceedingly favourable to himself and correspondingly disadvantageous to the ultimate tax-payers, in the last analysis the victims of the foreign bondholders. If the Patron was a small man, he would secure repayment of money advanced and about ten thousand per cent. increase by simpler methods. The Dictator would give him free entry to all his importations, and in a very few weeks he would control the trade of the country and monopolise its resources. Of course, such a state of affairs was as unpleasant to the other men of business enterprise in the country as it was profitable to the Patron, and they were generally not slow in setting the wheel of fortune in motion for another turn; a new supreme chief, willing to save the country for a consideration, is sought for; the convulsive orators, the barefooted bandits, are not difficult to find; and then the business man, tired of the meagre return of orthodox business operations and ready for a revolutionary speculation. Soon the revolution is in full swing, the banners under which the battles are fought bear high-sounding legends and lofty devices, but under them every law of humanity and of a civilised war code is outraged; "all guarantees are withdrawn" is the phrase with which the era of murder, slaughter, and rapine is

inaugurated. Under these circumstances it was natural that gradually the custom-house, the source of governmental wealth in the country, should come to be regarded as the root of all evil. In anticipation of its illegal favours, speculators advanced the sums strictly necessary, and out of the proceeds of the same customs the successful revolutionists were repaid, not only in cash and by favourable appraisement, but by the disturbance of every other stable business interest in the country.

This revolutionary see-saw continued until the country was bled white and practically all trace of trade and industry had disappeared. There was no money to carry on the government, and the demoralised customs service did not supply sufficient funds to pay the interest on the foreign loans, which amounted, on face value at least, to thirty-five million dollars. Of this sum it is estimated, I believe conservatively, not thirty per cent. ever reached the island, and that less than ten per cent. was expended on public works. As the outlook became more hopeless and the defaults on the foreign loans more frequent, the bondholders set in motion the machinery of the collecting warships. In seeing to it that the Dominicans got fair play and that not an acre of "near American" soil fell into the hands of the hated European, our extra naval expenses were, it is estimated, about a million a year for many successive years.

The resulting turmoil was about to become the normal state of affairs in Santo Domingo, when, suddenly, a bright mind hit upon a solution of the problem in its national as well as its international phases, which has lasted five years, and may prove even more durable. In 1907 the good offices of the United States, which had

been requisitioned every time a persistent creditor became bothersome, were requisitioned now once and for all.\* The alleged debt was subjected to a close scrutiny at the hands of an expert and the sum-total of the claims was cut down to about sixteen millions, and an American banking house was found willing to pay off the indebtedness and to accept bonds for the money advanced, gold bonds to run fifty years at five per cent., to be secured by the custom-houses of the republic, with the proviso that the collection of duties is to remain in the hands of Americans until the whole transaction has been satisfactorily completed, or in all probability for a period of fifty years.†

As a result of this financial stroke public life in the Dominican Republic has undergone incredible changes. With the custom-houses under the protection of the United States, they no longer cut the figure which they formerly did in the very practical politics of this tropical republic, and the incentive to revolution would seem to have gone with the withdrawal beyond the clutch of the revolutionists of its most practical reward. There have occurred, it is true, one or two sporadic uprisings even in these new circumstances, but they were quickly suppressed and apparently were only espoused by a mere handful of country people who were as yet not cognisant of the new dispensation.

The Dominicans, with the exception of a few professional banditti who are not and doubtless never will be

\*The text of the convention signed by the United States and the Dominican Republic in February of this year is given in Appendix C, Note I, page 414.

†See Hon. Philander Knox's description of this operation and its results in his address before the New York Bar Association. Appendix C, Note V, page 425.

reconciled, seem to be delighted with the new régime. They, like all Latin-Americans, are only too anxious to keep the Gringos at arm's length, and this feeling will go far to prevent an actual default on the bond payments, which would, of course, entail a closer and more active intervention on our part. So far, greatly to the credit of the Dominicans themselves and of the American officials upon whom the delicate duty has devolved of collecting their money and paying their debts for them, the new formula has worked like a charm, and the money turned over by our representatives monthly, after the debt charges have been met, is greatly in excess of that formerly collected by the Dominicans themselves before any provision had been made for the discharge of the debt.

I cannot complete this picture of an almost idyllic result by saying that the Dominicans are paying off these ancient and most grievous burdens unconsciously. They are not. The import duties are exceedingly high, and they have made life on a civilised scale far more expensive in Santo Domingo than it is in any of the other West Indian islands. Of course, as far as we ourselves are concerned, this new step in the development of the Monroe Doctrine is of the most vital importance. After years of hesitancy we would seem to have definitely abandoned the dog in the manger policy which, as regards the Caribbean islands, was undeniably ours for so long. We still prevent the powers, who in the treatment accorded the lives or the property of their nationals have been aggrieved, from forcibly intervening, but we take the matter in hand ourselves and the good offices which we formerly proffered with many diplomatic reserves are taking a practical shape. Of



course, the outlook is not without clouds; the rôle of the "honest broker" is a peculiarly difficult one, and its harvest of gratitude and appreciation is light. Our rôle in the future will be liable to misconstruction and many misunderstandings will arise. In some of the Caribbean countries the conditions are similar to what they were in Santo Domingo, and in many quarters, sooner or later, in one form or another, intervention would seem to be inevitable. If the terrain is carefully studied and the advanced preparations made, our intervention cannot fail to make for the improvement and the development of this part of the world, which politically has been so unfortunate, but the fact should not be lost sight of that the new policy necessarily entails upon us greatly increased duties and responsibilities.

General Caceres,\* who, unfortunately for me, I only saw for a moment,—he was away in the interior during the greater part of my stay at the capital,—is a hard-riding fighting man of the old régime, who, however, has had the intelligence and the patriotism to try to adjust himself to the new conditions, and he has been wonderfully successful in so doing. He has fleshed his machete in many a hard-fought mountain skirmish, and now he addresses himself to the fiscal problems which vex his country with equal vigour. He is a planter and his plantation in Moca is a model of what a cocoa plantation should be. He tells his countrymen to leave politics alone and plant cocoa, and he practises what he preaches by spending a great deal of his time on his

\* Since the foregoing was written General Caceres has been assassinated, and but for the grasp which the United States authorities have upon the custom-houses, which alone furnish the sinews of war, another backward step would have been taken.

plantation far from the executive mansion. His constant, oft-repeated message to his people is to turn their machetes into pruning-hooks until they shall have paid off their debts and can look the whole world in the face. He is ready and willing at any time to resign the honours and the responsibilities of his position, which is doubtless the reason why no one thinks of displacing him.

Under the political conditions which I have noted it is not surprising to find that the chapter of internal improvements in the Dominican Republic is a short one. There are very few roads suitable for wheeled vehicles; indeed, most of the roads are merely mule trails which are allowed to take care of themselves. Travel is done mainly on pony-, mule-, or donkey-back,—there are hardly any real horses in the island,—and in some of the rural districts bullocks or *bueys* are trained to serve as mounts for women and children. I think the longest direct road in the island connects the port of Monte Cristi on the north coast with Santiago de los Caballeros and La Vega in the interior. This road follows mainly the course of the great Yaqui. Out of the capital city radiate several roads, or rather trails, that have been in use for four hundred years without change, improvement, or repair. Without excepting even the worst roads in China or in Russia or even in these United States, there is nothing to equal the mockery of these supposedly connecting links between cities and rural districts in the Dominican Republic.

The historic trail made by the Spanish conquerors follows the southern coast westward to Bani, Azua, and Neyba. Here it divides, one branch going to Port-au-Prince in Hayti and another into the valley of the

Yaqui of the south. This last section is a raging torrent during the rainy season, and a chain or succession of stagnant pools interspersed with islands of mud for many months afterwards.

On the north coast of this beautiful island there are scores of natural harbours undeveloped and uninhabited; many of them are surrounded by large tracts of fertile lands and immense forests of hardwood. The climate is very enjoyable and certainly far from unhealthy. This part of the island has been largely, though not wholly, exempt from the visitation of hurricanes and earthquakes. Hurricanes will, however, of course come sometimes and then down go the standing crops. However, several of the American settlers along the north coast tell me that in their experience they have found the hurricane to be the farmer's friend in comparison with Jack Frost of the north.

Santo Domingo, the ancient capital of the republic on the south coast, is a walled city and extremely mediæval in appearance. The only other city of its kind in the American world that I can recall is the equally picturesque and historical stronghold, Cartagena, the last surviving and almost intact citadel of the Spanish Main. Five or six years ago the circumvallation of Santo Domingo was perfect and the gates and the sentry-boxes overhanging the sea were, apparently, as they had been left by the hands of the sixteenth-century builders. As in Havana and Manila, however, the growing population has burst these restraining bonds and on the land side of Santo Domingo city to-day the mediæval wall is breached in many places. Here is a rich field for antiquarians, and it is a field that has never been investigated by modern methods of scientific re-

search. From this sleepy town sailed Cortez and his Conquistadores for Cuba and Mexico; Balboa for the discovery of the Pacific, and Pizarro for the conquest of Peru. Here lived Columbus and his brothers, ruling the New World less efficiently it must be confessed than they did their ships and seamen, and to-day the charming and spiritual archbishop of this ancient see is a direct descendant of that Bobadilla who succeeded in power to Columbus and sent the great navigator back to Spain in chains.

Here flourished Las Casas and Ponce de Leon, the discoverer of Florida and the conqueror of Porto Rico. Of this little dead and alive city, St. Augustine and Santa Fé, our oldest populations, were but colonies and offshoots. You can still wander through the house of Colon, though it dates rather from Don Diego, the son, than from Christopher, the father. But you must walk circumspectly and not jostle against the walls, some of which are tottering and ready to fall. To this spacious home the second Columbus brought his beautiful and brilliant bride, a Duchess of Toledo, and here he began his career as viceroy with great pomp and circumstance and splendour. Here the viceroy so entrenched himself with cannon behind walls of stone and bulwarks of adventurous soldiers that the king at home became alarmed for his own pre-eminence. When the bills for these massive walls and fortifications came in, for there were bills, too, even in these spacious days, the king in his palace of the Escorial strode to the window and looked eagerly westward.

"What is it, Your Majesty? What would you see?" says the veracious chronicler.

"Those walls are so high, they have cost me so much;

I thought I might see them from here," sighed the monarch.

The glory has departed from the house of Colon, it is without a roof and without windows, and some of its walls, which were built for eternity rather than for time, rock in every strong breeze that blows. Goats and donkeys, stray dogs and beach-combers house in what was once the throne-room of the New World's King.

One of the most ancient of the landmarks that remain in the city is the church and convent of St. Nicholas. I say, that remain, though when in November, 1908, I stood before its leaning walls it certainly was in a most parlous state. The neighbours, not out of appreciation of its age and beauty but aware that every day its existence was a menace to their lives, had employed a builder to restore or destroy this old place of worship that is a conscience offering to God made by Ovando the viceroy in 1509. When he came to die this flint-hearted Castilian at last remembered him of the beautiful and gentle Queen Anacanoa, whom he had murdered in cold blood, and of the holocausts of Indians which his insatiable thirst for gold had entailed. The famous groined canopy above the presbytery was still almost intact when I saw it, and enjoys much appreciation among the Dominicans of all classes. It was bought in Flanders for many thousand ducats and was wrought by the most famous wood-carvers in that land.

The ancient cathedral is a more imposing than pleasing edifice. It is junior to St. Nicholas and several of the other churches by at least a generation. There is a cannon ball embedded in the tile roof which is a relic or reminder of the bombardment of the city by Sir

Francis Drake near the end of the sixteenth century. He tried to fire the principal buildings of the town with his hot shot, but as they would not burn he consented to ransom the place for, it is said, the very moderate sum of 25,000 ducats. He left a fearful name, did Sir Francis, and the little children in Santo Domingo, just as in old Spain, are, when inclined to be mischievous, intimidated with the threat that "El Drak" will come again.

In the cathedral rest many distinguished bones, but there is no rest for the bones of the great Columbus himself. I think he lies buried, as was his deathbed desire, in the cathedral church at Santo Domingo, but there are some who think differently. He was certainly buried there, but as only happens to the great ones of the earth his ashes have been frequently disturbed. When the buccaneers ruled these seas the archbishop of the day records how he had the tomb in the presbytery covered with earth so that it might escape the notice of prying eyes, and again in 1795, when Spain by the Treaty of Basle ceded the island of Santo Domingo to France, a commission was sent out authorised to remove the discoverer of the New World to Havana. Certain bones and other relics were taken on board a Spanish man-of-war and carried to Havana, there to be enshrined in the cathedral, and they were again removed to Seville in Spain a few days before the island of Cuba passed into our hands by the Treaty of Paris, 1898.

In 1877, however, while workmen were making some repairs in the Dominican cathedral they opened an unsuspected vault and came across a leaden coffin which had evidently been most jealously concealed. On the

outside it was marked with the initial letters of the great navigator's name, while inside was an inscription which ran: "The illustrious and noble gentleman Don Christopher Columbus." Spain immediately sent over a commission composed of members of the Spanish academy to investigate this historical find. They were not convinced, and went away inclined to believe that the only authentic remains were those in Havana. The Spanish suggestion has always been that the inscriptions and other indications on the casket that came to light at such a late day are spurious. This might well be, and yet the archbishop and canons of the cathedral and several foreign consuls were practically visual witnesses of the discovery.

The explanation generally offered in Santo Domingo of this confused tale of mixed caskets and coffins is as follows (and it is an explanation which seems to me exceedingly plausible) :

When the order came from Spain in 1795 to prepare the remains for removal to Havana the canons of the cathedral, not wishing to rob their sanctuary of its chief distinction, turned over to the naval officers charged with the pious duty either the remains of Columbus's brother or his nephew, and themselves continued to keep watch and vigil over the remains of the head of the house and the father of the New World. However, it is an idle controversy that will never be settled to the satisfaction of all who concern themselves with it.

The northeast coast of Santo Domingo, with Samana Bay and its wonderful series of harbours and landlocked roadsteads, is a part of the Dominican Republic that is destined to play a great rôle in the American

Mediterranean. Perhaps there was no man in America of his day and generation more ignorant than General Grant of foreign affairs, and yet, with singular prescience even for such a man of destiny as he was, he selected Samana as a naval station at a time when the harassed Dominicans were only too anxious to obtain a respectable neighbour at any price or at no price at all. Sumner, in a vindictive spirit of outraged vanity, defeated the project, with the result that this district, though in a direct line between our Atlantic ports and Panama, and though it commands both the Mona and the more distant Windward Passage, still practically remains a wilderness.

We have acquired many harbours, strategic points, and keys as a result of the Spanish war, but certainly none of those obtained possess all the advantages of Samana. Here we have deep water and a commanding, central position. The peninsula on the north, all high land, protects this harbour or lagoon, for such it is, the whole forty miles of its length, and behind this barrier there is deep water and anchorage ample for all the warships and all the merchant vessels that float on the high seas to-day. Even at this late day, if the peninsula alone could be acquired, with command of the adjacent waters, our position in the West Indies would be immensely strengthened. Here, as nowhere else, is a spacious anchorage, and high ridges that could be fortified, and great plateaus suitable for camps and sanatoria.

After passing Balandra Head, the steamer enters a fjord with alternating cliffs and beaches, the cliffs hung with vines and the beaches overtopped with cocoa palms. The first few miles reminded me very much of the sail-



ing in a very different part of the tropical world, up the Mekong River from the sea to Saigon. Then the prospect widens and we steam slowly out into the great landlocked harbour of Santa Barbara. High hills protect it on the north and it is separated from the great gulf outside by the island upon which the pirates of a former age were accustomed to careen their vessels. Another inner harbour is protected by a line of reefs, and here egress can be obtained in any weather with the largest steamers. The steep hillsides to the north are cultivated with small fruits to their summits and I can recall no place in the island that presents such an attractive picture. Under any other form of government than has obtained here until recently, or under no form of government at all, Santa Barbara would have become one of the winter cities of the world. Curiously enough, this little town and these beautiful shores were the scene, as far back as 1825, of one of the many attempts that have been made by philanthropists and benevolent societies in the United States to plant some of our surplus negro population in other parts of the world. There are still a few of the descendants of these emigrants on the shores of Samana, and they still call themselves "Marse" Tinsley's boys, after the eccentric old planter who sent their grandparents out from Mississippi years ago to this paradise. They still speak English and profess various dissenting religions. They keep out of politics as much as they can, and they have acquired small farms and some wealth; their standing in this community is altogether creditable to the Afro-American in the rôle of a tropical coloniser.

In conclusion, I think I may say without excess of optimism that as a result of our intervention and finan-

cial assistance the situation in the Dominican Republic is immensely improved. Five years have passed and our control of the custom-houses \* has not as yet provoked any of the disagreeable incidents that were not unnaturally apprehended. Every month 100,000 dollars gold goes to New York and a handsome sum is paid into the Dominican treasury. The duties, however, by which this happy state of affairs is brought about are very high. Many imports are taxed 80 and 90 and some few schedules 100 per cent., ad valorem. Duties of such a character are certainly not conducive to the development of the island and the expansion of its trade, which, after all, is what the bondholders and all other concerned have most at heart. The cost of living, especially for foreigners, is almost prohibitive, and while the volume of trade is increasing, this growth is nothing like what it would be if a more fostering fiscal policy were pursued. It cannot be denied that large numbers of the population are restive under these burdens. It should be borne in mind that the country is paying a debt which, though legally contracted, never brought any compensating advantages to the taxpayers. The sixteen millions which the Dominicans are now honestly endeavouring to pay off were used in putting down or raising revolutions, or were squandered or stolen in still more disgraceful ways. Under these circumstances it is not only my opinion, but it is the belief of all qualified observers on the island, that the time is ripe for a reduction in the monthly or annual payments on the bonds, a step which would enable the government of General Caceres to reduce the present oppressive tariff schedules and yet safeguard the interest on the bonds. The Dominican papers announce that an ar-

\* For commercial and trade statistics see Appendix C, page 419.

rangement along these lines is now under discussion between the President of the republic and the Hon. Fenton McCreery, our very able diplomatic representative in this interesting country. If the negotiations reach a successful conclusion, if the amount of the debt payments is reduced temporarily, if only during the next two or three critical years, I believe that the security behind the bonds will be increased and the outlook for continued peaceful development of the war-ridden republic greatly improved. I commend to the most careful perusal the text of the convention between the Dominican Republic and the United States signed in February, 1907. I give this document in the Appendix \* in full because of the great importance attached to it by all who have seriously contemplated our West Indian problems and duties, even though Congress has preferred not to follow this precedent in dealing with the tangled financial affairs of Honduras and Nicaragua.

\* See Appendix C, Note I, page 414.

## CHAPTER VIII

### VENEZUELA TO-DAY

DESPITE the fact that the bulk of Venezuelan trade is still with Europe, our relations with our neighbour just across the Caribbean have been growing closer in the last twenty years; indeed at times they have become disagreeably close.

"Little Venice," so called by the early explorers because they found the Maracaibo Indians living up their lagoons in houses built upon piles, is one of the few, if not the only, portion of the American continent that Columbus ever saw and trod. It is a very beautiful country—coast, sierras, plains, and all. In many a point to point cruise from Para to the Orinoco, in many a zigzag journey across the pampas and through the shaded valleys of the "hot country," I have paused to ask myself whether the entrancing view that opened before me was not perhaps the same memory which warmed the conqueror's heart when he came to die, forsaken by kings, nobles, and villains in his prison-lodging at Valladolid.

Venezuela \* is larger than it appears on the casual maps which treat of South America and it is entitled to more consideration than it has received during the luckless years when Castro and his crew were in power. The area of this little-known country is greater than that of the British Isles, the German Empire, and

\* Her finances, commerce, and tariffs are described at some length in Appendix D, Note I, page 432.

Japan combined, while its population only approximates that of New York and New Jersey taken together. Its national debt is about fifty millions of dollars and its potential wealth beyond the dreams of avarice;—here and in adjacent Colombia, Raleigh and his adventurers located El Dorado, though theirs was for the most part but the pioneers' bitter guerdon of disappointment. Blind indeed must the traveller be who cannot see that now these Elizabethan dreams, in a still more spacious age, are about to be realised.

The rule of Spain was endured in Venezuela until 1806, when General Miranda, a companion in arms of Washington and a soldier of the French Directory, with the aid of some American volunteers organised an unsuccessful rebellion. Miranda died in chains at Cadiz and his American followers were shot down like dogs on the beach at Puerto Cabello. However, in all South America Miranda is still hailed, and worshipped, at least with lip-service, as "El Precursor" or "The Forerunner," because the movement started by him and carried on by Bolivar ended in the liberation of the continent from Spanish supremacy.

The new and more liberal and enlightened Spain which Bolivar sought to found soon collapsed into hostile groups of absurdly miscalled republics, whose history has been largely a bloody record of civil and international strife. Well might the Liberator have said, as he is reported to have done on his lonely and unattended deathbed at Santa Marta: "I have lived in vain. I have been ploughing the sea."

Venezuela in 1830 separated from the Greater Colombia which Bolivar founded and a constitution was immediately proclaimed. Eight other constitutions

have been proclaimed since then, each better than its predecessor, but the country has continued to go from bad to worse. The latest, though doubtless not the last, constitution, proclaimed in 1904, provides in its declaration that "The Government of the Union is and shall always be republican, federal, democratic, elective, representative, alternative, and responsible." On the coat-of-arms of the republic are emblazoned the soul-lifting words: "Independence, Liberty, God, and Federation." These high-sounding professions and promises have served to cloak, very transparently it is true, the exploits of a succession of bandit chieftains perhaps without a parallel in history for rapacity and shamelessness.

Since 1830 fifty-eight well-defined revolutions have swept over the fair land, and of these thirteen have overturned the government of the day and assumed control.

Venezuela's strongest man was, undoubtedly, Guzman Blanco. Personally or by deputy he maintained a rule which was really a dictatorship from 1870 until 1889, although his formal resignation occurred in 1886. From a richly remunerative official seat, he gave his beloved people a liberal dose of the iron hand, very much, however, to their general advantage, although they are not yet done paying for their benefits. It is very largely his legacy which has now involved the United States in the toils of Venezuelan finance. He granted railway concessions to enterprising foreigners, and gathered financial plums all along the line. He improved the system of interior transportation, improved harbours, and granted, in 1883, the asphalt concession which is now the subject of dispute between the

trust which afterward purchased it and the government of Venezuela.

If Blanco could have induced his family to stay at home and not flock to Paris, where his daughter married a duke and the other expenses were heavy, he might have become the Diaz of his country. He was certainly quite as able a man as the Mexican dictator and his task was not nearly so difficult; but even Blanco could not rule his country by cable from the Champs-Élysées, and when he fell his people tumbled down all the statues in his honour which he had allowed to be erected during his regency.

A summary of Venezuelan commercial and fiscal conditions is given in another place;\* the modern political phase has been so involved with our own development as a world power that many of its details are known to those who follow with intelligent interest the course of current events. In December, 1908, however, a leading article in the *Neueste Nachrichten*, the Berlin paper which stood closest to Prince Bülow, the then Chancellor, welcomed Castro, the stormy petrel of South America, to Berlin with the following words of revelation, which came as a surprise only to those who do not know that the thread of every anti-American intrigue in Latin-America for ten years past has been spun in the German capital or in the Hansa Ports:

"Intelligent self-interest," wrote the Wilhelm Strasse organ, "should convince the German Government and people that it is the part of wisdom and policy to treat President Castro with every honour and with all consideration.

"It is well known," says this frankly informing pub-

\* See Appendix D, page 432.



Market Place at Caracas, Venezuela



Figure 1. Schematic representation of the experimental design. The subjects were divided into two groups: the control group and the experimental group. The control group was divided into two subgroups: the control group and the experimental group. The experimental group was divided into two subgroups: the control group and the experimental group. The control group was divided into two subgroups: the control group and the experimental group. The experimental group was divided into two subgroups: the control group and the experimental group.

lication, "that Castro is not on friendly terms with the Americans.

"It also is well known," continued this organ of the German Chancellor, and truly, this statement of fact should be more thoroughly appreciated in the United States than it is, "that we are waging in South America a quiet but serious war with the North American Union for economic supremacy.

"The English are angry," adds this amazing exponent of German official thought, "because Castro comes to Germany to buy the military stores they would have liked him to buy of them. Germany is now to benefit by these orders, while from political and economic standpoints German influence in South America can gain permanent support in Venezuela."

The answer of the Government in Washington to this frank revelation of German policy in South America was the despatch of a battleship and two cruisers to Venezuelan waters, an answer which could not have been improved upon except by the despatch of two battleships and four cruisers.

Castros may come and go in Venezuela, or they may be succeeded by a Gomez, another scamp and former cattle thief, but the facts of the Caribbean situation, the vitally essential facts to be borne in mind and never to be lost sight of, are that during the blockade of the Venezuelan ports in 1903 the German navy converted the Dutch island of Curaçao into its naval base, little Holland making no objection and never being called to account for her failure to enforce strictly the neutrality laws. To-day the island of St. Thomas, which the Danes at the last moment declined to sell to the United States at the hardly concealed request of Emperor William, is being governed, so far as it is governed at all, by the Hamburg-American Steamship Company.

To the average American, of course, St. Thomas and Curaçao are strange names which mean nothing and simply do not enter into his horizon. But any one at all familiar with West Indian routes and modern war conditions recognises that the possession of Curaçao or its absolute neutrality is essential to the defence of the Isthmian Canal in the case of war between the United States and any considerable naval power. St. Thomas, in addition to being a natural citadel, turned out ready made and finished by the Sculptor of the world, commands, and indeed overawes, the Anegada passage, which is by far the most important entrance to the Caribbean Sea from the waters of the western ocean, and consequently is the route which will be most travelled when the canal becomes a fact or the invasion of the Western World by a European armada becomes a reality.

All of this will be regarded by the superficial observer of Caribbean conditions as wandering far afield from the Venezuelan situation and the personality of Castro, the ex-cattle thief and bibulous invalid of Berlin and Santander. But as a matter of fact it is the crux of the question. Castro long since would have paid the penalty of his crimes, personal as well as official, if it had not been for the international complications of the Caribbean situation, out of which he has with great cleverness always known how to draw his personal profit and political advantage.

President Cleveland's intercession in favour of Venezuela in regard to the disputed boundary of British Guiana, while it occurred before Castro's advent on the scene, redounded greatly to his credit.

One of the claims to the gratitude of his people and,

indeed, of all Latin-Americans which the comic and at the same time most clever Castro most frequently advances, is that, thanks to him, the mouths of the Orinoco remain in the hands of Venezuela. Whether he did it or whether President Cleveland solely is responsible for the unhappy state stroke, the fact remains that the Orinoco is controlled by Venezuela.

As long as men of the Castro and Gomez stamp remain in power—and long they seem likely to remain—this means that the entrance to the heart of South America, its magnificent river system and unexplored and much more unexploited, hinterland, is hermetically sealed and absolutely closed to the influences of civilisation and of commerce.

Again, when the best people in Venezuela, at least practically all who were not in dungeons, took up arms in an attempt to displace their boorish dictator with an intelligent and honourable man like General Matos, Castro was so clever as to concentrate the attention of the State Department upon one aspect of the complication, and, as it seemed to me from the standpoint of Caracas, where I was at the time, upon one aspect only.

General Matos had been educated in Europe, and had long worthily represented his country in Paris, both as minister plenipotentiary and later as a most distinguished exile. His affiliations, personal and political, were naturally; under these circumstances, almost altogether European, and his revolutionary venture was undoubtedly viewed with favour by all the foreign offices of the Continent, which, after many sad experiences, had given up all hope of doing business and securing just treatment for their nationals from the Castro régime.

In the campaign which followed Matos's poor generalship stood Castro in good stead, but his most valuable asset, and one which he never allowed to lie idle, was the actual or reputed preference of Uncle Sam for a continuance of his government.

When all other means of bringing their, for the most part just, claims to the attention of Caracas and Castro had proved ineffective, Germany, England, and Italy instituted a blockade of Venezuelan ports to bring the matter to the attention of the Venezuelan people. While our attitude was in principle absolutely correct—in practice it was helpful to Castro.

The blockade was, according to plan, perfectly peaceful, perhaps it was never proposed by the three great powers to inflict serious damage on a people who, after all, were more unfortunate than blameworthy.

But a peaceful and somewhat ineffective blockade passed the comprehension of the average Venezuelan and his explanation of it, which presupposed a good understanding if not an alliance between the Dictator and Washington, proved a pillar of strength to the Castro gang at the only moment until recently when it seemed possible for the Venezuelan people by their own initiative and strength to throw off the yoke of the cattle thief and his horde of bandits.

I have heard Venezuelan fishermen and the cargadores of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello taunt the German, English, and Italian naval officers with their inactivity.

"Why do you not try to bombard our forts?" they would enquire, and then, meeting with nothing but frigid silence, would answer the query themselves:

"Because if you do it Tio Samuel will spank you, and you know it."

This situation, bad as it was, was made more deplorable by the action of a German captain, who chose this time of all others to land on the coast island of Margarita and make some surveys. This indiscretion spurred Washington to greater activity, and the blockade was raised.

It is true we compelled Venezuela to accept the Hague tribunal, and it is true that the verdict of this august court cost Venezuela a pretty penny, but still the blockade apparently, thanks to us, was a failure, and that was the only result that came within the vision of the Venezuelan people, and of course by Castro and his supporters, for their greater glory, our action was misrepresented.

Strengthened at home and abroad by these victories, real or apparent, Castro for the last four years of his administration devoted himself to the pursuit and the punishment of those natives and foreigners he, with or without reason, chose to regard as partisans of his defeated rival, General Matos.

This savage persecution led incidentally to the rupture of diplomatic relations with all civilised countries with the exception of Spain and Brazil, and brought about a situation which makes it improbable that Castro will ever return to his native land, even should his health permit him to again resume the extremely active life which he so long pursued.

The rupture with France, while there were many other vexatious questions between the two countries, came about through the seizure of the property of the French Cable Company and its condemnation to pay

a fine of \$5,000,000. President Castro held, and I am inclined to think, clearly proved, that the cable company had actually furthered the cause of General Matos. The company entered a general denial and the verdict of the court, which was immediately followed by confiscation, went against it.

The facts practically are, at least they so impressed me, that the officials of the French Cable Company went the limit, and perhaps beyond it, in the support of Matos for cogent reasons.

Castro taxed the company officially and unofficially out of all proportion to the business done, and while a fluent correspondent by cable himself, he would never pay his tolls. When Castro stood a debtor on its books to the extent of \$80,000, the company "cut" his credit. This was the beginning of the row, which entered a serious phase when Castro followed the returning French Minister to his port of embarkation with every imaginable slight and insult.

The literature of the asphalt case, which actually if not avowedly brought about the rupture of diplomatic relations between Caracas and Washington, could not be crammed into ten freight cars, and the present deponent makes no claim to having read, marked, learned, and judicially digested all the matter which these many heavy volumes contain.

But I believe I have a good idea of the main facts and the opposing contentions in the controversy.

From the moment Castro achieved the Presidency in his swashbuckling way he began to put spokes in the wheels of the profitable business upon which the asphalt people were then engaged. They doubtless humoured him, though this is not a matter of record, because if

they had not known the way to ease, if only for a short time, the itching palm of a South American President they never would have received their concession or been permitted to exploit it for a single day.

Soon, however, Castro's demands became so heavy that the company decided it was a choice between bankruptcy and refusal to comply.

It is only fair to interject here that the Bermudez Asphalt Company was not the only corporation the Andean cattle thief set about milking. He treated them, one and all, native and foreign, about alike. All he was really particular about was his percentages, and about these he was very particular indeed.

At this juncture in the relations of Castro and the asphalt company the Matos revolution broke out, and I have no doubt that its success was prayed for by all connected with the American corporation, apart from its special grievances, which had now reached the stage of making it impossible to mine asphalt except at a loss. The Andean soldiery, who were Castro's support, had instituted a reign of terror throughout the land, which endangered every honest workingman's life, his family, and his property.

Once Matos was defeated, Castro went gunning for the American corporation. To begin with, he stopped all work and placed an embargo on the property. Then he sought to prove, first, that the Bermudez company never had complied with the terms of its concession, which consequently had lapsed.

Secondly, that the company had given help and comfort to the enemies of Venezuela and legally all its rights and all its property were liable to confiscation.

It was about this time that Castro gave his extremely



able Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Jesus Rojas Paul, the option of going to a subterranean cell in San Carlos Prison or writing a certain note, the purport of which he disapproved and the statements which it contained he knew to be false.

Dr. Paul, not being by any means the kind of man who dies for a principle and cannot live without self-respect, wrote the note. When such instances of lawless pressure were taking place in Cabinet circles it may be easily imagined what tone the President's police assumed with the native Venezuelan labourers and telegraph clerks upon whose evidence the case against the American company rested.

It is true that commissions were appointed to hear evidence in New York and elsewhere, but this seeming desire for fairness was for purely hoodwinking purposes. Practically no one appeared before the commission except starving Venezuelan exiles who, knowing that this was the only way to have the decrees of banishment against them cancelled, swore to anything.

The case under these circumstances went against the asphalt people, and the Supreme Court of Venezuela sanctioned the confiscation of the asphalt lakes. The company appealed to Washington, and Mr. Root asked for a rehearing, which was refused.

To many the case of the company seems weak, because by one clause of the concession under which American capital was invested in this property it was expressly stipulated that all litigation in which the company might in the future become involved was to be heard in the Venezuelan courts, and that in any case the decision of the Supreme Court was to be regarded as final.

The answer to this is perhaps not in law, but certainly in equity, that the American corporation contemplated submitting without appeal to the Venezuelan courts, as they were constituted by due process of law in the days of the Presidents Blanco, Crespo, and Andrade when the concession was granted.

But it objected to the court as constituted by Castro because at the time the confiscatory decree was issued it was composed of a muleteer, a carter, and an inn-keeper of the lowest category, whose collective knowledge of even the language of courts was so small that they had to hire an attorney to clothe their decision, which, of course, they received direct from Castro, in legal verbiage.

The properly constituted Supreme Court of a country like Venezuela, where the bar numbers many able and honest men, is a different tribunal from one packed with Castro's mercenary puppets and boon companions, and by no interpretation of the original concession can the asphalt company be compelled to acquiesce in the wholly illegal proceedings by which it was robbed of its property.

But the United States had a grievance and a cause of first complaint against Castro which stands on a different level from that of the case of the asphalt company. In the spring of 1908 the United States mail-bags addressed to the captain of the cruiser *Tacoma* were detained in La Guayra for a day, the bags opened, and the official instructions of the Navy Department to Captain John Hood read. Before Captain Hood's account of the outrage reached Washington, Minister Russell, who was, unfortunately, still in Caracas, where he long had served as Castro's ideal

of what a foreign Minister should be, had in an official statement misrepresented what really occurred and practically condoned the offence.

If it can be done, even at this late day, this deplorable incident should be reopened and proper reparation demanded. There is not a yellow journal in South America which has not gloated over the occurrence, and in some countries at least naval mail will not be respected unless the punishment of the pilferers of our official correspondence, who are well known and who glory in their exploit, is exacted.

Two years ago the various organic troubles from which Castro has long suffered began to cause him moments of anxiety. After a more serious attack of his malady, which kept him in his chamber at the Yellow House for two weeks, the Dictator called together his family in council and discussed the situation.

He informed the strange family group, his brother, Don Celestin Castro, a famous judge of cattle, and his wife, Doña Sorla, a dark-eyed, dark-haired Indian woman, whose just grievances against her husband have served as cloak to her own shortcomings, that his physicians informed him that unless he threw off absolutely and immediately the cares of state and led a quiet, secluded life his years were numbered.

"What is to be done?" is the way he put it to the family whose interest, financial at least, in the continuance of the Castro régime was only second to that of the Dictator himself. For an answer Doña Sorla grunted "'Gomez,'" and Don Celestin assented with the words:

"Vicente; he is the only man we can trust."

And so it was that Don Vicente Gomez entered upon the scene.

Gomez is a friend and neighbour of Castro and was a companion of the Dictator in the days when his greatest ventures were to steal a herd of cattle and drive them across the Colombian frontier to a market, where no questions were asked and branding marks ignored.

Soon these border bandits became more closely allied by marriage. I think it was by the marriage of Mme. Castro's sister to the younger brother of Gomez.

The families became inseparable, and when Castro and his cattle thieves captured the capital and proclaimed their chief President he made his old companion, Gomez, Vice-President.

Gomez in a way was a wonderful Vice-President. The Senate never was convened, so he did not have to preside over that. He is a stolid, dull-looking man, the complete antithesis of his neighbour and companion Castro, who was always bursting with nervous energy and the busiest man on the South American continent when not intoxicated.

I often came in contact with this silent partner of the Andean cattle thief who went into politics, and while I never heard him say anything but "Yes" or "No," I was impressed with the man's balance and reserve force, and his loyalty and adoration of his chief were worthy of a nobler object.

When the matter was all arranged in family conclave the reins of government were formally and with some solemnity turned over to Gomez, who evidently regarded his friend's renunciation of power as final. For some months Castro kept not only away from the capital, but wholly apart from the many business and

political schemes with which he had heretofore so profitably to himself occupied his time.

Then, tiring of the debauchery in which he spent his days and nights at Macuto and La Victoria, the health resorts at which he was supposed to be resting and recruiting his strength, Castro began to meddle in the affairs of the government. This was much to the displeasure of Gomez, who had, after a few tastes of flattery, begun to take himself seriously. Then Ministers of State began to travel down to Castro's retreat to receive their orders as formerly, and the Administration was in sad confusion.

The break, which had long been inevitable, came over a little matter of pin-money for Doña Sorla, the wife, and, as was then thought soon to be, the widow of the Dictator. A syndicate of clever scamps got hold of this simple, but by no means unselfish, woman and persuaded her that upon the death of her husband his whole fortune would be confiscated to pay his debts to the State and pension at least some of the widows and orphans of his tyranny, "and then, Doña Sorla, what of you?"

The good woman had, like all Indians, become excessively fond of what she regarded as finery, and the thought of returning to her Andean wigwam to live on black beans for the rest of her life was anything but pleasant. When, then, the spokesman of the syndicate suggested a slight change in the tobacco monopoly laws which would net Mme. Castro a neat million or two in three months, her warmest approval was immediately secured for the scheme. But Gomez unexpectedly, and to the amazement of the family conclave, demurred.

He was a grafter himself and a frank and open



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

Statue of the Liberator Simon Bolivar, in the Plaza Bolivar, Caracas

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one, but at this juncture, most inopportunately for Mme. Castro's pocket, he came out strongly for the people.

"There was as much graft going as the business would stand," he rudely asserted, and vowed the tobacco money should go into the treasury to furnish pensions for the Andean soldiers, who, it was true, were well fed and extravagantly paid, but whose future was far from being assured.

Mme. Castro went to visit her lord in his health resort and told the bored and invalided debauché stories about Gomez, all kinds of stories, only not the story of what had really happened. Castro's health immediately began to improve at a surprising rate. Hardly a day passed but he despatched couriers to the capital, and the Ministers were plied with questions as if Castro was still their chief, to whom they were responsible.

Then the press campaign began. Editor after editor travelled down to Castro's retreat, and all were struck with the wonderful improvement in the great statesman's appearance. He could outride any man in his troop of guards, they said, and came home after the wildest scamper across the pampas, neighing like a colt.

Gomez knew what was coming, but it probably came sooner than he expected. One night there was an inundation of straw-sandalled savages through the capital, who shouted, "Long live Don Cipriano Castro, the restorer of peace! We want more years of Castro!"

The next morning Castro appeared before the Yellow House with a body of troops, went in, and the Acting President went out, sadly smiling as ever.

For a time the want of a cordial understanding between the President and his former substitute was



apparent, but soon Castro made overtures and apparently Gomez accepted them. But only apparently, I believe, and my opinion is held by those I always have found best informed as to the political undercurrents in Caracas.

Gomez is not as much of an Indian as Castro, but he has enough Indian blood to make him loath to forgive the man who made him ridiculous.

When, in 1908, Castro started for Europe to seek a surgeon abler than those to be found in Venezuela, and to fish for alliances in the troubled waters of European diplomacy, he again turned the reins of power over to Gomez. Not without deep misgivings, I venture to say, but because, Castro out of the way, Gomez was the only man the Indian soldiery would obey. The rough highlanders, the short-swordsmen who charged and cut down General Matos's lowlanders, though they were armed with the most modern Mauser rifles, were the indispensable factors in the edifice of tyranny Castro erected in Venezuela.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE STORY OF CASTRO

IF one could but think the Castro incident in Venezuelan history were closed, the following chapter might well be omitted. Even granting that Castro, the man, has disappeared as a factor in the situation, which in my opinion is taking much for granted, Castroism and the things which the ex-Dictator stood for remain, and though under the guns of our ships and under the critical eyes of a world which is at last aroused, they are not particularly rampant to-day, it would be surprising indeed should they never know a resurrection.

The support of good soldiers was the secret of General Cipriano Castro's military and political successes. The deposed Dictator did not rule Venezuela and disturb the peace of the world at recurrent intervals during ten years, merely because as a soldier he is brave and resourceful, nor because as a politician he is shrewd and unscrupulous, although these are qualities conceded to him by friend and foe alike.

His triumph came because he had a formidable fraction of his fellow-countrymen behind him, the jerked-beef-eaters of the Andean provinces, who proved immensely superior as fighting men to the "hot country" folk of the valleys and the seacoast.

In his treatment of the people of the capital and the commercial cities of the Orientales or eastern province men, Castro was a law unto himself. No rights

were respected and the constitutional safeguards everywhere were thrown aside. But to his own people, the hardy mountaineers of the Tachira and Trujillo provinces, which lie south and west of Maracaibo on the Colombian frontier, he was a generous patron.

When the little Dictator sailed for Europe on a combined health and alliance seeking tour, every military stronghold in the land and every position of authority which carried with it a military command, was held by an Andino. These savages, like most other savages, and indeed the human animal generally, knew upon which side their bread was buttered, and again, like most savages at least, they were faithful to their chief.

During the ten years of his control of the luckless lowland provinces he allowed his mountain soldiers every privilege, including the one which they most coveted, that of enriching themselves at the cost and at the expense of their possibly more law-abiding and certainly less warlike fellow-citizens, the Venezuelans proper, who reside in the maritime and valley districts.

Castro himself never forgets that he is a mountaineer. At table he eats like a ravenous wolf, and there is ever on his lips some laudatory reference to his mountain home, San Cristobal.

"After all, your Excellency should beg your officials to remember that, whatever my personal unworthiness, I am the accredited representative of the Low Countries," said the unfortunate Minister of Holland in his last audience at the Yellow House a few days before diplomatic relations were severed.

"And I," said Castro curtly, as he turned upon his

heel, "would have you remember that I am the supreme chief of the high countries."

The fifteen or twenty thousand men who garrisoned the subjugated provinces of Venezuela worshipped Castro like a god, and to them he has been indeed a benefactor. Ten years ago these men were small landowners or itinerant cattle thieves, and whether cultivators or simply robbers, they were so far from the market that neither their industry nor their looting helped them much to dull the sharp edge of the miserable existence which they seemed doomed to lead for the rest of their lives.

It was Don Cipriano who led them down into a land overflowing with milk and honey, who showed them a world rich beyond all the dreams of Andean avarice, and then bade them pitch in and help themselves.

I consider Castro the most utterly depraved and the most morally and mentally deformed man who ever sat upon a dictator's throne in South America, but nevertheless he has shown himself at times to possess that attribute which is spoken of as "honour among thieves." For the first eight years of his dictatorship Castro, while reserving to himself the lion's share of plunder, as was his right, according to the brigand code by which he shaped his life, fed his followers liberally with the spoils of the enemy.

No soldiers of Venezuela ever drew such pay as did his, or were permitted such perquisites. Never was promotion so rapid in any army, and the only qualification insisted upon was that the applicant be a short-swordsman from the Andes.

Again, while there can be no exaggeration of the

enormous sums Castro stole from the National Treasury or calmly levied upon wealthy individuals who, when the critical moment of the inevitable choice came, preferred their lives to their fortunes, it is not true that the little Dictator simply transferred his booty to Europe and there salted it away against the day of his exile.

To the purist, of course, once granted he stole, and stole largely, it is a matter of little interest what became of his stealings. But to the man who would understand Castro and the deplorable situation which he created in Venezuela and the adjacent States the subject is one of considerable interest.

It is my belief that had the Dictator died four years ago, when for the first time the serious condition of his health could no longer be concealed, he would have died relatively, if not actually, a poor man.

The millions he is accused of having sordidly banked in Paris were actually squandered in financing revolutions in Colombia, in subsidies to Indian tribes on the Orinoco and in the Guianas, and in paying the expenses of a horde of spies and conspirators who infested all the capitals of northern South America, furthering the dreams of their ambitious employer, who, by fair means or foul, sought to bring about a union of some of the South American States (a revival of the days when Bolivar ruled in Caracas, Bogotá, and Quito) under his presidency and dictatorship.

Once Reyes became President of Colombia Castro recognised, though never admitted, the folly of his larger ambitions, and his weakness of body and increasing ills probably convinced him of his mortality,

which in happier, more vigorous days he had been inclined to ignore, if not to deny.

After this moment of clear sight, his stealings were redoubled and the monopolistic tendencies of his régime became more pronounced. His only expenditures, except in the matter of his large way of living, were for purposes of self-defence. There is probably to-day a large sum of money at his disposal in a European bank, but the \$20,000,000 he is credited with having sent abroad to pay the expenses and the doctors' bills of his exile probably could be divided by ten and the remainder would still exceed the actual sum at his disposal.

I dwell on these internal affairs of Venezuela unduly it may appear, but it seems to me that they have been absolutely ignored by other writers and that they have an important bearing upon the international features of the situation.

Gomez was Castro's logical successor, having been his partner and next in rank in all his adventures. Gomez might oppose Castro should the latter return in sound mind and body to the scene of his national triumphs and his international disasters, but the Andean soldiers probably would not. And should Castro not molest his successor, Gomez, a hope which can only be indulged in in the case of his continued physical disability, new causes of friction would soon arise.

After all, it is not an individual, neither Castro nor Gomez, who has been solely responsible for the deplorable state of affairs, but the lawless freebooting troops from the Andes, who now as then are in the saddle and cannot be unhorsed by any known force within the confines of Venezuela.

Gomez has, of course, learned from the experience of his whilom friend, immediate predecessor, and patron that with time the influence of the civilised world can reach and coerce a bandit though he be entrenched behind the South American Sierras, but he could not if he would change the system of exploiting the peaceable and law-abiding and the industrious of the country, whether natives or foreign born, which Castro inaugurated. If he did so his hungry supporters would fall away from him and flock to the banners of a new supreme chief, who would immediately present himself with methods of government more in accord with precedent and more likely to prove popular among the fighting men.

I hate, of course, to be responsible for this one discordant note in the general chorus of gratification and jubilation with which the apparent overthrow of Castro has been received by the civilised world. Yet while I admit that they are more elastic in Venezuela than anywhere else, even there facts are stubborn things.

Now for a few glimpses at the wonderful career of this South American chief, who, whether he has run his course or not, whether his race is done or only begun, can say, "I have made a great noise in the world, though only a half-breed from the mountains, and I have killed more of my enemies than did Ivan the Terrible, and caused as great a destruction of human life as did Francia, whom they call the monster of Paraguay."

His has been indeed a rapid, meteoric rise to power, and face to face with some of the well-nigh incredible incidents of his career, it is not surprising that he, with much superstitious Indian blood coursing in his

veins, should believe, as he always frankly maintained, that his guiding star is in the ascendant and that all others visible from the Andean fastnesses are but satellites following, humbly, obedient in the train of his supreme constellation.

Ten years ago, when the exile of Santander was about forty years of age, there were at least fifty self-styled generals in the republic more prominent than he. How, ignoring the etiquette of the revolutionary game, by assassinations, exiles, and imprisonments he thinned out the ranks of his competitors and ruled omnipotent over a subjugated people, is the wonderful and, as he thinks, starlit story of General Cipriano Castro.

In 1888, indeed, the Andean chieftain was not only unknown, comparatively speaking, but his first essay in public life as Senator to the Federal Congress from El Tachira had been a dire failure. This was a time when the kid-gloved Paris-veneered aristocracy of Venezuela was in power, to whom the boorishness of the mountain Senator was laughable when not repulsive.

Of his appearance in the forum at this period only a personal idiosyncrasy is remembered. It is told of him that when sitting down to his desk to draft a bill or engross a resolution the mountain Senator would always take off his shoes and put on his black kid gloves, to the exquisite delight of the assemblage.

He also evidently feared assassination and was secretive in regard to where he lived. Like the other Andean representatives he lodged in a room in one of the humbler caravansaries of Caracas, where simple refreshments are furnished man and beast, and one night in one apartment and the next in another, the Andean group of representatives would take their rest,



squatting on the floor like Indians over the camp-fire.

The same suspicious habit is a characteristic of the Andean officers in the Venezuelan capital to-day. However the evening has been spent, upon whatever orgy they may have been engaged, once the midnight bells echo through the city the Andean braves can be seen staggering through the streets to the sleeping quarters they occupy much in common, where a sentinel watches by night or day while they sleep off the effects of their debauchery. No one who knows the wrongs the classes in Caracas have suffered at the hands of these, who, from the standpoint of the capital, are simply foreign mercenaries, and who recalls the proneness of the Venezuelan to seek his revenge with the knife of the secret assassin, will condemn these precautions as being wholly unnecessary.

Within a year, the Federal Congress was dismissed by Crespo, and Castro rode muleback to his mountain home, carrying with him for baggage a great hatred of Caracas and its people, particularly of the men of the Matos and Guzman Blanco school,—who have their clothes made in France, their manners fashioned in foreign schools and universities, who are called “mousous,” as are all other foreigners by the Venezuelan peons,—by whom he had been snubbed or at best ignored. Only one man of those in power seems to have gauged the Andean deputy at anything like a proper valuation. “That’s a man who is too big for his skin,” said President Crespo, pointing to Castro, on an occasion which has become historic.

This grievance against the metropolis and hatred of the men who shone in its cosmopolitan society were

assets by no means to be despised when we examine the political conditions which then obtained in the Andean provinces.

For several generations at least the Andinos, whichever party was in power, had been unfairly taxed and grossly exploited by the politicians of the capital. This system of unfairness is said to have arisen as far back as the days of Bolivar and the independence war. Then there were loyalists in Venezuela, as with us during our Revolution, and the ruthlessness with which the struggle was waged left them only the resource of emigration. A great number of the loyal Spaniards fled to Porto Rico, where they to-day constitute an important group of the most influential class. Those less well off, or with worldly goods which could ill bear transportation by sea, drove their cattle and their sheep inland toward the high mountain plateaus of Colombia and Venezuela, whose pastoral wealth they had heard described by the Indians.

Many of these pioneers married Indian women, as did, undoubtedly, the emigrant ancestors of both Castro and Gomez, but they kept their blood absolutely free from the African admixture, which cannot be said of all who remained behind on the littoral and accepted the republican régime.

The settlers in the Andes were left alone for a few years, and then the tax-gatherers and officials appeared on the scene, which up to this time had been one of Arcadian simplicity as far as governmental matters were concerned. Some of the mountain districts were formed into federal states, some into territories, but to one and all their government soon came to be one of taxation without representation.

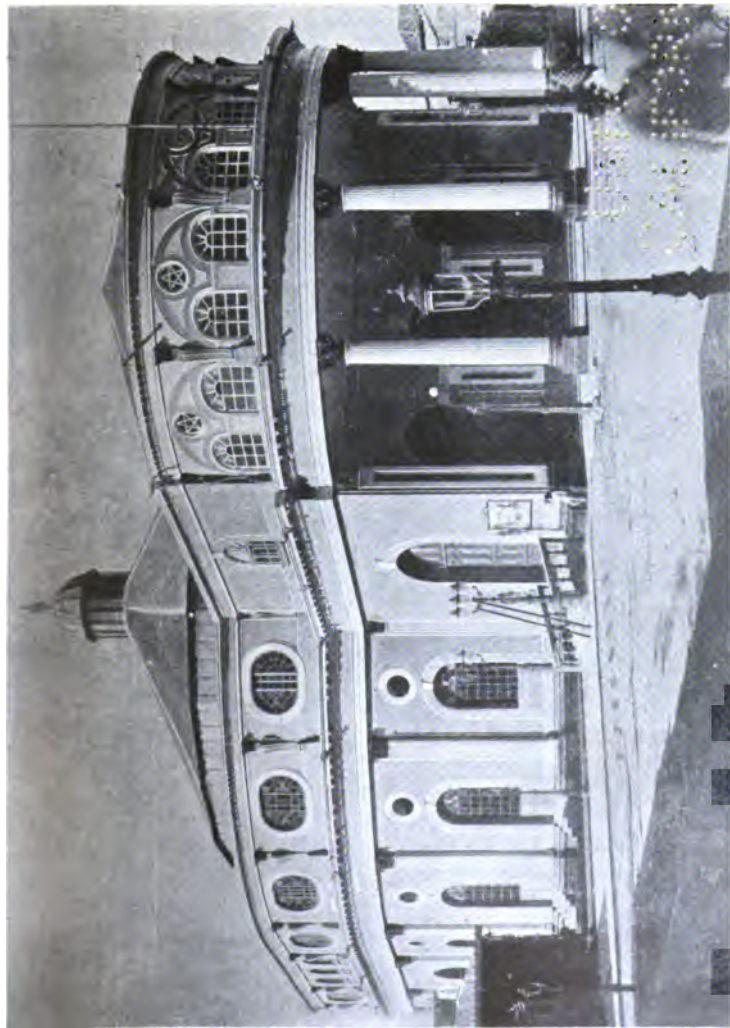
Governors, treasurers, auditors, and all the higher federal officers were spoilsmen bent upon enriching themselves, and, indeed, sent out from Caracas with that purpose, while the representatives they were at times allowed in Congress were, as had been the case with Castro, simply ignored.

There can be no doubt that but for the memory of these generations of oppression the Andinos would not have supplied Castro with those sturdy mountaineers, those short-swordsmen who have proved so superior to the sons of the hot country in the sharp hand-to-hand conflicts which spell war in Venezuela.

Once back among his own people Castro resumed his usual occupations and apparently shunned politics. He may have occasionally "lifted" cattle and driven them across the border to market, and at the buying season he certainly hired out to the merchants of Maracaibo as a sampler of the coffee bean.

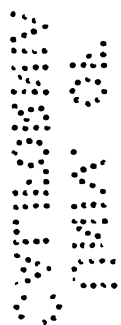
Even at this late date in his career, and after having served in the Federal Congress at Caracas, Castro could never quite make up his mind whether he was a Colombian or a Venezuelan. His ranch was near to, if not quite on, the border between the two countries, and he had dabbled in the political life of both. Some think that Castro played this waiting game because he was uncertain which country offered the most favourable field for such talents as he possessed. Ultimately it was the tax collector, that frequent messenger of fate, who decided the question, and Castro came out in the open as a Venezuelan, to the lasting good fortune of Colombia.

It had been the long-honoured custom of the Cristobal frontiersmen to avoid the tax collector. When this



Courtesy of The Pan-American Union

Opera House, Caracas, Venezuela



obnoxious individual made his appearance on the Venezuelan side, Castro and his worthy neighbours would drive their cattle into Colombia and let them browse about and "rustle" until that unfortunate functionary, tiring of frontier fare, would return to the nearest semi-civilised town.

When the Colombian tax collector appeared on his side of the border, the proceedings of the tax dodgers were simply reversed. For the purpose of defrauding these enemies of cattlemen the world over there certainly existed a treaty of amity and good feeling between the border men of Colombia and Venezuela.

But a day of reckoning dawned when the collectors of the two countries conspired and appeared on the border at the same time, supported by considerable military force. Castro's range was cleaned up by the Venezuelan police, and the horrid political story got into circulation, which will not down, that there were forty-one separate and distinct brands found on the haunches of his cattle.

Be this as it may, the valuable herd was confiscated, and Castro, having left to him no other means of livelihood, raised the standard of open revolt.

Castro is nothing if not picturesque, and of course he gave the affair a political colouring. He said he was not fighting for his stolen cows (of course the stealing he referred to was the operation the tax collectors classified as confiscation), but for a principle, and his neighbours flocked to his standard and thundered grandiloquent declarations of war against what they denounced as an "outlander government."

Not since the walls of Jericho fell before the trumpet blast have men gained such easy victories as those which

fell like ripe fruit into the hands of Castro and his straw-shod companions. Within two weeks they were in possession of the State capital and Castro was unanimously proclaimed President or Governor of the province.

Caracas, notified of what had happened, immediately acquiesced in the result. Probably a table of percentages showing the relative proportions of the plunder and how it was to be divided was sent on to Castro, the new broom, but it is quite possible that this formality was omitted because Caracas was busy and had cares of its own at the time.

Señor Ignacio Andrade was President at this moment, a political fluke if there ever was one. He was neither a rich man nor a professional bandit. His like had not received presidential honours for many years before or since, and almost immediately, by friend and foe alike, his selection was pronounced a mistake. The extenuating circumstances announced by the political managers of the republic at this juncture were illuminating.

Crespo, they said, had been killed most unexpectedly, and they had put Andrade in as a stop-gap. His reign would be short, but, they added, it would give the people time to make their own selection. What they really meant was that Andrade could be thrown out whenever they wanted to be rid of him, and in the meantime they could hawk the presidential office about among the highest bidding candidates.

Andrade for a few weeks gave a clean, honest administration and some men in the eastern provinces of the republic were intelligent enough to see what a pearl of a man had fallen before undeserving swine. The military junta of the capital were pressing the

President in many ways and for many impossible things, and it had become, perhaps, apparent even to him that he must either resign or pass over the real power and the privilege to plunder to the military chieftains.

A suggestion was made (President Andrade's brother, who was Venezuelan Minister in Washington at the time, is always made responsible for this move on the part of the peace-loving President) that he should fight. Andrade at all events took heart, frowned on the military junta, and some of the best people in the land came to his support, with contributions of money, at least, and as long as money was forthcoming fighting men, it was thought, could be procured from the eastern states of the republic.

This most unexpected move, of course, made the military chieftains fairly furious, for, though military men, they did not care to go to war. Besides, these Orientales, even when fighting simply for pay, are formidable. It has long been a saying in Caracas that the only troops who can face the men of the East and the Orinoco plains are the sturdy Andinos of the West.

Under these circumstances, and with this knowledge common to all, it was natural that the attention of the military junta, who wanted to expel Andrade without risking a single one of their precious lives, should fall upon the new chief, Cipriano Castro, endeared to the Andinos by his local successes.

No sooner thought of than put into execution. Castro was invited to leave his "pent up Utica" in the Andes and march upon the federal capital. Of course, assurances of support were given him, and large promises made. It was clear, however, to every one in Caracas at the time that the purpose of the military



junta was simply to utilise Castro to expel Andrade. Once this was accomplished, they expected to have no difficulty in getting rid of this parvenu adventurer and his company of boorish mountaineers.

It was an enterprise that appealed to Castro's spirit of adventure, a gambler's stroke he could not resist, though many of his neighbours hesitated. The cattlemen were for the most part comfortably ensconced in offices which seemed good to them. They shouted "Viva Castro!" but hung back. So one fine morning, with but eighty followers, the future Dictator started out on his adventurous ride, and there followed weeks upon weeks of wilderness fighting, the details of which have escaped history. It is known, however, that as he advanced toward the capital—and he advanced every day—Castro opened the jails and received the adherence of many outlaws and bandits.

At last Castro turned up with a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder, it is true, but still in the saddle, with some 600 hardened ruffians behind him, and sat down before the rich city of Valencia, which General Ferrer, later to become Minister of War, held with a well-armed force of 6,000 men.

There can be little doubt but that which is inseparable from all military encounters, that Ferrer and his men could have annihilated Castro, but they never tried to do so. Andrade was not magnetic and had forbidden looting of every description and promised his soldiers nothing but their pay. Under these circumstances it was perhaps natural that General Ferrer should welcome a conference which resulted in what they call in the political parlance of the country a "transaction." The following day one detail of

this was apparent, though there were other clauses held secret for months. Ferrer marched out with his 6,000 men, handed over the city entrusted to his keeping, and fell in behind the little army of adventurers.

But in more ways than one Ferrer was useful. He gave the cattlemen a large and disciplined force, though one certainly not likely to inspire a high degree of confidence, but even more valuable than this was his sonorous battle-cry, which covered a multitude of sordid desires. The day after the "transaction" the further journey toward the capital was begun by the amalgamated armies, and upon their yellow banners were now emblazoned the soul-lifting words, "God and the Federation."

With banners before him and something like a regular army behind him, Castro, politically speaking at least, was no longer a mere cattle thief, but a personage, even a presidential possibility, though the mere suggestion of it until some weeks later made the professional administration men and time-servers in the capital laugh with scorn.

At last the invading host from the west reached La Victoria, a mountain pass which is generally regarded as the key to the possession of the capital. There Castro found General Mendoza strongly entrenched and immediately followed his example.

Don Luciano Mendoza, who now appears on the scene, was quite a character in Venezuelan politics and widely known as the introducer of Presidents. He was a grizzled, venal old warhorse, whose boast was that he would stay bought as long as there was any sense in so doing or anything to be gained by it. When he saw he

could not tempt Castro out of his works Don Luciano charged him.

He had expected to make this desperate attack, assisted to some extent at least by a heavy cannonading from all his guns, which he had placed under the command of young Alcantara, who, I regret to have to say it, had been admitted to our military school at West Point in 1896 as the son of a former President of the republic and studied there some years, even if he did not graduate. These educational advantages, of course, gave Alcantara great prestige among the rough-and-ready straw-sandalled soldiers of Venezuela, but he tarnished it and proved altogether unworthy of his Alma Mater this day.

Don Luciano made his driving charge upon the breastworks of Castro's men, but to his amazement not a gun supported him. Thirty per cent. of his infantry never came back from in front of the entrenchments which they failed to carry.

But Don Luciano came back out of the fray without serious wounds and his eye to the main chance widely opened. He sent a messenger to Castro bearing his respectful compliments and an expression of his respectful homage and admiration to Alcantara, who now appeared on the other side of the battlefield with his guns going into battery behind Castro's lines.

That evening the generals met between their respective lines, and a conference was held, which soon lost all semblance of formality. It warmed up into a banquet if it did not degenerate into a wild carouse, as many assert. On the morning, however, Don Luciano showed that he, at least, had kept a fairly cool head upon his shoulders.

To begin with he declared an armistice, and soon the soldiers of Andrade were fraternising with the cattlemen from the west, as their chiefs had done the night before. Don Luciano sent a telegram to his chief:

"The voice of the people, which I, too, must heed as a patriotic Venezuelan, has pronounced against your Excellency," he wrote. "Also, the fortune of war has proved adverse."

Then, overpunctilious as ever, Don Luciano placed a special train at President Andrade's disposal, and a leaky gunboat and a trifle of forty-eight hours within which, if he wished to escape unscathed, he could avail himself of them both; and it is related that when the clock over by the Caracas church, which the English freebooters of the seventeenth century so frequently sacked, struck the dirge of the forty-ninth hour Don Luciano, true to his rôle and punctual to the minute, introduced the people of Caracas to their new President and Castro to his new home, the Yellow House.

Castro's advent to power was for a few days supported by the military junta, who had brought forward one whom they regarded as an unsophisticated savage from the Andes, as a huge joke. No one thought the cattleman would stay in power a month. The general expectation was perhaps best voiced by the departing President, Andrade, who returned the gunboat to Castro from Trinidad with the friendly advice to have its seams caulked and its engines immediately overhauled against the day of his own need.

As a matter of fact, however, a few days, or at most weeks, sufficed to make it plain to any but the most dense that in pushing forward into prominence the man from the Colombian border the plotters and plun-

derers of the capital had brought to light one of the ablest and most unscrupulous of the many banditti that Venezuelan politics had ever produced, and one by one these men have long since paid the penalty of their imprudence.

The leaders of the junta, the professional revolutionists of the corrupt capital, were soon lodged, not in comfortable offices but in damp cells of infamous dungeons. Only Alcantara and Don Luciano of all the men of the past régime continued to bask in the sunlight from the throne.

For the most part Castro surrounded himself with men who were new from the standpoint of the capital, though they were old cronies and compadres of his from the Andes, with a few other stray adventurers, such as another Mendoza, not to be confounded with Don Luciano, who had obliged him with a mule at a certain critical stage in his adventurous ride, and who was rewarded with the Treasury portfolio, and the stout Carlo of Valencia, a breezy gossip, who for six years, until apoplexy took him off, presided with great dignity and some knowledge of intoxicants over the President's military house.

When he had been proclaimed constitutional President and had filled the prisons with such men as he feared might prove formidable, Castro cast the cares of office to the winds and set about enjoying himself and drinking to the dregs the pleasures which Caracas offers to the frontiersman.

Perhaps the Dictator's private life is sufficiently well known, and I will merely say before passing on to the political side of the picture that the feudal lords of old claimed, over the bodies and the souls of their serfs,

no right which Castro did not exercise daily over the unfortunate men and women of the Venezuelan capital.

It was equally incredible that the private and personal crimes which he committed should have been allowed to go unpunished by the men of a high-spirited nation, especially as Castro always rode boldly about inadequately guarded, and that his slight nervous frame should have so long withstood the inevitable consequences of the debauchery in which his days and nights were spent.

However, it is none the less true that all through the days of the European blockade and the still more stirring times of the Matos rebellion Castro was able to meet every emergency of the critical moments of his career with a clear mind and unflagging energy.

Several of the half-hearted defenders of the Castro régime, and a few such there are, say that, after all, the friction which has resulted in the almost complete ostracism of Castro by the civilised world has arisen over the claims of foreign concession hunters, whose morality and observance of the law are no more admirable than are those of the Andean Dictator. After all, it is asserted, these men invested their money in this country with full knowledge of the conditions obtaining there, and several of them in advance committed themselves to the position of promising to seek no redress for their wrongs, real or fancied, except at the hands of the Venezuelan courts. These advocates of Castro, or at least of non-intervention and failure to protect our citizens and our interests, say that it is a case which is well covered by the old axiom of international law, which reads, "Let the investor beware or take the consequences of his rashness."

This mode of reasoning sounds well, but it is not in accord with the facts. When the American concessions which have now been confiscated or are disputed were made there were courts in Caracas which commanded confidence, and Castro has abolished them or changed their personnel without observing the due processes of the law in so doing. After the Castro régime had been in charge of the country for a year, the Supreme Court of the land, in the performance of its duties as laid down by law, visited the Caracas jail to investigate the conditions there. They were of course found to be appalling. Hundreds of unfortunate men and women were found to be living there under conditions which a Chinese leper would have resented.

It was found that 200 men, mostly common criminals, who had been duly committed to the jail by sentence of the courts, had been allowed to walk out, while over 100 men were found in prison against whom no charge had ever been made. The members of the court were summoning up the courage necessary, and under the conditions prevailing this step required courage, to make representations to the Dictator, when suddenly they found themselves removed from their high offices by a presidential order, which was of course wholly illegal.

The Bar Association of Caracas met, and after verifying the facts as stated above every member pledged himself not to accept the positions which had been vacated in such an illegal manner. This attitude did them honour, but in the sequel proved quite unnecessary. Castro filled the vacancies with his cronies, men for the most part without the slightest legal training

or standing in the community. One was a barber, another a mule driver. When summoned to preside over the highest courts in the land they purchased law books for the first time. During the blockade of the Venezuelan ports in the winter of 1903 some uneasiness was manifested in Washington as to the fairness and the legality of this court, against which the powers had protested repeatedly before they were compelled to take forcible measures for redress. Castro saw that he must act quickly to bolster up the prestige of his court, and he did so in a clever, characteristic way.

An American claim for breach of contract against the Venezuelan government had been before the courts for ten years. The claimant was long since dead, and the claim was regarded as without value. But Castro fished it out of the dockets and cabled Washington that the full damages claimed, with interest, had been awarded three days before. The Supreme Court, obedient to the Dictator's will, had rendered this decision. These incidents, which might easily be duplicated a thousand-fold, will suffice, I think, to justify the extreme want of confidence which all foreign litigants show in the integrity of the Venezuelan courts as at present constituted.

The other charge which the partisans of Castro bring has much more foundation in fact. The accusation is that during the Matos rebellion all the foreigners aided the Matos forces with men, money, arms, and information. These charges have never been proved by evidence that would stand scrutiny, but here at least there is some basis in fact. In three years Castro had hampered, and, indeed, in many instances, as in the



asphalt concession, absolutely ruined every enterprise in the land conducted by foreigners.

Then Matos, an honest man of good antecedents, and with the best blood in the country flowing through his veins, made his bid for the presidency in the revolutionary way, the only way, owing to the utter defiance of the electoral laws by the usurping cattle thief, that was open to him. Matos failed because he was not a man of war, and during the last four years of his presidency Castro devoted himself to the punishment of those whom he suspected, undoubtedly with some reason, of having aided or abetted his unsuccessful rival.

Castro's contempt for the judiciary has been doubtless amply illustrated, but there is one instance at least where he came forward with an amusing defence of his Judges. Comments of President Roosevelt in a message to Congress not at all complimentary to the members of the Venezuelan courts reached the ears of Castro promptly, and he retaliated with an avalanche of abuse directed at President Roosevelt, published in his personal organ.

Some months later, however, when President Roosevelt criticised several decisions made by Judges of our own Federal courts Castro published broadcast through his land a statement which he evidently regarded as an amende honorable.

"We are now forced to take quite a different view of the criticisms of our courts which fell from the lips of the Chief Magistrate of the great Republic of the north only a few weeks ago," he wrote. "Since he addresses the same contemptuous language to the Judges of his own courts, the outbreak against our upright bench which we deplored was perhaps not actu-

ated by ignorance and by race prejudice, as at the time we were inclined to believe. In attacking all courts, whether American or Venezuelan, President Roosevelt demonstrates that he is suffering from the anti-court mania, which is, we understand, a form of madness recognised and regularly classified by Lombroso and other alienists."

With Congress, the other co-ordinate branch of the government, Castro's relations were even more unusual than they were with the subservient Judges. For the first four years of his rule Castro simply foamed at the mouth when the word Congress was mentioned, chiefly, it is thought,—since they certainly had no idea of thwarting his plans,—because among the legislators there were some who had witnessed with unfeeling composure the humiliations the Dictator had suffered as Senator.

When, however, the hosts of Matos were gathering, and the outlook for a continuance of the Andean Regency seemed dark, it was pointed out to Castro that it might be a politic move if he should, at least on one single occasion, welcome the members of the Congress to the Miraflores palace. The Dictator accepted the suggestion amiably, and the audience was fixed for a certain afternoon at two o'clock, the most "pernicious" hour, as the people of Caracas truly say, for calling, or any other function which entails exposure to the sun. At the appointed hour on the long-heralded day the men of the august body attended in the great patio and awaited the Dictator's pleasure.

They waited in vain for two hours, and were then curtly dismissed by a lackey, who told them that General Castro did not propose to receive them.

I first saw Castro on the battlefield of La Victoria, forty-eight hours after his notable victory had been achieved. I left Caracas in the fogs and chill airs which early in the morning always have the capital in their embrace, and in four hours we had run down into the torrid heat, and the dazzling sunlight of the "hot country," where rubber plants and tropical ferns thrive.

For three weeks the battle for the possession of the pass, the only practicable entrance to Caracas coming from the west, had been waged with great ferocity and with equal determination on both sides. But in the matter of generalship the odds were in favour of Castro and his men—as a matter of fact, they had to be, or else a battle would not have been possible, as the invading army under General Matos outnumbered Castro's cohorts at least three to one.

But through the rivalries and jealousy of what might be called General Matos' corps commanders, these advantages in numbers and other even greater advantages in the matter of armament and equipment were cancelled. Early in his campaign Matos had shown that he was quite unfitted for an active command in a tropical war, fought out over such a country as this was, and soon the control and the actual direction of the army passed into the hands of his young lieutenants.

All might, even under these circumstances, have gone well for the multimillionaire and diplomat who found himself by the irony of fate and the whirligig of politics called upon to lead an army through a jungle country, had his lieutenants worked together in the common cause. But, unfortunately they had been quick to see that under the circumstances the man who became the General's striking arm, who gained for him the victory

in the field, could easily appropriate to himself complete dominance of military affairs, which in Venezuela are the most profitable, once peace had been declared. So each lieutenant went in to win for himself the prize, leaving the other corps commanders to their own devices.

One after another they went up against Castro's entrenchment and one after another they were driven back with heavy losses. When at last Matos was able to bring about something like concerted action and a joint attack, it was too late and the movement resulted in another disaster—the Andinos behind entrenchments held their own, punished the soldiers of Matos severely, and suffered but slight losses themselves.

Castro was in and out among his men day and night, and by his personal prestige would possibly have turned the scales sooner had it not been for what he called, and called truly, the enemy in his rear.

This was the people of the capital, who were as one man partisans of Matos. Time and again Castro was called back from the trenches by Gomez, whom he had left in charge of the city. It seemed on several occasions that the Vice-President's fears were justified and that Caracas was about to depart from its traditional attitude of cultured reserve and take part in the civil strife.

Castro in this emergency acted with his accustomed energy and despatch. He filled the prisons with suspects and the uneasy spirits of the capital, and then, when darkness came, he robbed Gomez of all his troops, even of his policemen, with the exception of a corporal's guard, and under cover of night he took the train back to La Victoria, which he reached before morning.

The sight of a reinforcement of some 4,000 men, all Andinos, though many of them were only armed with cutlasses, cheered the hearts of the soldiers who had been so long, and apparently so hopelessly, blockaded in their trenches.

Opposite to them, and lower down the valley, lay the army of Matos in three distinct and separate camps.

Castro looked over the scene, took in the situation, and then, as usual, his mind was quickly made up. Shortly before daylight he, with his men, slid over their trenches and attacked the opposing camps in detail, with such success that by noon Matos himself was a fugitive riding for his life and his army had ceased to exist.

When at this juncture I came into La Victoria I found every one busy in doing honour to Castro and in making his triumph as brilliant as possible, for the good reason that if they did not bestir themselves they were liable to be lodged in jail, as not a few had been, with some fifty- or sixty-pound chains clinging closely about their necks, arms, and legs. Every street was spanned with triumphal arches and every house was covered with loyal banners and inscriptions. Upon every corner a negro band of some description was playing.

Every man wore about his hat a band inscribed, "Viva Castro, the hero of Victoria. Long live God and the Federation." And yet it was all lip service and politic disguise.

For all their loyal bunting and loud "vivas" every man and woman I met in La Victoria sooner or later uttered the wish, which they evidently considered a pious one, that God would give some one the courage

to knife the Dictator to whose licentiousness no home was sacred.

Shortly after noon I reached military headquarters, which had, of course, been pitched in the best house of the town, and there I found the leader and supreme chief of all the elements of peace and of the liberal restoration asleep and snoring on the couch.

The atmosphere was filled with the sickening fumes of aguardiente, which was then the plebeian tippie in which Castro preferred to have his libations. Since these, the days of his uncouth début, however, he has been educated by the rum demon up to champagne and Chambertin, and even to absinthe and other more insidious liquors.

The prospect of an exchange of views with the General on the topics of the day seemed dark, but General Alcantara said: "You do not know how quickly the General recovers. Come back in two hours."

I came and then and there first saw the great man plain. On the whole, first impressions were disappointing. He is small, barely five feet three in height. He is lame, the result of his leap from the second story of the palace of Miraflores when the great earthquake came, and, what is most unusual in a South American, he is quite bald.

To cover up this disfigurement, Castro wears, sleeping or awake, a green cap heavily embroidered with gold and with a gold tassel hanging down behind, and sometimes before, getting mixed up with his heavy black beard and producing altogether a most comical effect. The General was alert and wide awake, but his head was evidently almost too heavy for him to support, and as I was ushered in I found him nursing his bruised feet

in his lap. We who are trained to our servitude in earliest infancy cannot appreciate what it is to begin wearing shoes at forty. This was Castro's plight, and, of course, Venezuelan shoes are of the most unrelenting sort.

For an hour the little man talked and with great vivacity upon a number of subjects. His gratitude to Mr. Bowen, our Minister, who was endeavouring to get him out of his diplomatic tangle and to raise the starving blockade, he expressed effectively by silence and by placing his hand on his heart.

"It is a sacred obligation upon me and upon all Venezuelans," he protested.

Two months later he and a number of other Venezuelans, who should have known better, were calumniating the man who was their friend when all the world was hostile or indifferent.

Castro planned and assiduously worked for a union of the northern republics of South America under his dictatorship, but failed. His unsuccessful invasion of Colombia was the most open manifestation of this plan, from which he has never swerved. His diplomatic plots to bring about this result have also failed signally, leaving the Dictator an embittered man and ready for any enterprise however daring and hazardous, if it but contain the slightest promise of the grandiose results of which he dreams.

Recently, from his place of refuge in the Canary Islands, he has characterised his régime as the *Gobierno Restaurador*, or the "restorative government." In explanation of this term he has announced in many speeches that while Bolivar conquered and drove away the Spaniards, the cosmopolitan companies and the foreign business men who have flocked to Venezuela

and taken control of the country, are imposing a yoke as hard to bear as that of the Spaniards.

"They are much better armed, stronger in men and money than were the enemies of Bolivar," was one of the Dictator's last utterances, "but I shall drive them out and not rest content until the economic life as well as the political administration of the country is in native hands. My dream is to regenerate the republics of the north of South America by uniting them against the barbarians of Europe and the other America."

This was rather ungrateful of the man whom eight years ago, unwisely it has always seemed to me, we saved from the consequences of his high-handed acts, seeing to it that he had his day in the high court of The Hague, with Mr. Bowen, the able American Minister, as his advocate.

In Caracas, Valencia, and in Puerto Cabello I have frequently met with men who had achieved university honours at Oxford, in Paris, or at Heidelberg and Bonn. They were well-read, charming conversationalists and companions, but with no exceptions they were most ineffective citizens. My relations with one of these cosmopolitan citizens of Caracas were such that on one occasion I ventured to point out that, after all, as they made not the slightest effort to bear the burdens of citizenship, he and those who remained inactive with him probably deserved no better fate than was theirs, that of being ruled with great cruelty and severity by successive crews of barbarians.

"I think conditions are quite different down here, and your criticism is unjust," was his reply. "In the United States the voter who sometimes can neither read nor write cancels by his ballot the vote of the col-



lege president or some other leader of great parts, and I could acquiesce in that. But down here the periodic revolutions take the place of your presidential elections, and according to your ideas of civic virtue I should allow myself to be pitted against the barefooted bandit of the plains and see that my bullet goes home.

"I say the struggle is an unfair one and decline the challenge. The bandit is a better man than I am in the jungle and in the mountains, and I admit it. Consequently I have adopted a policy which is simply one of self-preservation. In so far as that is possible, I stand in with all parties. Whenever a revolution is started I send presents as rich as I can afford to the new chief, who may prove a winner; at the same time I strengthen myself with the actual chief by as stout a contribution as the condition of my strong-box affords. So the new men come and go, they rob me and deprive me of my best farms, but I survive, and a change may come, but not initiated by us. We want the intervention of some civilised power. One of my cousins prays every day for intervention, even the intervention of the devil, as he puts it; but, after all, the Monroe Doctrine stands in the way of any civilised people other than you Americans of the north taking pity on our plight, and we are surely drifting back to the level of Hayti and the Congo. When we get there you will wake up and intervene in a situation for which in part at least you are responsible.

"Forty years ago my grandfather owned lands which covered an extent of territory greater than several of your smaller states. On these lands 10,000 people lived, and our coffee was fought for on the Amsterdam and the London Exchanges. To-day, with the exception of a few nearby farms, this vast estate is a wilderness in which wild animals and still wilder men have their lairs.

"I would no more think of showing myself on those lands where my grandfather ruled than I would think of taking prussic acid. The only safety for a landed proprietor is when his estates are grown up with weeds

and jungle brush—then the new flight of adventurers which follow every successive ‘supreme chief’ will not cast covetous eyes upon them.

“When Castro came in I had a suggestive misadventure of this kind. One of his Andino lieutenants liked the looks of a little hacienda which I kept in fair shape near the city. I had contributed money and ammunition to the Castro campaign fund, and when this fellow came and offered me about one-third what the place was worth I declined curtly.

“Then Castro intervened. He was more amiable than he has often shown himself to be on similar occasions. He remembered my opportune contribution of ammunition and cash, but he said that ‘Pepito,’ his countryman from the Andes, had set his heart on the place, and to avoid friction and trouble I had better let him have it at his price.

“I did so. I gave Pepito the title deeds and he gave me his ‘*pagarito*’ or promise to pay the absurd purchase price at some future day. Since then I have never heard from Pepito, and some of my friends tell me I am fortunate.

“You North Americans think that I and those of my class who submit to such treatment are cowards. Some of your countrymen have told me as much, but you do us injustice, I think. A man who enters into a struggle where he knows he will not have fair play, where he will be stabbed from behind by some bandit hired for the job at about twenty-five cents a murder, is not, in our opinion, a brave man, but a thoughtless, careless fool. I pay tribute to Castro and to his subchiefs. I submit to it all as pleasantly as I can; they say I am a good fellow and not proud, like some of my peers, and as a result I have fed my children and kept some of my estates intact.

“Two members of my family have gone into politics in the last twenty years, and both of them were murdered. In my judgment they simply wasted their lives. Neither Castro nor Gomez can live forever; perhaps

some day a man whose wife or sister or daughter has suffered the last indignity at their hands, as have so many of the daughters of Caracas, may take summary vengeance, and then things would have to be better because—well, because they could not possibly be worse.”

I give this picture of affairs in Venezuela as viewed from the inside, because it has seemed to me the truest that was ever painted, and I give it the more readily because the thought of what might happen to my informant, whose identity could be easily recognised, does not deter me. The last mails from Venezuela brought the news of his escape by a natural death from a position which, in view of all the conditions, I will not qualify.

X In December, 1908, when the storm broke and the foreign warships were drawing near to the coast, this time with no uncertain purpose, Gomez seized the presidency and as gracefully as he could climbed down from the untenable position in which Castro, in his crass ignorance, had placed his country. When Gomez assumed the reins of authority in his own name the commerce of Venezuela had dwindled to nothing and the country itself was practically outlawed by all civilised powers. The bountiful crops were not harvested because all markets were closed and there was no money in the land. The pestilence of black death and the ravages of famine travelled from one deserted port to another, and pampas grass grew high in the streets of Caracas. It was indeed a gloomy picture the like of which has not perhaps been seen since the dictator Lopez converted smiling Paraguay into a wilderness of graves, where men and cities lay in ashen shrouds.

Gomez has shown himself amenable at least to the logic of warships with shotted guns. Some of the claims

of Holland and of the United States were paid immediately and others by mutual consent were referred to the Hague Tribunal. The international relations of the luckless republic have improved, but the interior situation is, if possible, worse. To replace the money squandered by Castro and to meet the foreign claims new taxes were imposed and further government monopolies inaugurated. A rash prophet indeed would he be who dared to predict the outcome.

The uncouth Andinos, apparently convinced that Castro's career is ended, have with but few and unimportant exceptions transferred their allegiance to the new chief, who is also a highlander. Gomez maintains the military establishment on the same lavish scale as did his predecessor, and the lawless privileges and perquisites of the soldiers are but slightly if at all curtailed: a more radical course would, of course, lead to a military revolt and his deposition.

Gomez, on the other hand, it should be said, has called to the government service a number of the best citizens and he has emptied the prisons, which were filled with political prisoners from the Castro régime. Of his own enemies he has placed very few behind bars, and always after a semblance of a trial. The country is in every sense of the word exhausted, and the prevalent opinion among the people would seem to be that, since the country has to be ruled by an ignorant mountaineer, Gomez is as good a man as any other and rather better than most.

The extremely difficult question which confronts Don Vicente Gomez, and which has to be solved if he would remain in power, is one of ways and means. How and where, with commerce dead and credit at

the vanishing point, is the new President to find the money required to satisfy the exorbitant demands of the soldiers, and at the same time meet engagements recently entered into with the foreign creditors? If Don Vicente solves this question, he will have shown some of the qualities of a Colbert or a Hamilton which, at present, he is not generally supposed to possess.

Early in 1912, when I close this chapter, General Gomez is still in power. He rules the country, as did his predecessor, by means of the Andean troops and the fear of a return of Castro which is felt by Venezuelans as well as by foreigners. Peace prevails and the plantations are protected. Large and illegal commissions are raised by the freebooters in power upon every industry, and it cannot truthfully be said that there are any signs of a permanent improvement in political conditions.

## CHAPTER X

### COLOMBIA AND THE SPANISH MAIN

By the old "Spanish Main" is generally understood the entire Caribbean coast from the Cape of Yucatan to the mouth of the Orinoco, but for the present we are only concerned with that portion which, stretching between the Isthmus of Panama and Guajira Cape, constitutes the northern shore of the Republic of Colombia. This little-known country is bounded on the northwest by the Caribbean and the recently created republic of Panama, south and southeast by Peru, Ecuador, Brazil, and Venezuela, and west by the Pacific Ocean. In a word, it stretches from the equator northward to a little beyond the twelfth parallel and from the seventieth to the eighty-second meridian, comprising a country larger than France and Italy combined, and though it is closer to Florida than Missouri is to New York, it is certainly less known to the average North American than is the interior of the Black Continent.

Colombia's isolation is all the more remarkable because of her naturally strong position in the matter of commerce and international relations. She is the only South American country that occupies a continental position approximating that of the United States. She has nearly five hundred miles of coast on the Pacific and about the same on the Atlantic, and of course the early completion of the Panama Canal will immensely emphasise these advantages. In 1849 Colombia was

mining ten times as much gold as the United States. To-day her mineral output is insignificant in comparison with ours and is only about half of what this country, our closest South American neighbour, produced a hundred years ago. Of course the explanation of this anomaly in development is that the Colombians, when they work, work with mules and oxen, while we have bridled steam and harnessed electricity. The vast mineral resources of this wonderful country therefore remain nearly intact. There is a great lack of reliable statistics, but it seems quite certain that, if coal should give out in England and the United States, there is enough in Colombia to supply the world for centuries. We will not have to invent a new fuel, as some great chemists predict, but we may have to invent a new government for Colombia.\*

The topographical features of the country are varied and interesting. There are ranges of high mountains, broad, deep, and almost paradisaical valleys, rolling steppes, lofty plains, cold wind-swept *paramos*, and snow-capped sierras. As Baron Humboldt said, the traveller only needs a thermometer and a mule to find any desired climate within the compass of a few miles. When he has tired of perpetual spring on the tableland, he can in a few hours' ride find winter on the mountains above or steaming summer in the valleys of the hot country below.

The capital of this highly favoured country is, unfortunately for tourists, situated far inland. It requires a great deal more time to reach Bogotá from the sea-coast than it does to cross Siberia or to journey from

\*The trade relations and the fiscal system of Colombia are described in Appendix E, Note I, page 436.

Washington to Alaska. The most frequented approach to the capital is by the valley of the Magdalena, because the approach from the Pacific port of Buena Ventura, though also accessible, entails more mule-back riding, and to this the untrained traveller is generally averse.

The navigable channel of the great river Magdalena is constantly changing and has many surprises in store for the impatient traveller in the flat-bottomed *bungoes*. The vagaries of this fickle stream are well illustrated by this incident of Magdalena navigation. Forty years ago the old Spanish city of Mompox was a river port, but it is now nearly twenty-five miles distant from the water. Some two hundred miles up from the coast the river valley branches off into that of the Cauca, one of the most picturesque and beautiful regions on the continent—in fact, in the world. Portions of this valley and nearly the whole upper end of it have an elevation of some 3,000 feet above the sea and a most delightful climate. The temperature is rarely above 75 or below 65 degrees the year round. The soil is well adapted to the cultivation of both sugar and cotton, and the foothills on either side are suitable to the cultivation of the cereals of the north temperate zone. In the old colonial days this little valley was possibly the most desirable place of residence in what was then New Granada. Here in the seventeenth century came and settled religious and political refugees from every European country. Among these were many Spanish and Portuguese Jews—men of culture and of wealth who bought lands and converted this little arcadian valley into a terrestrial paradise. Unhappily all this ended with the independence war and the emancipation of the



slaves. The valleys are dotted with magnificent *haciendas*, which are either in ruins or abandoned to the negroes, and to-day I understand these places are anything but a desirable residence for white families.

In a dip of the great Andean range, and nearly two miles above the sea level, lies the great Savannah of Bogotá. Here rises the capital city, and while difficult to reach it is certainly most centrally situated. It is within a few leagues of the Magdalena and almost as near to the upper reaches of the Meta, one of the navigable tributaries of the Orinoco. When the railroads are built and the rivers put to their proper uses a great commercial future will dawn for Bogotá. To-day, apart from its chronic civic commotions, the capital way up in the clouds is best known, in Latin-America at least, for its literary attainments and the scholars which it has produced. With Quito, the capital of Ecuador, Bogotá disputes the somewhat hackneyed title of the Athens of South America. The Bogotanos are great builders of lofty rhyme, but averse to road-making. It is a fact that with one or two exceptions the best roads in the country are the mule tracks and the goat trails which the Conquistadores left behind them.

After decades of discussion, dating from the days of Bolivar the Liberator and involving the diplomatic career of William Henry Harrison, afterward President of the United States, and of Caleb Cushing, whose activity as Uncle Sam's agent was truly worldwide, the site of the Isthmian canal has passed irrevocably out of the hands of the people of Bogotá.

It would seem that a great historic moment, a political opportunity unparalleled, a last chance to get into

the midst of things, has been lost, but this has befallen a government of poetasters before, and probably will again. The President of the day was José Maria Marroquin, a sage, a philosopher, and a discreet poet. Once the mobs that controlled the streets of his elevated capital were quelled Marroquin probably invited all the rhymsters to a poetry party at the Falls of Tequendama, where the icy water falls two hundred yards from the cold country of the plain down into the warm, luscious country—the *tierra caliente*—where there are orange trees and blue butterflies and palm trees, with parrots perched upon them talking fluently, just as though they were in the Congreso.

It will be pleasant for the governmental poets to dwell upon how much higher their cataract is than Niagara, but it won't quite replace Panama. We should deal very gently with our brother republicans in this matter, because their loss is not merely geographical and political, but literary as well. For instance, Panama, "the place of the butterflies" in the Carib tongue, has now become the mart and workshop of the hard-working, cadaverous Gringo, and, of course, all mention of it will have to be omitted from the *Parnasso Colombiano*, ten portly tomes, weighing nearly a ton, in which all the Colombian poets are enshrined.

When he came to the presidency eight years ago, although the political conditions were anything but favourable, General Reyes recognised the absolute necessity of public improvements. Assisted by competent engineers, native as well as foreign, he drew up a comprehensive scheme, the leading idea of which was to develop a railway system in connection with the Magdalena and also a railway outlet on the Pacific connected

with the valley of the Magdalena and the capital. Access to this river is of course of vital importance to the whole region extending on the east to Venezuela. Of course political as well as commercial requirements make it necessary to improve the present means of access to the capital. Lines which were in progress when General Reyes was exiled would very shortly have brought the capital into railway communication with Honda, thus avoiding all the costly transfers of freight and passengers and the exasperating delays of the smaller steamers on the upper Magdalena.

The general's railway scheme after careful surveys had been made assumed the feasibility of through rail communications from the capital north to the Caribbean coast. Grave engineering difficulties are encountered, but these could be overcome. To-day the great, and for the present insuperable, obstacle to carrying out these well-considered plans is the reluctance of foreign capitalists to subject themselves to the political domination of the powers-that-be at Bogotá.

On the west or Pacific side of the country the plan was to consolidate into a single line several of the smaller railways under construction or planned, so that the port of Buena Ventura would also be placed in direct railway communication with the capital. There are many other railway branches equally important under discussion, but at present there is little active construction work going on. Stagnation has resumed its sway in the Andean capital. The impression seems to have deepened that there is no man in the country who can succeed in the work of reorganisation and rehabilitation where Reyes failed, and the outlook is anything but encouraging either for natives or foreigners resi-

dent in a land which, though blessed with every natural gift, will doubtless have to pay to the uttermost farthing the penalty of one hundred years of misgovernment.

It cannot be denied that up to the present the history of railway construction in the republic has been a most discouraging one. Numerous concessions were made to natives and to foreigners who were supposed to have the necessary capital, but who as it generally turned out did not. In some instances the railroads were bonded and the bonds were sold on what at first seemed very attractive terms to investors, but in many instances the actual construction amounted practically to nothing. During General Reyes' administration 150 miles of new railway construction was completed. Taken by itself this seems a very small increase; nevertheless, it is greater than the entire construction during the previous twenty-five years, and was naturally taken as an augury of the success of the comprehensive policy which Reyes insisted upon as the most important feature of his programme. The fiscal policy of the government was to grant a subsidy in the form of interest-bearing bonds covering a specific number of miles as they were completed. Large land grants were also made, and in some of the concessions a percentage of custom-house receipts was ordered set aside to meet the interest charges and the creation of a sinking fund. Such, in a few words, was the railroad programme upon which work is now almost completely at a standstill. A curious feature of the situation, and one which makes it extremely improbable that railway construction will be soon taken up again in the vigorous manner which characterised the first months of General Reyes' administration, is

that it is estimated that about one-third of the able-bodied population of the country is employed in some form or other as a boatman or a muleteer in one of the archaic forms of transportation in use. These men are all voters, and when their vested rights are interfered with are inclined to be revolutionists.

The fall of General Reyes and his disappearance from the political scene in Colombia is a great disappointment to the well-wishers of that country. His failure to maintain law and order illustrates the difficulty of the task to which he was called, almost unanimously it seemed, four years ago. Reyes was then not only the most popular man in the country, but he deserved all his popularity and more. He took a statesmanlike view of the problem posed by our summary recognition of the Panama republic and our purchase of the Canal Zone; and the tripartite treaty between the United States, Panama, and Colombia, to which Reyes assented, was undoubtedly, if not a solution, at all events the most satisfactory arrangement of a vexatious question that could be hoped for.

His assent cost Reyes his popularity and made his overthrow possible, but it cannot be denied that on the other hand the preponderating factor in his fall was the chronic state of civic commotion in which the Colombians live.

If the prophets of four years ago who promised us such great things from a Reyes dictatorship had only studied the history of the country they would not have fallen into such an error. A personal dictatorship has often been exercised in Venezuela and in Nicaragua, but the supreme power in Colombia has never been exercised by one man, but is always vested in a ring

made up of military *Jefes* and provincial bandits who select one of their number for the presidency.\* When, however, he does not do exactly as they desire or fails to divide up the spoils of office according to their ideas of fairness, suddenly there comes "*un golpe de cuartel*"—a military revolt—and presto! another constitutional President is selected.

It is difficult to say whether the ring dictatorship, or the concentration of power in the hands of one-man forms of misrepresentative government common in Latin-America, is the more hurtful. The result is generally the same. Industry, education, and justice are placed under a taboo and anarchy and crime prevail throughout the land. Reyes knew his own people better than any foreigner can ever hope to know them, and doubtless his motives were of the best and the most patriotic when he fell short of the high standards of government which we had expected of him. He tried to play practical politics, and the last two years of his administration were certainly tarnished by administrative corruption. He granted commercial monopolies to his friends, and to men whom he wished to enroll among his supporters, that never should have been granted. This policy of compromise failed as it always does fail, and it must be admitted that Reyes finally left the country having lost everything, including his high reputation for personal integrity which he maintained so long under such untoward circumstances.

Whatever may be the verdict of history upon his political career, it is certain that as an explorer Rafael Reyes has gathered imperishable laurels. He has laid

\*Civic commotions in Colombia from 1864 are enumerated in Appendix E, Note II, page 441.

bare the secrets of South America as did Marco Polo those of Asia and as Stanley in our own day and generation threw the first light upon the Dark Continent.

His journeys led him from Panama to Patagonia. In all he travelled twenty-five thousand miles, and every step he took was through regions hitherto unknown to the pioneer of any race or civilisation. If the story be true which I have often heard in South America that Reyes began his explorations by the merest chance—that, in fact, the first journey he undertook was to get out of Colombia by the back door—that is, down the Orinoco, because all the ports and main-travelled roads were held by his enemies—then it must be recognised that the revolution which sent Reyes upon his scientific wanderings was the most profitable revolution that South America has ever produced.

What Alexander Humboldt did for the shell, that Reyes has done for the kernel and the heart of the great continent to the south of us. In the twelve years that followed his hasty departure from Bogotá Reyes never returned to the fickle capital from which, like the great Liberator, Bolivar himself, it is said, he escaped with but his life and a handful of faithful friends.

When his work was accomplished and the veil of mystery that had hung so long over the interior of South America was raised, there was much enthusiasm in Colombia, and the demand was made of the government of the day, not by any party, but by the people of the country, that he who had so honoured his native land be in turn given that recognition which was the least of his deserts.

So Rafael Reyes, the refugee, was made Minister Plenipotentiary to France, and the Paris Geographical

Society esteemed it an honour to have the privilege of publishing in its bulletins the record of his inland Odyssey.

The journey which he began to save his life Reyes continued, to the inestimable gain of science. The canoe trip down the Orinoco would have sufficed most men, but it only awakened in Reyes a hitherto unsuspected thirst for travel and scientific research. The details of his explorations are too absorbingly interesting to be condensed, but a skeleton chart or outline drawing will give some idea of the calibre of the man who, with all his talents and all his courage, proved unequal to the task of cleaning the Augean stable of Colombian politics.

Starting on foot from the Pacific coast of Colombia and following the banks of the Yapura through entirely unknown regions, for the greater part uninhabited even by Indians, Reyes at last reached the great Amazon, and, building a canoe, floated down to the Paraná and thence to the Atlantic. Within a few months after this journey was completed an enterprising firm of English ship-owners availed themselves of Reyes' discoveries and placed a line of steamers along the route he had travelled, and as a result an extremely profitable, and let us hope civilising, trade has sprung up.

But Reyes was an explorer, not a promoter, and while the merchants were getting ready to exploit the field he had opened he disappeared in another direction. He had heard of a noble, although somewhat lonely, stream, the Tocantín, which runs through Brazil to the Paraná, where it connects with the Amazon. Accompanied by his brothers and his nephew, he followed the stream upward for uncounted miles. At last they came to the



head waters of the great river and to a mountain range which under various names extends across the entire breadth of South America between the tenth and twelfth degrees of latitude. Undeterred by this great natural obstacle, Reyes and his companions pushed on, and on the other side of the mountain they came upon the head waters of the Paraná, down which they floated into the river Plate, landing at Buenos Ayres.

In a word, they proved what had never been suspected before, that South America from 35 degrees south to 10 degrees north of the equator is supplied by nature with the most magnificent water system that can be imagined. There is but one cutting of less than fifteen miles to be made, and even that, it is suspected, may prove unnecessary on closer investigation. Indeed, with only the ramifications which are known at present, this perfect waterway extends from the western point of Peru to the most eastern point of Brazil and from Colombia on the north well into Argentina and Uruguay on the south. In the course of these journeys through virgin forests and up streams never before traversed by white men Reyes ran and survived many dangers.

However, such an achievement as his demanded sacrifices, and they were forthcoming. His brother, Enrique Reyes, died of the fever and the remaining brother, Nestor, was killed and eaten by a cannibal tribe they came upon near the head waters of the Paraná. The last of his companions, his nephew, Felipe Calderon, fell by a poisoned arrow from an unseen hand just as they were on the point of reaching the frontiers of civilisation again.

In the fall of 1901, his mission to France being completed, Reyes went to the City of Mexico as the Co-



Courtesy of The Pan-American Union

Calle de Lazado, Cartagena, Colombia



2

Colombian representative to the Pan-American Congress. At the banquet which was tendered to the delegates by the City Council of Mexico he created something of a sensation by paying a warm tribute to old Spain, the mother country of all Spanish-Americans. However, no offence was intended to the delegates of the United States and none was taken.

Like the few Colombians who are of pure Spanish descent, Reyes is very proud of his ancestry. After the Congress closed he said, with reference to Panama: "I firmly believe the United States will finish the canal within five years. I certainly trust she will. A river of gold will flow to the Isthmus from the day the first ship floats through. The United States will benefit. Colombia will benefit; the opening of the canal, too long delayed, will benefit the whole world."

What Mr. C. E. Akers, in his recent history of South America, 1854-1904, says of the inveterate insurgents of Colombia is so true and to the point that I cannot do better than quote the man who was the London *Times* correspondent in Latin-America for many years. Of course what Mr. Akers says of the disorderly political classes in Colombia is equally true of large fractions of the population in several South American States—notably in Venezuela.

"The present-day insurgents of Colombia are not far removed from brigands, and the political character given to revolutions is generally a cloak to cover illegal forms of pillage and rapine. It is from such elements that political adventurers of one or other party factions, striving to control the administration, draw elements for armed revolt against the authorities; and the rank and file of the men who enter the contest know little

and care less about the merits of the cause. It is convenient for them to maintain the fiction that they are engaged in this or that struggle from patriotic motives rather than be classified as robbers and outlaws, and this spirit makes armed insurrection easy in Colombia. Nor does any punishment follow an unsuccessful rebellion. Property is seldom confiscated, treason is rarely made an offence demanding severe castigation, participation in seditious conspiracies entails no loss of civic rights; this immunity being probably due to the fact that the individual privileges of citizens are so mythical as to be thought little of where respect for law and order is practically unknown. In this part of South America the general conditions more closely resemble the early Middle Ages in Europe than anything in modern civilisation; the injured must seek redress by the sword, or bear without remonstrance all indignities heaped upon them" (p. 602).

In one State at least it is expressly provided that people are not to be punished for taking part in insurrections, the notion in fact being that insurrection is a regular part of the machinery of public life, which may as well be recognised. It is needless to say that the government actually in power at any given moment has no moral presumption in its favour. It is the child of revolution, and a revolution to overthrow it is therefore just as likely to have good grounds as had the revolution which installed it. Similarly, the constitutions of some Central American States provide that the force and validity of a constitution shall not be affected by the fact that a revolution has occurred. It is to go on without needing to be reënacted. Revolution is part of the normal machinery of politics. \*

\* For trade and fiscal conditions, together with record of "civic commotions," see Appendix E, page 436.

## CHAPTER XI

### CARTAGENA AND THE LOYAL NORTH AMERICANS

WHILE the course of Isthmian events may yet drift us into more or less of desultory and sickly war with Colombia, and as apparently only old Mr. Methusaleh and myself remember the details of our first invasion of the Isthmian country, it behooves me to tell some of the things that might with profit be borne in mind, though General Corbin did say—and he, more than any other man, was in a position to know—that none of our little wars has ever taught us anything.

It was in 1740, a long time before Uncle Sam was born, when we were loyal North Americans, that His British Majesty declared war against Spain, and in particular that tenderloin district of Don Whiskerando's possessions which is known to-day as Colombia. It was a "holy war," our purpose being, in the words of the King's proclamation, which was read aloud by every magistrate and squire throughout the colonies and plantations, "to open the ports of Spanish-America to mercantile enterprise."

Times were hard, the hardest we have ever had. According to William Cooper's election sermon there was "an empty treasury, a defenceless country, an embarrassed trade." It was just the time when a holy war appealed to most folks, and when a profitable one could only be hailed as a godsend. The recruiting sergeant with his pipes was heard through the land, and four

thousand five hundred loyal North Americans toed the line.

And soon they sailed away to singe the King of Spain's beard and relieve him of his ducats. The objective point of the expedition was Cartagena, the great city of the Spanish Main, where the plate ships rendezvoused and the golden argosies came together for their voyage across the sea.

It should be borne in mind that in the days of which I speak we were merely poor colonials and not the prosperous cousins to be cajoled and flattered that we are to-day. So somewhat sternly we were ordered to furnish four thousand foot soldiers, and as many able seamen as His Majesty's fleet might be needing when it came into American waters.

Massachusetts sent five hundred men and Virginia, the Old Dominion, the same. The Virginians were headed by a mere boy, one Lawrence Washington, Esq., of Hunting Creek, the elder half-brother of the immortal George. He brought back from the Colombian war a constitution undermined by disease and an undying admiration for his commander-in-chief, Admiral Vernon, which was not shared by many North Americans, loyal or otherwise. This he signalled by changing the name of his plantation into Mount Vernon, which in due course of time received the remains of the Father of Our Country, and became the Mecca of all patriots.

Perhaps it may be said that only this name survives to remind us of a long forgotten Colonial War, in which many hundred of our best and bravest lost their lives. We who are accustomed to—I had almost said surfeited by—typewritten campaigns and wars personally conducted by press agents can hardly account for the

meagre records that have come down to us of this expedition to the Spanish Main, that ended so lamentably before Cartagena.

Only a few of our men came back, 'tis true, but they might have done something if they had only hung together, as nothing tends to keep green the memory of a campaign so much as a talkative contingent of survivors. However, be this as it may, our loyal North Americans neither wrote nor talked. They simply died and certainly deserved the sobriquet which the colonial historians gave them of the "lost brigade."

But, though the colonial archives throw the smallest possible light upon the disastrous expedition, the story still survives in English literature. When you have read what Thomson, the laurel-crowned poet of the day, had to say about it you feel that you have not been spared a funeral note, and that no army ought to invade Colombia without a doctor in command.

"You, gallant Vernon, saw  
The miserable scene. You, pitying, saw  
To infant weakness sunk the warrior arm.  
Saw the deep, racking pang, the ghastly form,  
The lip pale, quivering, and the beamless eye,  
No more with ardour bright;  
Heard nightly plunged amid the sullen waves  
The frequent corse."

But it is hard to get twenty-five thousand men together without letting at least one slip in who can tell a story, and there was a certain Tobias Smollett serving on board the Admiral's ship in the humble capacity of apothecary's clerk, or surgeon's mate, who lived to become one of the greatest realistic writers of his age. Tobias was perhaps the first Spanish war "roaster" of



whom we have any record, and he never tired of "roasting" Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth to his dying day. Indeed, it was said on the corner of Fleet and Grub Streets that he died of a "roast" he could not put on paper quickly enough.

Long after his death there clung about the Cheshire Cheese, where he and his kind foregathered, a story to the effect that Tobias was disgruntled because he had wanted to see everything and had been ordered off the poop deck by the Admiral of the Blue and sent below to the cockpit, where there were plenty of sick and wounded to look after, but nothing else.

Be this as it may, on many occasions Smollett showed that his blame of Vernon and the other bigwigs of the expedition was sincere even to the point of being spirit-proof. At that time and almost down to these tee-totalling days England and the colonies, too, were dotted with taverns and public houses bearing the name of "Admiral Vernon's Head." There was at least one of them not so long ago in Boston near the Custom-House, and they all bore the inscription, not strictly true, "He took Porto Bello with six ships."

Now it is related that Tobias, the first of the critical correspondents, would not drink a dram in such taverns and could not, even though he tried, take his ease in such inns. If you wanted to hear his version of what happened on and off the Spanish Main, you had to ply him with liquor at some honest tavern like the Blue Boar or the White Horse.

Until three years ago, curiously enough, there was not a line in the archives of Massachusetts, so perfect in other respects, concerning the Cartagena expedition. However, since then copies of the original papers, which

had been destroyed by fire, have been made in London at the Public Record Office, and the minutes of the Colonial Council, though scanty, shed some light on the events of an interesting year. His Majesty's declaration of war, it seems, was read in the balcony of the Council Chamber of Boston by the Deputy Secretary, and from him "published with an audible voice by Mr. Richard Hubbard, doorkeeper."

There followed huzzas from the loyal Americans drawn up in King Street, and a discharge of cannon in Castle William. And then the Governor's proclamation encouraging the enlisting of volunteers was also published out of the balcony, doubtless by the same Mr. Richard Hubbard, "in an audible voice," though the minutes do not say so. The five companies of Massachusetts volunteers were captained by John Winslow, George Wadsworth, Thomas Phillipps, John Prescott, and George Stewart. The said captains were duly sworn in and placed in official relations with one of the Pelham Clintons, who was, of course, paymaster general of the forces; but there is no record of the loyal North Americans getting any pay except the bounty money by which they were tempted, and the records show that the support of their widows and orphans—for less than fifty of the five hundred Massachusetts men returned—was quite a drain upon the public purse and private charity for many years to come.

These men satisfied the military requirements of the situation, but it was not safe for a seaman to appear in a port town for weeks.

In Boston there was Captain Percival's ship *Astrea*, and in New York was His Majesty's frigate *Flamborough*. Nightly they were pressing crews, and daily

they were importuning the loyal members of the council for seamen, especially for riggers, who seem to have been scarce. And then Captain Percival was always sending expresses or pony-riders to New York, and as each express cost twenty pounds His Excellency and Council were very glad when April 17, 1740, came, and the Britishers and North Americans sailed away together to loot the Spanish Main, and particularly to demolish Cartagena, then, as now, a great fortified city.

Down in Virginia all record of this colonial adventure has been well-nigh obliterated by unfortunate fires and characteristic negligence, and then, as usual, the Virginians were too busy in making history to have much time to chronicle their deeds or even their misdeeds. But we know that Governor Spottiswoode—the pioneer who first led the colonists over the Blue Ridge—was selected by King George II. to command the colonial regiment, and that he died of a flux while passing through Maryland on his way to “ye harbour of Sandy Hook,” where the Loyal North Americans had been ordered to assemble.

However, two acts of the Virginia General Assembly survive the ravages of time and shed a flood of light upon the character of the men who composed this contingent. The levies, it seems, were made by the justices of the peace, who were instructed by His Majesty’s representative to enroll “able-bodied persons fit to serve His Majesty who follow no lawful calling or employment.” Again the General Assembly enacts: “Any constable allowing a volunteer to escape shall be fined five hundred pounds of tobacco.” Perhaps it was not so, perhaps the old enactment without comment or explanation is misleading, but it does look as though vol-

unteering in the James River Hundreds was very much like what it is in Colombia and Venezuela to-day, where you have to catch your volunteer and hold him with leather thongs and iron shackles.

The British vessels, those from the American coast as well as those newly out from England, watered at Domenica. Here Lord Cathcart, commanding the land forces, died and the "irresolute and inexperienced Wentworth," as all agreed to call him, succeeded to the command.

The great enterprise now had two bad leaders and its chances of piling up pieces of eight were small. Admiral Vernon began his interminable correspondence with the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary for War, with these significant words: "It is with concern I am obliged to entertain Your Grace with the widely different sentiments of the gentlemen of the army and us."

And now the Loyal North Americans, as far as the official report goes, sink out of sight. We know, however, from other sources that at least three thousand of them sank into their graves. As far as Admiral Vernon is concerned they sank quite unnoticed. Reference is made to a terrific wordy warfare between the Admiral and the General as to whether the army or the navy should take care of twenty sick American soldiers, whose names are given. The army wouldn't do it and the navy wouldn't do it, so the poor fellows were probably uncared for.

Then we get a brief glimpse of Captain Lawrence Washington coming on board the *Boyne* and making a protest against the treatment of a detachment of Americans, who were apparently swimming in bilge water. Vernon smooths the matter over affably, but tells the

Duke of Newcastle in his next that the trouble, whatever it was, was all the fault of "ye American soldiers."

When the fleet put to sea Admiral Vernon found himself in command of twenty-nine ships of the line, twelve frigates and eighty smaller vessels, including a number of fire-ships and bomb-ketches. He had sailed the Isthmian coast before, having the previous year burnt Fort Chagres, near where Colon stands to-day, and he knew from experience that in these latitudes a man has to be careful with his liquor.

Rum, according to regulations, was served out to fifteen thousand sailors and the twelve thousand soldiers twice a day. In a general order Vernon suggested that it would be better for them and for the enterprise upon which His Majesty set such store to dilute their rum with water.

No attention being paid to this suggestion, a few days later Vernon had all the grog diluted by non-commissioned officers in his presence before it was served out. This step, highly commendable from a sanitary as well as from a moral standpoint, seems to have taken all the joy out of the expedition.

Sailors and soldiers alike grew pensive and their hearts failed them long before they appeared off the strong place of the Spanish Main, Cartagena, as it stood then and very much as it stands to-day, with its battlements and towered walls in its setting of purple sea. Vernon broke the boom and sailed into the inner harbour. Then the "irresolute and inexperienced Wentworth" landed with all his men and for fifteen days did nothing decisive.

It is characteristic of the real purpose of the expedition (here in the face of the enemy nothing is said in re-

gard to opening the "ports of Spanish-America to mercantile enterprise") that on the day after the great fleet anchored off the Playa Grande "a council of war was held to settle the distribution of the plunder, according to His Majesty's instructions."

From now on the Admiral and the General were at sixes and sevens. Worthy Smollett describes them as follows:

"The Admiral was a man of much understanding, strong prejudices, boundless arrogance, and overboiling passions, and the General, though he had some parts, was wholly defective in point of experience, confidence, and resolution."

General Wentworth would urge the Admiral to play upon the main works with his bomb-ketches, to which Vernon would reply by drawing off, having all the music play "Britons, strike home," and sending an aide to enquire when the gentlemen of the army proposed to make their grand assault.

On March 17 young Lawrence Washington and his contingent of Virginians greatly distinguished themselves in a night attack upon the Barradero Battery, which had given much annoyance. The guns of the enemy were spiked, and the contingent withdrew, after having acquitted themselves handsomely.

"The next day," according to Smollett, "a number of Americans and negroes being landed, they began to clear ground for an [permanent] encampment. In the meantime the Europeans suffered severely by reason of the excessive heat."

Finally Wentworth, goaded to madness by Vernon's

ceaseless criticisms, decided upon a midnight assault on Fort San Larazo, which commanded the town. Sixteen hundred men were told off for this duty, and the post of honour was assigned the North Americans, doubtless in the same spirit which inspired Aguinaldo to let his bow and arrow allies, the Igorrotes, lead the charge upon the American batteries around Manila. They were both good food for powder and the other fellows were too good.

Nobody knows very much what happened during the midnight attack, much less the General and the Admiral. The morning sun, however, revealed a thousand dead and wounded lying on the citadel slopes. Before the very eyes of the fleet the negro and Indian contingents came out from the Spanish lines and despatched the wounded.

Again we must have recourse to Smollett for what happened on this dark and bloody night. The assaulting column, reported by all as a most forlorn hope, was composed of the Americans and the grenadiers under Colonel Grant. Two hundred Americans went ahead as pioneers, and another detachment of the colonists was sent around to take the fort in the rear. It was too unimportant a matter to be mentioned in the official despatches, but this latter force seems to have been annihilated. The advancing column was discovered before it left the beach, and soon Colonel Grant fell at the head of his men. The wrong road was taken in the darkness, and there ensued great confusion. Soon the advancing column wavered and such as were able fell back.

"But, though," writes Smollett, "in the face of such slaughter, the Americans who carried the scaling ladders, wool packs, and hand grenades would not ad-

vance as pioneers, many of them took up the firelocks which they found on the field, and, mixing among the troops, behaved very bravely."

General Wentworth on the following day complained that the Admiral had given no timely aid. The feeling between the army and the navy grew so intense that there was imminent danger of open strife between the members of the sister services. Then the rains set in, and yellow fever began its rapid work. Men perished in hundreds. The dead were cast into the sea without shrouds. In three days it is related that the effective force on land dwindled from sixty-six hundred to thirty-two hundred.

Admiral Vernon then says he destroyed the fortifications and sailed away, but he probably meant that he destroyed a few outlying forts, for Cartagena stands intact to-day as when it was built, perhaps the best example of a mediæval fortress in this or in the Old World.

When the fleet reached Jamaica in November, 1741, Vernon had time to count heads, and ascertained that his losses amounted to twenty thousand men. And all that remained to him of his glory was his nickname of "Old Grog," which his sailors had given him in memory of the diluted rum.

The remnant of the land forces was landed by the Admiral in eastern Cuba at a place not named, but described as being fifty miles from Santiago by land and twelve leagues by sea. He called the place Cumberland Harbour, after His Grace, and it was probably the present Guantanamo. The captains of the colonial contingents were sent home to recruit more food for powder and fevers, and we have some record of how



Captain John Winslow, of Massachusetts, sought to fulfil his mission.

"The King could only offer forty shillings bounty now, but the army was encamped," he announced, "in Cuba, a place of 'temperate airs and fertile soil,' and large grants of these lands were promised to those who would enlist and help conquer them." Jonathan Belcher, described in the King's proclamation as "our trusty and well beloved Captain General and Governor in Chief of our province of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire," to give a stimulus to the recruiting, which languished, announced "that a sickness at Cartagena little inferior to a plague had in less than seven weeks swept off four thousand of the Spaniards since our forces left it," but it was all of no use. The Loyal North Americans were not forthcoming, and up to the present time there has been no renewal of the attack upon the great fortress of the Spanish Main. The disaster there provoked the Spanish invasion of Florida, which, however, Oglethorpe defeated handsomely. Here at least we were fighting on our own ground.

After more unflattering comments upon the leading officers, Smollett concludes his frank narrative, which cut him off for all time from the official preferment which then, as now, historians of a certain kidney seek, with the statement, "Good brandy and good rum mixed with hot water, composing a most unpalatable drench, was the cause of failure." The moral is obvious. You must not put an army upon the water wagon.

The wealth of Colombia is undoubtedly awaiting future development, but it is none the less real for all that. It would be considered a singularly favoured

country even if its wealth were limited to agricultural and forest resources. But there remains a vast store of minerals that promise immense riches. I have mentioned the coal supply, which is practically unlimited, that is, as far as soft or bituminous coal is concerned. There are also unmistakable indications of anthracite deposits. These, however, have not been developed, because the natives do not understand hard coal.

Near the capital, iron ore and coal are found lying side by side in such superior quality and such vast deposits as to justify the erection of costly iron works to manufacture steel by the Bessemer process. Yet, however ideal the conditions may be in other respects, as long as the finished products of these forges can only reach the desired markets by means of mule transportation, the United States Steel Corporation need not greatly fear its new competitor.

The indications all pointed to an early rush of mining exploitation and commercial development equal to anything that has ever been seen in Mexico or in our own Western States when the still existing political unrest possessed the country. Millions of foreign capital in the last decade has flowed into Colombia, and while the United States are represented, it must be admitted that Great Britain, Germany, and France are well ahead of us, and even Italy and Spain not far behind. We buy more Colombian products than any other foreign nation, but we do not, as we should, supply anything like the major portion of her imports. The popular feeling in this country is far from friendly to Americans, though this deep-seated sentiment rarely finds personal expression. A study of the conditions here obtaining, and of the methods, by which they may be

improved, is a task worthy of the best brains in American diplomacy. It will be a diplomatic miracle if, by the time the Panama Canal is completed, the little Republic of Panama has not ceased to exist, and we become a very close neighbour, indeed, of the Republic of Colombia. In fact, it may be that our relations little by little will assume the complexion and the character of those that exist between England and Egypt.

To-day, of course, the greatest uncertainty envelops the immediate future in Colombia. Its government is in the hands of either wholly untrained men or of men who inspire confidence neither at home nor abroad. The fiasco with which the Reyes régime ended would seem to throw this unfortunate land backward at least fifty years! Still, Colombia is the richest undeveloped country in Latin-America. It is easily capable of supporting a population of forty or fifty million white men, and of contributing largely to the wealth and well-being of the world, and yet its commerce is decreasing, there is practically no immigration, and its credit is falling. A hundred enterprises which were about to be undertaken for the lasting benefit of Colombia, and by which civilisation could not have failed to profit, have been postponed or entirely abandoned, and a great field for American energy and a great market for American products just across the Caribbean, and only fifteen hundred miles from our Atlantic and Gulf ports, has been closed.

Of course, this is a situation which, in the present conditions of economic struggle the world over, will not long be permitted to continue. I may say here that I agree with what the Hon. John Barrett has said so often and so well, with the authority which his success-

ful mission to Colombia gives him, in regard to the charm which intercourse with the cultured circles in Bogotá exercises upon all who are admitted to them. I go farther, perhaps, even than Mr. Barrett in my admiration of the sturdy, hard-working peon classes. Still, the salient fact of the situation remains that the government of the country is in the hands, and is most likely to remain in the hands, of organised banditti, and that they are very strongly entrenched within fairly easy striking distance of our five or six hundred million dollar investment at Panama.

Many books have been written, and yet more will be, as to the circumstances under which the Republic of Panama was founded and the Canal Zone obtained. Mr. Roosevelt says bluntly, "I took the Isthmus," while Dr. Federico Boyd and the other members of the Panama Revolutionary Junta retort with considerable emphasis that the ex-President is labouring under a delusion. When you are on the spot, the facts are not difficult to ascertain, nor yet to understand, but it is a difficult story to tell in a paragraph.

The people of Panama claim, though this claim is disputed, that their country was never identified with New Granada or Colombia in the days of the Spanish régime, and that they only joined with their neighbours during the independence wars for the purpose of shaking off the Spanish yoke. After the Spaniards were expelled, the Colombians remained. How unpleasant this was to the inhabitants of Panama is clearly indicated by the frequent revolutions which occurred. When, about the middle of the last century, the importance of the Isthmus became apparent to our statesmen in Washington, as was also the necessity

of constructing a railroad across it, we negotiated a treaty with Colombia, because practically Colombia was the only half-way organised government in sight. By this, the Treaty of New Granada, we were practically granted a protectorate over the Isthmus. This practical protectorate carried with it the duty of keeping the transit of the Isthmus open to all the world. In recognition of the somewhat peculiar relations which were established by this treaty between us and the Colombians, we, during the last sixty years of the nineteenth century, suppressed for the sole benefit of our friends in Bogotá at least twenty-five revolutions, all of which exhibited pronounced separatist tendencies. These interventions in force cost us the lives of many men, and the expenditure of much money, but these sacrifices were gladly met in Washington so long as thereby the free and unimpeded transit of the Isthmus was secured for the commerce of the world.

During the sixty years which Colombia remained nominally master of the Isthmus,\* thanks to the frequent campaigns which we waged in her behalf, and in behalf of free transit, on one hand Colombia exploited the State of Panama in the most shameful manner, while on the other hand, during the last twenty years of its existence, the French Canal Company was the victim of periodic blackmail and of at least four separate and distinct "hold-ups," which netted the statesmen of Bogotá many millions.

When the Hay-Herran Treaty came before the Colombian Senate, a number of senators, sufficient to control that august body, decided upon a fifth hold-up,

\*An incomplete list of political disturbances on the Isthmus since 1858 is given in Note II, Appendix E, page 441.

which promised to be more lucrative than the previous ones. Their plan was to delay the treaty until the franchise under which the Canal was being built, and which the French Company had sold to our Government, should expire. This once accomplished, the blackmailing operations to the detriment of progress and commerce could be initiated all over again, with a new and a magnificently rich victim.

At this juncture, when the Hay-Herran Treaty had been rejected by the Colombian Senate, a revolutionary junta, composed of the leading Panamanians, approached influential people in Washington, notably the late Senator from Ohio, Marcus Hanna, and these emissaries were assured, there can be no doubt of this, that for the purpose of carrying out our long unredeemed pledge to the world of free transit of the Isthmus and an inter-oceanic canal secured to the commerce of the world, we would not permit the Colombians, as on so many previous occasions, to convert the Isthmus into a human slaughter-house, nor would we assist them, as had been our mistaken policy in previous years, to regain control. Undoubtedly very much encouraged by the new point of view, which prevailed in Washington, the independence of Panama was duly proclaimed, and our ships were on hand to protect the young republic and the freedom of transit. Doubtless had we not intervened in this energetic way, Colombia would have, in the course of time, succeeded in conquering the Panamanians and reducing the Isthmus to a few heaps of burning ruins. But we did intervene, in the name of civilisation and of progress. That is our right and duty under the Monroe Doctrine everywhere on the American Continent, but it would also

appear that President Roosevelt acted well within special rights secured by the Treaty of New Granada.

Of course, the rabidly anti-American among Latin-American politicians make what capital they can out of what they call "the rape of the Isthmus," and some representatives of the people in Washington who are ignorant of the fact and unacquainted with the conditions by which the Administration was confronted, assist them in their purpose of vilifying our country by their sophomoric effusions upon the stump and in Congress.

I may add from personal observation that our conduct is well understood and generally, though not universally, approved in most of the South American capitals. Certainly in no place is the downfall of the brigands in Bogotá regretted. They had stretched a boom of blackmail and of intricate chicane across the most vital path of commercial progress, and in securing and in enforcing the free transit of the Isthmus under civilised conditions, President Roosevelt deserves and will, no doubt, receive the thanks of not only both the Americas, but of the civilised world.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE ORPHANS OF THE CONQUEST

THE first of the lesser islands, the orphans of the conquest, as I have, I think with justice, called them, which the traveller from the north is likely to see, are the outlying Virgins, and then comes Saint Thomas, and the last of the colonial possessions which remain to the Danish Vikings. Saint Thomas is often called the Gibraltar of America, and the name is not at all inapplicable. Experts consider the island naturally impregnable, irrespective of the artificial assistance of fortifications. The enclosing ridges and the projecting peninsulas, just as they came from the hands of the world's great Sculptor, only slightly modified here and there by volcanic influences, are said to constitute the last word in defensive fortifications as worked out by the great modern masters of Vauban's art, such as Todleben and Brialmont.

The strategic position of Saint Thomas and the two other Danish islands \* is very strong in relation to the Panama Canal. Our naval strategists have always been in favour of their acquisition by purchase or otherwise. They might well become in the future, as in the past, a safe refuge of our enemies. During the Civil War the Danish islands were the rendezvous and

\*Statistics in regard to these islands are given in Appendix F, page 446.



the headquarters of the blockade-runners, who did so much to prolong the struggle. Charlotte Amalia, the port town, and, indeed, the only place of any importance on the island, has about fourteen thousand inhabitants, and its chief industry in these otherwise slack days is purveying to the wants of political refugees from the adjacent islands, and in fitting out filibustering expeditions, at so much an expedition, to redress the chronic wrongs from which the adjacent islands would seem to suffer. It is certain that Saint Thomas has the best of harbours, deep and landlocked on three sides. The port town is surrounded by hills, from which drift down almost continually pleasant breezes. The houses are mainly of stone, with red tile roofs, and are embowered in secretive tropical gardens. Blackbeard's tower, from which so many buccaneers in former days took their bearings, still exists, and even if you do not believe in the length of the pirate's whiskers, or in the number of his wives, whom, legend has it, he kept happy and contented, there is a wonderful view from the top of the tower which well repays the climb. The old Danish fort, with its seventeenth-century air, its cannon pointing skyward, and its wooden sentinels, also well repays a visit.

X Saint Thomas has been almost deserted of recent years by the ocean liners. It has, however, latterly become the headquarters of the Hamburg-American Line, and the good Germans, it cannot be denied, make themselves very much at home here. They have their docks and their depots of coal, and generally assert proprietorship in a way which is evidently very irritating to the Danish colonial officials. However, the appeals for support which they make to Copenhagen are

never sustained. Enthusiastic admirers of Charlotte Amalia, and other annexationists, have always claimed for the port, among its other virtues, that it is practically hurricane-proof. This was probably never true, and certainly has not been true during the last ten years. However, it undoubtedly remains the most desirable existing harbour in the West Indies, with the exception of Mole Saint Nicolas, in northwest Hayti, which our fleet found so useful for coaling purposes in the Spanish War. Should the Germans ever seek land as well as commerce in the West Indies, there are many indications that they would take Saint Thomas and Curaçao. If they were permitted to do so, they would in this way secure strategic positions as strong, if not stronger, than those which the English and we ourselves possess.

Within sight from the hills of Saint Thomas lies Saint John's, another of the Danish islands, and, as seen from the sea, a very beautiful island, rich in forests and in streams. It furnishes also very striking illustration of one, and a certainly very disagreeable, phase of the West Indian situation. The island is healthy and rich in resources. Coffee and bay trees run wild, and its harbour, Coral Bay, is supposed to be hurricane-proof, and certainly has excellent anchorage in about fifteen fathoms of water. The woods are filled with wild pigeons and doves, but, with all these natural advantages, the island has been entirely deserted by its white population, and here, I am told, the black inhabitants, numbering about two thousand, almost entirely shut off from civilising influences, are fast relapsing into African barbarism. This information comes to me from several distinct and very reliable

sources, but it is second-hand, as the opportunity of visiting Saint John's never presented itself to me.

Santa Cruz, by some called the Isle of the Holy Cross, by very earthly people the Isle of Rum and Sugar, is the third and last of the Danish islands, and it is also the largest, possessing, as it does, some seventy-four square miles of fertile soil. Here the atmosphere is rather more American than in any other parts of the West Indies, not even including our own possessions. The planters and the farm managers are for the most part men of Irish birth or descent, who have become Americanised, and there are also quite a number of typical Yankees, generally schooner skippers, who, having wearied of the sea, have cast anchor in this snug harbour. To-day the shadow of an unfortunate real estate speculation hangs over the Island of Rum and Sugar. Fifty years ago these plantations were still practically so many gold mines. They never came on the market. Ten years ago, however, when Sugar was down, most of them could be purchased and, indeed, a great number of them were purchased, at prices that did not cover the cost of the improvements. These purchases were, of course, inspired by a belief that sooner or later the island would fall into the hands of the United States, and so Santa Cruz rum and Santa Cruz sugar would enter the American market under more favourable circumstances than the rival products of the other islands. Plantation prices rose while the annexation treaty was before the Senate, and some of the speculators, as well as the ancient owners, sold out. They were laughed at at the time, but the sequel has shown them to be wise men. To-day most, if not all, the plantations are again for sale at ap-



Courtesy of The Pan-American Union

General View of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies

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proximately the old low level of prices, and there are no purchasers. "I knew it was all up with our real estate spec," said one sugar-logged skipper, who hailed from Cape Cod in happier days, "when I read that King William had gone to Copenhagen and kissed King Christian on both cheeks and asked him not to sell out to Uncle Sam. A pair of Kings ain't much in Poker, but I guess it makes a strong hand in European politics."

In addition to those already enumerated, there are still some thirty or forty islands belonging to the Virgin group, and the area of those under the British flag, and large enough to count without a microscope, is about sixty square miles. They generally bear names eloquent of their glorious days, such as Rum Island, Broken Jerusalem, and Dead Man's Chest. When Captain Kidd sailed the seas, these islands all had their place and position in the buccaneering world, but it cannot be denied that in the prosaic to-day they are side-tracked and, indeed, for the most part, only visited in case of shipwreck.

In the olden days, when the French and the Dutch and the English were fighting for the possession of the sugar islands and the supremacy in these seas, often two nationalities were found in possession of an island when the statesmen at home, for reasons of their own, made peace, and there the colonists remained. The joint ownership, however, did not last long, and in the end the weaker claimant was generally driven away. Of the islands in the Caribbean chain only one remains which is still jointly owned by the French and Dutch. This is the island of Saint Martin, not far distant from Anguilla. It is about forty square miles in area, and

is fertile and well wooded. Like other mariners in these seas, I have steered by the conical hill which is known as Paradise Peak, that rises from Saint Martin to a height of nearly two thousand feet, but I steered so well that I never landed on the shore.

The northern half of this disputed land is still occupied by the French, and is ruled by them from Guadeloupe. The Dutch own the southern half, with its port at Phillipsburg. The seventeenth-century contention and land hunger are long since dead, and both powers would like to let go of Saint Martin if they only knew how. The island is very rarely visited, except every now and then, generally in sailing-vessels, by the French officials from Fort de France, and the Dutch officials from Curaçao, who must come to the island to hold court and for administrative purposes.

The next island we come to in our lazy cruise southward is that of Saint Barts. It is the smallest of the group in area and, perhaps, in population, but it has a history that could not be compressed into a score of volumes. It belongs to France to-day, and is a dependency of Guadeloupe, but the name of the port, Gustavia, betrays the Swedish settlement and occupation of the island, which lasted for nearly a century. Saint Barts, in the glorious days of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was the resort of the big buccaneers, in comparison with whom the low pirates, who rendezvoused at the Tortugas, were small fry, indeed. "Montbars the exterminator" lived and thrived here, and here many honest and industrious souls have thought he buried some, if not all, his ill-gotten gains. The island is simply honeycombed with shafts that treasure-hunters have sunk, but so far as is

known the treasure has never been uncovered. Saint Barts saw its last days of splendour during the American revolution, when the privateers and blockade-runners resorted here in great numbers. Such a vast quantity of contraband was accumulated that, finally, Rodney deemed it worthy of his notice. He came in and sacked the place, and sailed away with a booty mounting to over half a million pounds. Saint Barts would seem to have never recovered from this blow.

Most curious, perhaps, of all these sequestered islands is little Saba. It is practically a volcanic pillar thrust up from the ocean depths to a height of nearly three thousand feet, and generally called, for reasons which are not apparent to the naked eye, "Bonaparte's Cocked Hat." One side of this volcanic pillar or cone was blown off by an eruption in ages past, and here, in the crater and at the bottom of it, is the only town that the island possesses. It is called Bottom, and is more true to name than some of the other West Indian descriptive titles. The crater has long been extinct, and the inhabitants of Bottom feel quite secure. They are never molested by visitors—for one reason, because the island has no harbour, and a landing is said to be anything but agreeable. Saba is quite a resort and dwelling-place for retired and invalided Dutch sailors. They like it because they can climb up the cone, as they might on board ship climb to the maintop to sweep the horizon with their glasses, and assure themselves that all goes well. They occupy all sorts of little hovels in and out of the volcanic cone, and at an elevation sufficient to cool the temperature appreciably.

Saba is very healthy, and the Dutch Government has often thought of erecting here a sanitarium or place of



recuperation for its officials, debilitated by the steaming heat of Surinam and Guiana, but the project has never been carried out, probably because of the difficulty of making a good landing in this otherwise most fortunate island.

In the general distribution of the spoil and partition of territory after Great Britain had all she wanted, and France and Holland found they could grow sugar at home, the Dutch remained in possession of only half a dozen small islands, which, in a quiet, dormant way, they still retain. The largest and most important of these, of course, is Curaçao, off the Venezuelan coast, and the smallest is Saba. Next to this is Statia, a little island about seven square miles in area, which is connected with Saint Kitts, the English island, by a small sloop packet. Statia's volcano forms an almost perfect cone, but I did not find it so impressively beautiful as the graceful mountain slope of Nevis. Here, again, in default of a natural harbour or landing-place, the Dutch Government has constructed a steel jetty out into the roadstead of Pont Orange. Statia is terribly poverty-stricken to-day. There is little life and no money on the island. History has it that Rodney once, acting under the orders of his government, pounced upon the richly laden ships anchored in the roadstead, and departed with plunder amounting to over three million pounds. There have not come to the island since so many pennies. Here tradition has it that the first distinctive flag borne by an American vessel was saluted officially. It is said to have had thirteen stripes, and the colours were red, white, and blue, and it was flown by that saucy privateer, the *Andrea Doria* of Baltimore. When he saw the new flag,

the then ruler of Statia, Governor de Graaff, did not waste any time looking up precedents or the code of proper procedure incumbent when a strange flag appears in the offing. All he could remember, it is said, is the plunder that Rodney carried away, and the little Baltimore schooner received the national salute, which made the hills echo, and burst most of the Governor's guns.

My stay in Saint Thomas, which was greatly prolonged by steamer delays, was rendered very agreeable by a happy accident which brought me into touch with the Redemptorist Fathers, who police the Virgin Islands for the Catholic Church as far down as Dominica. The Fathers are all Belgians, and are evidently recruited from a much higher class than are the French priests I met in Hayti. I questioned them one evening in regard to the alleged hostility of the negro population to the United States, and as to their reported aversion to the annexation plan, which was so ably exploited in Copenhagen during the treaty negotiations. The years of service in the Danish Islands of the Fathers with whom I sat made a total of nearly two hundred; and yet they, one and all, denied ever having heard or seen anything to confirm these rumours. They were unanimous in thinking that the sentiment among the negroes was entirely the other way. At present the negroes and, indeed, all the inhabitants of the islands, lead a rather precarious hand-to-mouth existence, while under the American flag they expected that many comforts and, indeed, great wealth would fall into their laps.

The Redemptorist Fathers do not credit the cannibalistic stories which now and again come from these

islands. Whatever may happen in Hayti, they say, there are no blood feasts partaken of or black masses celebrated in the Caribbees. Among the Caribs, they contend, cannibalism was only indulged in at long intervals, and at most important war feasts. They admitted that their parishioners had a great fear of the Obeah power, but, strangely enough, not of those who profess to exercise it. One of the Fathers told me an incident to illustrate this point of view which happened in Antigua almost under his very eyes. A strange negro had come to the island. He was rather secretive as to his antecedents, and soon the rumour ran that he was an Obeah doctor, and possessed an evil eye. A day or two later he was found in a cane-field with many stab wounds, from which, after a week, he died. He declined to assist the Fathers and the English authorities in their search for his cowardly murderers, saying that the punishment which Obeah reserved for them was greater than any that man could inflict.

The monastery in which I was so kindly received stands high above the port of Charlotte Amalia, and from its terrace on clear days the islands and the keys stretch out across the turquoise seas towards Porto Rico. In the library there was a weather-worn, worm-eaten copy of Père Labat's celebrated book. Labat was a French Jesuit, who, in the seventeenth century, cruised about in these islands, converting thousands by rough-and-ready methods, and always with an eye to the picturesque. It was in the days before consciences were awakened or philosophic doubt aroused, when at least frankness was a virtue possessed by all; and the good Father tells of so many

islands bought for so many bottles of brandy, which the Caribs, to their sorrow, preferred to their native rum. It was all done for the glory of God and to the aggrandisement of his church, and, according to the Father, it was well done. Though jealously guarded, as becomes a volume of which, perhaps, only four or five copies are in existence, the Fathers placed this Froissartian chronicle of the West Indies at my disposal. And so it was that many a long afternoon we sat in the vine-covered garden and talked of the passing of the Carib Kings.

I shall always remember the story that Labat tells of why a great hill in Grenada is still known as *Le Morne des Sauteurs*. Here the last organised resistance was offered to M. Du Parquet, a pioneer governor of Martinique, and his French followers. Battle after battle had been fought and lost, and at last the Caribs were driven to this high promontory, surrounded by yawning precipices, and only accessible through a cave, the entrance to which was thought, by the refugees, to have been carefully concealed. However, soon the secret passage was discovered, the French pressed on, many more Caribs fell, and at last, on the very edge of the precipice above the sea, the surviving remnant was surrounded by overwhelming numbers. Du Parquet sent in a herald to the Caribs, explaining how hopeless their position was, and offering quarter, but to no effect. With disdainful smiles, one after another, these last warriors of a warrior race brandished their spears for the last time, and sprang with cries of defiance into the sea.

Good Father Labat tells with wonderful composure marvellous stories of African witchcraft as

practised by the negroes who were brought over in his day to replace the Caribs, as unfitted for plantation work as our Indian at home proved to be for the farm. For those of us who have to write of the West Indies in the days of their decadence, it is, perhaps, fortunate that this chronicle of the splendid era is limited to so few copies, and that, as these are chained in monastic libraries, they can hardly be said to circulate at all.

There was that certain captain of a slaver who was bringing negroes from Guinea to Saint Thomas when, suddenly, though the wind failed not, his ship lost its headway and hung motionless as within the grasp of some invisible omnipotent hand. The captain got out his boats and searched for Sargasso grass or some other natural explanation of the phenomenon, but in vain. The mystery deepened, and the hours of delay ran into days. Then the fo'c'sle rumour reached the cabin that there was an Obeah doctor on board among the slaves, and the captain called him to him and asked if he could do the wonderful things that were reported of him.

"I can if the Great Spirit wills it." He denied, of course, having anything to do with delaying the ship, but when asked to demonstrate his power, said:

"You take an orange; any whole orange on board, do not show it to me, but hide it away somewhere on the ship." This the captain did, and then he returned to the wizard. "To-morrow at this hour go back to the hiding-place, and you will find the orange empty, yet with skin absolutely intact." And it happened as the Obeah man said. The captain put his ship about and returned to the Guinea coast, where gladly, and in all honour, he put the Obeah man on

shore. Though a crusader and a man of prayer, Father Labat is forced to admit that after this the barque had fair winds and favourable seas all the way from the Guinea Gulf to the West Indian haven.

Again, in Saint Thomas, the Father relates how an Obeah man was to be burnt as a heretic at the stake, and the Governor who presided was inclined to mock the victim and scorn his powers.

"Is a ship drawing near, and who is on board?" laughed the Governor. "Can Obeah answer?"

"Yes, if he will." Then the Obeah man prayed for a long time to his fetish, and answered the Governor, telling the name of the ship, and who it was that sailed in her, and how the great lady who was expected would never be seen again of man, as she was dead, and had been buried at sea. The Governor was amazed and terrified, for he was expecting his wife; still he persisted in the execution, and three hours later the mourning-ship arrived, demonstrating the accuracy of the Obeah man's wonderful powers.

Then there is the story of the little waif boy, whom the priests had bought from a slaver and put to work in the very garden in which we were seated. Labat relates how terrible the drought became, how the fruit trees were parched, and the vegetables all but burnt up. Nothing could save the situation but a copious and well regulated rain. The little waif boy was touched at the plight of the Fathers, who had been kind to him. He said Obeah could make a great rain if he wanted to, and they told him to do what he could.

He drew a circle on the ground, and within it a square, at the four corners of which, where they

touched the circle, he placed some crumpled leaves from the parched trees. On top of the leaves he placed four dry oranges, one at each corner. Then the little waif fell down prone on the ground, touching each of the oranges with his limbs. Long he prayed, his body rocking, his face contorted, and a hissing noise coming from his lips. Then, suddenly, so the good Father relates, a little cloud appeared far down on the horizon, the boy's eyes brightened, but his contortions and his hissing prayer continued. The cloud came sailing on with tremendous speed, growing larger as it came, and, when over the garden, opened, and a wealth of water fell. The showers continued, and the dried fruit became luscious, the vegetables in a few days eatable. The situation was saved, and the Fathers naturally coddled the little waif, whose prayers had stood them in such good stead. And the waif became a Christian, and a very devout one. Two years later another drought came, and, naturally, the making of rain, which was again so necessary, was referred to him. The rain-prayer failed this time, however, and the waif admitted he had become so advanced in Christian doctrine that he had forgotten the words of the Obeah incantation, thus furnishing another, if very early, example of how very disappointing converts frequently are.

I particularly love the white Fathers' story of the single combat between a Carib boy and a shark. If I am not mistaken, the Father saw it with his own eyes, which is well, as the shark was about ten feet longer than they live to swim to-day. The combat opened with the Carib boy laughing joyously and disporting himself; like the man-fish, he was in and out of the

crevices of the coral reef. An unsuspected shark of the dimensions to which they do not attain nowadays, crept up and snapped off one of the boy's legs. There is a half-stifled cry of pain, and the little chap limps out on the beach, gathers a bunch of herbs, with which he staunches the flow of blood from his shattered stump, then, with a jagged-bladed knife in either hand, crooning a song of revenge, he slowly and painfully swims back to the little inlet, where the man-eater lurks. Pretending not to see him, the boy floats quietly over the eager, expectant monster; when, however, the shark turns upward his great white belly and opens his jaws to finish his uncompleted meal, the boy springs upon him, and gashes out in a trice both of his eyes; then he has the chances nearer equal, and closes in upon his antagonist, slashing the white belly until the nearby turquoise waters are red with blood. The duel does not end until the dead shark rises, like a log, to the surface. Then, the good Father says, the conqueror swam to the beach, celebrated his victory with a joyous song, and a few minutes later he, too, died, with a happy smile upon his face.

After listening to Père Labat's stories, and the comments which the good Belgian Fathers made, we determined to make, at the first opportunity, a pilgrimage to the east coast of Dominica, where the last pure-blooded remnants of the vanishing Caribs still live the lives of free men, scornful of tax-collectors and of school-laws, and wearing no clothes to speak of. There was for many generations a similar colony of refugees camped on the slopes of the Soufrière in Saint Vincent, but, in 1902, they were all destroyed by the



formidable eruption, or, rather, by the lava flow which in a moment swept over their village, leaving, it is said, not a single survivor—or a trace of their habitations.

The opportunity to make our pilgrimage came one night, a few hours after our arrival in Roseau, and we set out immediately through the darkness, aided and abetted by an enthusiastic English planter, who had gone the same path two years before.

"You must go to see the Caribs by night," he insisted, "because just at sunrise there is a touch of wild light in their eyes, which fades as the days wear on, and the King is magnificent. Only, don't stay with him too long. I did. The look of disdain which curled his lips when I first saw him had vanished, and his haughty carriage seemed about to relax. A sudden panic seized me, and I fled from the Carib court circle somewhat unceremoniously, for I feared, and almost expected, he would come up to me and whisper in my ear, as did a certain king in the Blue Mountains of Jamaica:

"'Buckra! Won't you give me a pair of your old shoes?' Naturally, after this we went by night, and were determined not to stay too long."

It was a night of steady, dripping rain, which converted the rocky mountain passes through which our way led into a very slippery foothold for our ponies, and the little streams we had expected to ford with ease grew into swollen torrents before our eyes. Our guide wavered and wanted to turn back several times, but, intent on coming into touch with people of the noble race who had fled before the impact of men of our coarser mould, we held him to his contract.

After six hours' travelling through the night, the first light of dawn revealed to us the little shacks of thatch in which these refugees from civilisation house. These huts were aligned, somewhat irregularly, it is true, and embowered in shrubbery, along the bank of a mountain stream, which, a few yards farther on, suddenly ended its musical course through the rock barriers, and, with a wild cry of freedom, sprang into the ocean that lay so still fifty feet below.

For a moment we thought we had come too late, and that the secluded camp was deserted. Not a soul was stirring; still we remained concealed in the shrubbery, and at last our patience was rewarded. One by one, and without a word to each other, several young men came out of the silent huts, slipped down the mountain-side, and plunged into the ocean. For a few moments, like porpoises, and quite as silent in their play, they plunged and gambolled about, and then, with great overarm strokes, came swimming back to the shore. Other forms were stirring now in and about the straw-huts, and when the bathers seated themselves upon the rocks which dotted the strand, their women came down to them with strange guttural cries, and gave them their morning smokes of loosely-rolled tobacco-leaves. Then, slowly and lovingly, they streaked and smeared the still dripping bodies of the returned swimmers with a yellow ochre chalk or paint. A moment later the young men were gone, darting out through the breakers in their canoes, with the wonderful watermanship which is their still unimpaired inheritance from the fifteenth-century Caribs, who astonished Columbus and the early navigators with their aquatic exploits.

You say, when you have seen the Kanakas of the

South Seas or the surf-boys of West Africa, plying their trade: "What a mastery over their craft these men possess!" With the Kanakas and the Kroo boys their mastery of their boats is marvellous and undeniable. But here, with the Carib, the born waterman, his craft would seem harmoniously blended with his body, and the prow answers to his impulses as does an arm or a leg to the nerve centres of a well-trained athlete, with every member well in hand.

With the young men gone, and the young women, all of whom were straight of form, lithe, and comely, retired to their huts and household duties, the little village of Salybia was a dreary enough place, and we began to sigh even for such civilisation as Roseau unfolds, and more, even, for the wild beauty of the mountain passes through which we had groped our way in the darkness. When we came out of hiding, we were personally conducted about the village by the King, who, we understood, had achieved this proud position, not by birth, but by reason of seniority. He was a dried-up little man, who had evidently attained a very great age, and he showed more signs of the negroid admixture than any of his subjects. We were not invited to enter any of the thatched huts, but, as far as we could see from the outside, they differed in no wise from the usual habitations of the negro islanders. Once a party of the distant fishermen came spinning over the sea towards the landing-beach. They had evidently caught sight of us, and were alarmed or, perhaps, merely curious. As they sent their boats through the water, propelled at a tremendous speed through the now rising surf, the sun was mirrored on their slight, but wonderfully proportioned bodies. In

the sunlight, at least, their skins took on a golden bronze hue, the like of which I have never seen among any other of the copper-coloured races.

But as they drew nearer, doubtless seeing us tranquilly engaged in bartering with their King man for limes and for several of the wonderfully woven baskets for which these Caribs are famous, the fishing braves put their boats about and went back again, singing as they went to the warm sun banks, where the great sea fish they sought love to warm themselves. As they rowed they sang a song we did not understand, but certainly the cadence was exceedingly mournful. Our negro guide, however, who did not seek to conceal the disdain in which he held the shiftless Caribs, natural, perhaps, in a man who had served his King in the West India regiment, and hoped to become an insular constable some day, translated it as follows:

“In olden times we were men and ate our enemies,  
Now we are women and only eat Cassava cakes.”

Our barter with the King for baskets proved the entering-wedge of commercialism. The monarch relaxed, and there were symptoms of approaching talk about old shoes and other worn-out baubles of our artificial civilisation. So, as the sun began to climb towards its zenith, and flood the dark mountain paths with its light and warmth, we left the Carib reservation.

It was an interesting experience, and one which I am not likely to forget, and can only recommend the little journey as being worth the trouble to those who come this way. We certainly had the feeling, or illu-

sion, if you will, that we had seen the aboriginal West Indians much as Columbus presented them to the astonished gaze of the Catholic Kings. The Caribs of Dominica may not be absolutely pure in blood, though this virtue is claimed for many of them by several distinguished authorities living on the island. Even to the untrained eye of the unscientific observer these men, or the majority of them, show a cranial formation and a colour of skin that betrays a to us new ethnological type. The resplendent colour of their skins, especially when wet from their morning swim, and standing in the sunlight, is the impression that will always remain with me. Altogether, they were in their ways and in their appearance of their own kind, and that is a kind quite different from their cousins, the black Caribs of Ruatan, off the Central American coast, from the Arawaks of Guiana, or the numberless tribes of copper-coloured men who disport themselves in and out of the waters of Malaysia.

## CHAPTER XIII

### ORPHANS OF THE CONQUEST (*continued*)

IN grouping the larger and more civilised islands of the British West Indies \* with the other orphans of the conquest, as I have found it convenient to do, I feel called upon to say that, while the economic conditions in all the islands are much the same, the political and educational standards are as far apart as the poles. There can be no comparison between the average Guadeloupian, the Saint Thomas "boys" of the King of Denmark, and the loyal black subjects of the British Crown resident in the West Indies. The British blacks show in their way of living and their general deportment and intelligence that the efforts which have been made for generations to improve their social efficiency have not been made in vain. For many years past an education of a high order has been within the reach of the Jamaican and Barbadian blacks, and many thousands of them have availed themselves to the fullest extent of their opportunities. If there are anywhere in the world coloured men ripe for self-government, they are to be found in Barbados and Jamaica. For generations past high offices in these islands have been open to the deserving, irrespective of colour, and during this period at least one negro rose to be Chief

\*Trade returns and other statistics concerning the British islands are given in Appendix G, Notes I and II, pages 447—448.

Justice of Barbados, and left behind him an enviable name.

The colour question is not dormant in the British islands, however, and those who think so are simply deceiving themselves. The race antagonism is rising, and there are signs here, too, of a coming conflict, though they are not so emphatic and unmistakable as in the other islands. I was impressed wherever I went in the British islands with the even-handed justice which the Blacks receive at the hands of the authorities, with the efforts which are constantly being made to increase the number and the accessibility of the primary schools, and, above all, to assist the peasant and landless class to secure small holdings of their own. In the British islands, at least, the negro is given a chance to escape the toils of the demagogue and the race-war preacher, and in many instances they have taken the chance and stood by it. The achievements of the great British administrators in India and in Egypt have challenged the admiration of the civilised world, and in the West Indies they deserve in equal measure our praise and thanks.

Barbados, the easternmost of the Caribbees, only has an area of one hundred and sixty-six square miles, upon which over two hundred thousand people have to be supported. The little island is consequently the most densely populated country on the globe, outside of China. Barbados is very long on history, and long on health, and somewhat bumptiously proud of both these favours of fortune. On account of the island's historical record as a faithful loyal colony of England since its discovery in 1605, the inhabitants feel entitled to call it a "Little England," and, as for

health, when a few cases of smallpox occurred a few years ago, the Barbadians concluded that the end of the world was very near, that nothing else could have disturbed the continuance of the fine bill-of-health the island has always enjoyed. Certainly Barbados is very healthy; it contains no swamps, and lying, as it does, far out at sea, it is continually swept by sea-breezes day and night. The sun and the wind have created a climatic condition which is extremely favourable to longevity, as the statistics show, and for many hundred years the island has served as a health resort and a recruiting station for those whose pursuits led them into the malarial districts of the mainland. In no country in the world have I been so impressed by the teeming population of negroes; negro babies sprawl everywhere. After one or two narrow escapes from crushing a hopeful olive branch under foot, the tourist is possessed with a panic, and at times grows afraid to put his raised foot to the ground. Around the capital, the chief wealth seems to be goats. Fencing is not indulged in, but every goat is herded by a little piccaninny to whom the animal is tethered.

Bridgetown, the only port and commercial city of the island, is also its capital, and it dates back to the year 1627. Practically, the port is merely an open roadstead, but a great deal of shipping is concentrated here, and a great business transacted without much delay. Like Ireland and Russia, Barbados has a land question which is at times discussed in anything but a judicial manner. There are no crown lands here, as in the other islands, and as yet no abandoned estates which can be squatted upon; practically all the holdings are in the hands of planters who, while they are



not very prosperous, do not care to dispose of their landed possessions. The result is that the black labourer, to have the use of a garden, the smallest kind of a "land spot," as they are called, must pay rent, which, of course, fills him with indignation.

The island was visited first by Sir Olive Leigh, in April, 1605, but no permanent settlement was effected until twenty years after the colony of Jamestown in Virginia was settled. The site of this settlement is now called Hole Town, and is only about seven miles distant from Bridgetown. A few ruins and a few tombs only remain, and it is strange to contemplate the desolate scene, and think that here a colony was founded which, for a time, far outshone the Virginia settlements, and was considered to be of much greater importance than the colonies on the mainland. Whether the story be true or not, and I have never seen any very convincing statement of the matter, that the shipload of colonists who settled in the Barbadian Jamestown were really bound for the Virginia Capes, and were driven out of their course by a storm, I do not know, but it is certain that from the earliest days of their history the ties between the island and the continental colony were very close. In Saint Michael's churchyard in Bridgetown the tombs, for a tropical graveyard, are in wonderful repair. The dates run well back into the seventeenth century, and the names are the same as those of the planter families which existed in Virginia before the Civil War. In the Governor's room in the Government House is a carefully treasured copy of one of the earlier surveys of the island, and again the roster of the owners sounded like a list of the delegates from the James River Hun-

dreds to the first Assembly in America. It was probably in recognition of this tie and intimacy that Barbados was the scene and the object of George Washington's only journey outside of his native land.

Though doubtless very few of them know it, the thousands of American tourists who every winter make a cruise in the Caribbean, are, for once at least, as all good Americans should do, following in the footsteps of the Father of our Country. The Caribbean was the scene of George Washington's only holiday jaunt, and the island of Barbados the farthest point reached. Hoping that the "sweet climate" of the West Indies would mend the health of his brother, Lawrence Washington, who had been invalided ever since the expedition against Cartagena, in which he served on Admiral Vernon's staff, the young Washingtons sailed from the Virginia Capes on September 28, 1751, and landed, after experiences which cannot be duplicated to-day, more than a month later at Georgetown, Barbados. Here the youthful George witnessed his first play, the tragedy of "George Barnwell." In his diary he cautiously remarks that the rôles "were said to be well performed."

The Virginians dined at Judge Maynard's, also at the Beefsteak and Tripe Club, which took the place of the "ice-houses" and the country clubs of to-day. They were widely entertained, and George enumerated with evident appreciation the luscious tropical fruits which he enjoyed, such as the "granadilla, the sapa-della, the pomegranat, sweet orange, water melon, and the forbidden fruit, guava." In the midst of these tropical experiences, George Washington was stricken with a severe case of small-pox, which left him marked

for life. However, by February 1, 1752, the young travellers were back off the Virginia Capes, after "five weeks of stormy sea-faring." "We soon tired of the same prospect," writes Lawrence Washington. "No place can please me without a change of season." The travelling was very different in those days, and the tourist in the Caribbean to-day will never realise what those six or eight weeks, cooped up in a schooner whose decks were generally awash, must have been. George was soon to heir Mount Vernon from his unfortunate brother, and was shocked at the extravagance and the resulting embarrassment of the West Indian planters. He writes in his diary with the pathos of a landless man, though he was to attain the largest estate in the colonies: "How persons coming to estates of three or four hundred acres can want is to me most wonderful." Some years later this puzzle of his youth was quite clear to the Squire of Pohunk Creek.

Barbados possesses representative institutions, but does not enjoy complete autonomy. It has a government more nearly responsible to the people than any of the other British West Indies, and the House of Assembly is the most ancient legislative body in the Empire, with the exception of the House of Commons and the Assembly in Bermuda. The members of the Assembly are elected by the respective parishes into which the Colony is divided for administrative as well as church purposes, and in this and in many other ways resembles the House of Burgesses, as constituted in Virginia down to the Revolutionary War. The Government consists of a nominated Legislative Council of nine members, presided over by the Governor and a House of Assembly, consisting of twenty-four mem-

bers, elected annually on the basis of a broad but not universal franchise. In September, 1908, I was in Bridgetown when the Assembly met, and was present when the Speaker, according to the ancient custom, demanded of the King's representative, in this instance the Lieutenant-Governor, the formal recognition of the Assembly's ancient rights and privileges before proceeding to take up their legislative tasks. By fair dealing with the coloured population, the whites, though an exceedingly small minority of the registered voters, are in an overpowering majority in the Assembly. There are indications, however, that this state of affairs is not at all likely to continue. During my stay in the capital there was a very hotly contested election for the representation of the business quarter of the town. The negroes ran a straight black candidate, and he came very near winning the day. To prevent this misfortune, the English and the white voters selected as their candidate a Portuguese Jew, and, thanks to the Jewish and the Portuguese votes, their candidate, though by no means a pink-and-white Englishman, pulled through with about twenty votes to spare. At present there is only one negro Assemblyman, but it is not likely that he will remain much longer in his lonely and unenviable position. In Barbados, as everywhere else in the West Indies, unfortunately, the race question is becoming a political factor, and the complexion of the candidate is regarded quite as closely as his political platform.

There is no denying the fact that the Barbadian and the Jamaican negro is a trial to the patience, if you expect and require work and prompt service at his hands. They have, there can be no doubt, many use-

ful and solid qualities, but they certainly lack that charm and spontaneity which redeem many faults in our own negro. Many years ago Cardinal Lavigerie, the great French Primate of Africa, told me that it was the dream of his life that some day the American negro would bethink him of his racial responsibility, and return to the Dark Continent to awaken and arouse the millions who are sleeping there in ignorance and in sloth. The Primate of Africa died without his call having awakened response in the bosom of the American negro, but, some months ago, in a Panama Canal Zone police court, I chanced upon a missionary incident which, while it proceeded along different lines, seems to have had the same lofty purpose as that which stirred the blood of the good archbishop.

An American cornfield darky, livid and sweating with terror, stood before the stern judge. He was charged with attempted manslaughter *en masse*. A dozen negro witnesses swore, in chosen words, clothed in high-church accents, that our fellow countryman had, in a moment of insanity or of intoxication—they would not be precise—chased half a hundred Barbadian negroes five miles over the Continental divide, and that, when the police came and he was disarmed, there was a razor in each of his clenched hands.

"Law bless you, Judge," explained the prisoner, "I never meant no harm; all these boys had fallen asleep at their shovels, and I thought I ought to wake 'em up, and I jes' had the razor in my hand when the thought came; but, Lor', Judge, I wouldn't have cut 'em any more than I'd cut up so many canary birds. As a brother black man, says I to myself, you ought to wake 'em up."

He certainly did. It was a week before this section of the Canal Zone resumed its accustomed air of tranquillity. Some of the plaintiffs, however, even asserted that they had not been able to sleep since; their nerves were all "onstrung." The judge glared at our countryman, and his words were sharp and incisive, but when his sentence was recorded it was evident that he had taken into consideration certain extenuating circumstances, which all will appreciate who have seen the West Indian negro at work or at play.

After this somewhat sweeping assertion, it is only fair to say that a great change has come over the Barbadian and the Jamaican blacks working on the Canal. Now, that they are receiving a man's rations, pay, and lodgings; now, that they no longer live, or, rather, subsist, like the furtive scavengers of the fields, their daily output or stint of work is more nearly approaching our standard of what a day's work should be. The Panama Problem is yet unsolved, and will remain so until the ships go steaming through from ocean to ocean, but in the meantime the great work is finding solutions for many of the problems of West Indian life.

Saint Kitts, generally called "Sinkets" by its inhabitants, is nearly, if not quite, as ancient a colony as Barbados, but in other respects its destinies have been very different. Barbados has remained in the undisturbed possession of the English crown since 1625, and practically the only wars it has known have been between its own Cavaliers and Roundheads. On the other hand, Saint Kitts furnished the stage upon which the century-long war between France and England for the sugar islands was fought out. However, all

this ended with the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, and the island became finally English at the same time that the independence of the continental colonies was recognized.

Possibly, as the Kittefonians pretend, their island attracted from England a gentler class of settlers. It is certain that at one time great luxury of living prevailed, and estates were mortgaged in reckless confidence of coming crops. The sugar squires have all gone to their rest now in Middle Island churchyard, and their descendants are, as a rule, following the sea in distant parts of the world. The first Kittefonian I ever met was out in Siam, where he was first officer of a tramp steamer, gathering in a copra cargo somewhere off the Pepper Coast. He always had an eye on the sugar market, however, and cherished the hope that one day improving prices would permit him to return to the plantation which at the time he had left in the hands of the blacks. For an island that has made so much noise in the world, Saint Kitts is very small, only about seventy square miles in area. Basse Terre, the chief port, is rather squalid, and overrun with apparently starving negroes. To-day, as a matter of fact, Saint Kitts is chiefly remarkable in that it is the only fragment of the New World which Columbus named after himself, or, rather, after his name-saint.

In the middle of the island rises Mount Misery, a fairly quiescent volcano with an undeniable crater inside the peak, and a number of sulphur vents and fumaroles. Many people think, and some scientists explain why, Mount Misery may become active at any moment, but the present-day Kittefonians have too

many actual pressing cares to worry about problematical ones of the future. The view from the summit of this volcanic cone is very magnificent and well worth the climb, which is an easy one, especially when made half-way on pony-back. Partly concealed under the leeward slope of Mount Misery, on the Caribbean side of the island, crumble and decay the ruins of the famous Brimstone Hill Citadel. Several million sterling are said to have been expended upon this useless fortress that was known so long as the Gibraltar of the West Indies, though it commands no strait of any particular strategical importance. To-day the bastions and the casemates of the fortress are deserted save for the wild monkeys, which are very numerous.

I confess that the visit to Saint Kitts, which I remember with most pleasure, was one in which I did not reach land. We were running before a northeaster which, on the Dominican coast, developed into something approaching a cyclone. We were evidently a full hundred miles to the eastward of the storm centre, and only suffered from a tremendous sea, until we came off Basse Terre. This is, at best, an open roadstead, and, with such a sea as prevailed, a landing was impossible. Our captain was a Nova Scotia "Bluenose," and he was not satisfied of this until he had smashed two of his long-boats, and had experienced the greatest difficulty in rescuing the half-drowned crews from the water. The unseasonable weather was particularly annoying, because it was here that our cargo crew was to come on board. To avoid quarantine and other troubles, it has become the custom in the West Indies for the large steamers to enroll a working-crew at one of the islands, and keep them on board until the



cargo is completed, and the ship is ready to return to American or European ports, whichever may be its destination. In this way innumerable fights with the local cargadores are avoided, and it is also possible to discharge cargo into lighters off an infected port without invalidating the steamer's bill-of-health.

I cannot recall ever having seen seas running so high or so irregularly. We imagined that Jacob, the smoking-room steward, a famous cricketer, who had played for the West Indies in the Jubilee matches in London, was joking when he grumbled about having to go ashore. It appeared, however, that his vacation was due, and permission had been given to him to leave the ship before we left New York. While Jacob, who was as black as coal, grumbled not a little at his bad luck, the captain could not persuade him, and, apparently, did not want to forbid him to go ashore. After taking off his shoes and wrapping them up in a bundle that he tied around his neck, of all places in the world! Jacob jumped overboard while we were steaming to and fro at least two miles from shore. We never caught sight of him again, and I thought that Jacob, the famous cricketer, at last had been bowled out.

Signals were passed constantly between the ship and the agent on shore. He had hopes of the weather moderating, and we remained in the offing for three or four anything but pleasant hours; then, to our utter amazement, the weather not having improved in the least, the signal came: "I shall send the working-crew out to you at all hazards."

Our skipper steamed in as near as he dared, but we were still a mile and a half off shore. The news of what was to be attempted must have spread like wild-

fire through the island, for the beach and the hills behind were black with people. All Saint Kitts was there to lend a hand, and to witness the foolhardy enterprise. Too many got on the little landing stage, which collapsed into the water, and three or four hundred men and women made their way to the shore again through the surf without apparently any casualties. At last we saw the long-boat, manned by sixteen oars, leave the shore line and draw slowly near the breakers. In a moment it was in the vortex, and then we could see nothing. A minute later there appeared a boat floating upside down, and fifteen or twenty black specks became visible in the white, foaming surge. A groan of despair went up from the ten thousand spectators on shore, and it reached us in the offing against the northeaster that was blowing. However, all the swimmers reached the shore, were rubbed down, filled with whiskey by the company's agent, and, I hear, encouraged to make another attempt in what was represented to be a better boat. Three times they tried, and three times their boat was capsized, and they had to make the best of their way through the raging, smashing surf, and in the terrific undertow, to the shore.

After the failure of the third attempt, I saw through my fieldglass the cargo boys get together and turn their backs upon the agent. They had a long confab, and my amazement was no greater than that of the captain, when we saw them again strip off their outer garments, tie them in little bundles around their necks, and start slowly and resolutely for the surf line. Our captain whistled his disapproval, but apparently nothing could deter these daring swimmers. You see,

it was not merely a job for a day—it was a job for three weeks that was in jeopardy, a job for which they are paid at the magnificent rate of forty cents a day.

Under his rough exterior, our skipper, like most sea dogs, concealed a good heart. He took some risk that afternoon putting the tempest-tossed steamer nearer than he should have done to the surf line. It was still a swim of over a mile practically in the teeth of a hurricane; but every one of the cargo-boys accomplished it, some in two hours, some in four, but at last we pulled them one and all on board. Whiskey flowed like water, and as we steamed away from our dangerous situation the cargo-boys sat down to a, for them, very unusual dinner. I have seen many remarkable swimmers in my day, but never a feat to equal this. It should also be remembered that these men were simply cargo-workers, and not chosen for their aquatic skill. They one and all swam with a strong overarm stroke, and kept their heads and shoulders surprisingly high out of the water. Halfway to shore they met Jacob, the smoking-room steward, and they reported him in good wind and cheerful, and that night, off Antigua, we received a telegram announcing that Jacob had duly arrived, and was beginning in a somewhat boisterous manner the vacation he had entered upon in such an unusual way.

Jamaica, "land of springs and streams," lies almost due south of New York, and distant about fifteen hundred miles. It is only five hundred and forty miles northeast of the entrance to the Panama Canal, and a few miles south of Cuba, so its geographical position brings it into very close touch with the coming countries of the Caribbean. Its area is about four thousand

two hundred square miles, and it is, I think, though many have a preference for Trinidad, the most valuable British possession in these seas. Kingston, the seat of government and commercial port of the island, was largely destroyed by the earthquake and the subsequent fires of January, 1907. It was the largest city in the British West Indies, having a population of over fifty thousand. Phœnixlike, Kingston has risen from its ashes, and will soon reassume its former importance. It is naturally an unattractive city, hot and very dusty, and the ravages of the earthquake seemed to me an opportunity to transfer the seat of government to Spanish Town, or some other equally suitable place. However, commercial considerations decided the question, which was never officially raised, but only whispered. It is certain that as a half-way port between our maritime states of the Atlantic Seaboard and the Panama Canal, Kingston and its harbour will always be of great importance to the United States.

The environs of Kingston are as beautiful as is the city itself hopelessly plain and unattractive. The various gardens and botanical stations, all easily accessible, and furnished with elaborate testing machinery and appliances for the cultivation of better agricultural methods, indicate the conscientious administration which the British Government, at least throughout the nineteenth century, has been at pains to maintain here. On the whole, this has been a thankless task, without, of recent years at least, any of the financial reward that India has afforded. Nevertheless, England has given her best men and her best thought to the condition of the black inhabitants of the island, and the result is

undoubtedly shown in the more hopeful condition of the negro here. I am far from believing, with that handful of West Indians, with one or two exceptions all residents of England, who loudly proclaim that this honourable effort and most intelligent appreciation of racial characteristics has resulted in the solution of the black problem. Indeed, here, as everywhere, incidents daily occurred which, to my interpretation at least, pointed to the development of the irrepressible conflict. I enjoyed a most interesting conversation on this subject with Sir Sydney Olivier, the radical Governor of the island. The sentiments which he expressed were, however, so revolutionary that I have preferred only to reproduce them as they appear in a recent pamphlet from his pen.\*

The solicitude of the mother country for the well-being of Jamaica and the other productive islands did not, however, go to the extent of putting a tax on the British breakfast-table, and the tragedy of Jamaica, the fading of its glory, the ruin of its plantations, is but an incident of the Free-Trade crusade. To-day British statesmen are again studying the West Indian problem; many plans are proposed by which it is hoped prosperity may be brought back, but the question is a thorny one. To-day Jamaica, and, in a less degree, Dominica and Montserrat, are feeling the enlivening touch of a new era and an unsuspected prosperity. Thirty years ago in these islands fruit was unsalable, and the trees were often cut down when bearing and in their prime, for fuel. To-day the same orchards and groves are patrolled day and night, and enjoy all the painstaking protection and solicitude that

\*See Appendix G, Note III, page 448.

are bestowed upon valuable and income-paying possessions. The very scattered nature of the new-born prosperity adds a new difficulty to the already thorny West Indian problem. For many years past the voice of the West Indian Press has been raised in and out of season in cries for new markets, or at least for the old. This Press has generally shown its loyalty to the King and unwritten constitution, by depicting, in lurid, sensational colours, how unfortunate we all are who live in the United States under a written constitution and laws of our own making. This Press is particularly strong and particularly lurid in its descriptions of lynchings, and the West Indian negro is given to understand that these burning-parties take place almost every day in almost all the large cities, and for offences which, in His Majesty's dominions, would meet with no other punishment than a possible fine of five shillings. But when the question of business is under discussion, the language of loyalty and respectful suggestion vanishes, and the West Indian Press indulges in pretty matter-of-fact talk. Now and then the drift of the argument borders on treason, and must shock the susceptibilities of the Colonial Office.

"If we are left to shift for ourselves commercially," say the West Indian editors, "we have the right to command complete liberty of political action." This evident discontent, which, from our point of view, is fully justified, has led to much painstaking study of the market possibilities in which West Indian products are concerned. As yet, however, these studies and scientific surveys have not resulted in anything very substantial. It is, perhaps, too early in the day to ex-

press without reserve an opinion as to the trans-oceanic fruit trade, which is now being encouraged. Should it attain large and prosperous proportions—and I, for one, believe that it will—the prosperity of the fruit-growing islands at least will be assured. And the trade within the Empire will suffice the islanders for years to come. Jamaica has a Legislative Council consisting of the Governor, who has only a casting vote, and five *ex-officio* members, “namely, the senior military officer, Colonial Secretary, Attorney-General, Director of Public Works, and Collector-General, and such other persons, not exceeding ten in number, as His Majesty the King may from time to time appoint,” and fourteen members who are elected by the people. The educational and property qualifications for the voters are said to be higher than in Barbados, and this is a grievance noisily expressed by the black population. During my visit to the island a bye-election took place amid great excitement, in the inland and mountainous district of Westmoreland. The voters were squarely divided on the colour question, and it was thought that the coloured legislator could hardly fail to win. However, on election day the mountain streams were flooded, and the coloured voters, fearful of wetting their feet, waited for the waters to subside, while the white men waded through, and, though feverish and rheumatic, the next day had the satisfaction of knowing they had elected their candidate. But the majority of black voters in the island is so overwhelming, that even the most persistent rains will fail to prevent them securing proportionate representation in the Legislative Council at an early day.

Trinidad, though within ten degrees of the equato-

rial line, enjoys a remarkably healthy and agreeable climate. The downpours of the rainy season are tremendous, and certainly more copious than anything I have experienced in the Philippines and the other Indies, East or West. Trinidad claims to be quite outside of the hurricane zone, and is supported in this claim by all the oldest inhabitants. Nowhere is the wonderful diversity of these islands shown as to their products more than in Trinidad. Its fauna and flora are continental, which is natural enough, because the island is carved off the coast of the South American Continent, but its products do not coincide with those of the mainland, only a few miles away across the straits.

"We have," says a local historian of the island, "lakes of pitch, streams of tar, oysters growing on trees, an animal resembling a fish that produces its young alive, crabs that climb and feed in fruit trees, another fish that entertains us with a concert, and, lastly, one kind of fish that is clad in a complete suit of armour." Every man who ever went to Trinidad has proceeded to demolish this tropical Herodotus. I admit I have failed. Two of these astonishing statements which I have investigated are true absolutely, and I believe all the others are.

Port-of-Spain, the capital, and only city of any importance in this, "the land of the humming bird," as the inhabitants love to call their home, occupies a very beautiful position near the northwestern extremity of the island. Unlike Kingston, it is embowered in flowers and flowering trees, and it is certainly the most attractive city in the English West Indies. Some years ago it profited-by a great conflagration, which, al-



though rendering homeless for a time five thousand people, did away with all the palm-thatched structures and the narrow crooked streets that dated from the earlier days. Broad avenues were laid out, and parks and squares surveyed and plotted, and there is no reason why Port-of-Spain should not become the most beautiful tropical city of the world. As yet, however, it is not, and it is too early to make predictions, as the local magnates do, with the cocksureness which takes an American back in memory a generation or two, to the boomers of some of the mushroom cities of our own West. The great future of Trinidad and Port-of-Spain is not entirely dependent upon its own resources. The island and the port are for weal or for woe involved in the future of Venezuela. This port is the natural distributing-point for all the Venezuelan towns, and for the Orinoco trade. If Venezuela enjoys good government, and is developed commercially along modern lines, Port-of-Spain will become a great emporium and centre of distribution.

The mineral resources, as we commonly understand them, are very slender, but the Pitch Lake is mined every year for about one million dollars' worth of asphalt. This brings in two hundred thousand dollars a year to the government, a very snug windfall, which all the other islands very naturally envy Trinidad. The rich soil, its moist, hot climate, make of the island a perfect paradise for tropical agriculture. The planters stood by sugar, like all their kind, for many years, but at last they have turned to cocoa, the output of which has increased over one hundred per cent. in the last eight years. This crop is inexpensive in its cultivation, and a cocoa plantation permits of residence

in the healthy hill countries, which are so picturesque and agreeable to the planter from northern latitudes.

Trinidad still retains a large proportion of its primeval forests, and the government has been so wise as to conserve such large areas of first-growth timber as are thought necessary for the regulation of the water supply, and to temper the climate with that veil of moisture without which life here would be impossible, at least to the European. In these forests cedars grow to the height of eighty feet, and there are still immense quantities of mahogany and other rare, hard wood, many of which can be seen most comfortably by the traveller growing in the Botanical Garden.

Of the lesser islands, perhaps, the one that interested me the most lies off the coast of Martinique, and is to-day wholly uninhabited. We came upon Diamond Rock one beautiful, moonlight night, some five or six hours out from Fort de France. It is practically nothing more or less than a shaft of coral rock rising some two hundred feet out of the sea and, in certain lights, it looks not at all unlike an old square-rigger left standing on end by some feat of legerdemain unknown to modern navigation; but this is not the reason why all good English sailors hail this rock as His Majesty's sloop-of-war, Diamond Rock. Here, for reasons which are not very apparent, in these days of steamers, an English admiral during the eighteenth century left a man-of-war's crew under Captain Maurice, with orders not to let a Frenchman slip by into the channel, which gave access to the Martinico harbours. The English jackies dragged their guns up the side of the rocks, dug caves and bomb-proofs,

and made themselves very much at home. Not until then were the French most disagreeably apprised of the new neighbours that had installed themselves in their vicinity. Ship after ship, sailing for Martinico, was disabled or driven back, and, in consequence, the naval plans of the French admiral commanding in the Western Ocean were most disastrously affected. Finally, the whole French fleet was concentrated upon this shaft of rock. Attempt after attempt was made to "board," but every assault failed until provisions and water ran out, when the surviving crew of this strange man-of-war accepted the honourable conditions offered, and surrendered.

Nevis, the island of the snows, swims into view, with the summit of its single mountain capped with the white snowy cloud that gave it its name. It is wonderfully symmetrical, from its sea-washed base to its cloud-capped peak, which rises to an altitude of three thousand five hundred feet. Nevis and Dominica are, to my mind, the most beautiful islands of these seas. Perhaps they only seem so because they are so small that you can carry the picture and the memory of them in your head. Here in Nevis a hundred years ago a very high phase of civilisation was attained. Here Alexander Hamilton was born, and here Horatio Nelson married the wife who was so faithful to his unfaithfulness. The plantations are deserted, the estates ruined; on every side ignorance and apathy and neglected opportunity meet the eye. The island is said to be absolutely healthful, but, unfortunately, its products have been for many years a drug on the market, and the people of Nevis are very poor, and, what is worse, greatly discouraged. On a hill above

the little capital, Charlestown, you are shown the ruins which may be the ruins of the house where Hamilton was born, but in quaint Old Fig Tree Church, about two miles away, you can see the undoubtedly authentic record of Nelson's marriage, which reads "1787, March 11th. Horatio Nelson, Esq., Captain of H. M. S. *Boreas*, to Frances Herbert Nisbet."

Saint Lucia is the most northerly of the Windward Islands, and is governed from Grenada. The island has a very remarkable flora and fauna upon which naturalists love to dwell. Lucy's island is remarkable for its beauty, but as that is a trait which nearly all the islands in these seas possess, I should say that, to my mind, it is chiefly remarkable for its peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. It is, indeed, amazing how these islands, so very near together, exposed apparently to very much the same climatic influences, should each and every one of them, as it were, have developed a personality. Here we are, only a few miles from Barbados, and the bread-fruit tree flourishes in great luxuriance. Over in Barbados, however, where the fruit would be such a boon to the large population, so many of whom live always on short rations and near to starvation, the bread-fruit is very rare, and never makes a really healthy growth. One would naturally suppose that the bread-fruit trees in Barbados had been destroyed by shortsighted consumers, but I am assured that this is not the case, that it never grew there naturally, and that the specimens, few and far between, that one sees, have been of recent years transplanted, with little or no success.

This island has the disadvantage of a large serpent ✓ population. Here, it is said, but I was so fortunate

as not to meet even a little one, the terrible fer-de-lance sometimes reaches a length of seven feet. There is, I believe, no cure for its bite, and its presence here has certainly had a deterrent effect upon the coming of both white and black settlers to the island. There is another snake much more formidable in appearance, but, fortunately, not so in fact, that one meets everywhere. It is a constrictor about eleven feet in length when full-grown, and is called the "chicken-head." It is quite black, with yellow markings, and is, I think, a close cousin of our black snake at home. The capital and chief port of the island is Castries, on the northwest coast of the island, and at the head of the deep, spacious bay of the same name. The harbour is only a third of a mile across at its entrance, but it runs inland for a mile and a half, with an average width of three-quarters of a mile, and is entirely surrounded and protected by hills. This ideally situated port, whether for military or commercial purposes, is, or perhaps I should say was, the chief fortress and bulwark of British naval power in the West Indies. All the headlands north of the harbour entrance are fortified in the unobtrusive modern way, and gun-pits abound. However, they are more dangerous to the unwary pedestrians than to hostile shipping, as most of the guns have been removed.

Castries is always pointed out as an illustration and, indeed, as a revelation of the new British policy in the West Indies. At the time of the Venezuela squabble between England and the United States, in 1895, Castries was the scene of great military activity; some barracks were built, and others were planned, capable

of housing thirty thousand men at least; everything seemed to indicate that the port was destined to develop into a great military centre; then came the Salisbury-Olney correspondence, and its peaceful outcome. Those who maintain that to-day England has placed her American possessions under the protection of the Monroe Doctrine, point to the deserted and dismantled appearance of this fortress as proof of the correctness of their position.\*

The Dutch possessions in the West Indies have dwindled to Curaçao, Bonaire, and Ouruba, all lying near the South American coast. We have already mentioned Saba and Statia, which are practically comprised in the Virgin group. The area of all the Dutch possessions does not exceed five hundred square miles, or the population fifty thousand. The island of Curaçao is at once the largest, two hundred and ten square miles in area, as well as strategically the most valuable. The seat of the Dutch administration is in Curaçao, where the Governor resides, and where he is kept in countenance by an occasional visit from a Dutch man-of-war. Each of the outlying dependencies is ruled by an administrator appointed by the Queen, and sent out from Holland. These islands were conquered and settled by the Dutch West India Company, that had so much to do with the early history of Manhattan Island. The English captured Curaçao in 1807, but in 1815, in the general liquidation after the Napoleonic wars, it was ceded back to Holland. Willemstad, the capital, is a smugglers' paradise, and a rendezvous of revolutionists and political stormy

\*Statistics concerning the trade and the population of the Dutch islands are given in Appendix H, page 456.

petrels from all over the West Indian and South American world. Duties are next to nothing, the local government good and efficient, and the place should have become, as a distributing-point, the Hong-kong of the West. It has not done so, however, and probably never will, the Venezuelans and the Colombians being what they are commercially. The Dutch, however, cling to the place with a very wise appreciation of what its value would be now to a world power, and of how greatly this value will be enhanced when the Panama Canal, only distant forty hours' easy steaming, is completed. During the blockade of the Venezuelan ports by Germany, England, and Italy in 1903, the Germans made themselves very much at home in Curaçao. They tested its advantages as a naval station by actual experience, and there can be no doubt that they would like to secure permanent possession. This, and the ownership of Saint Thomas, are some of the minor questions that will be decided on that day of struggle to which the German naval officers drink every night with their toast: "Am tag" ("on or to the day").

The harbour of Curaçao, this Naboth's vineyard of the West Indian powers, is a landlocked lagoon that runs into three points. In it and upon an artificial island behind moat and portcullis the worthy Governor lives. His *mise-en-scène* smacks of the seventeenth century, but he himself is generally a very able and clever man, with modern, up-to-date ideas. The entrance to the harbour by the forts is so narrow that sentinels can hail one another across the water without raising their voices. The inlet is deep and straight, and widens out into a very capacious harbour, but I

imagine, without the expenditure of much money in improvements, access to this harbour would be dangerous, and perhaps impossible, to battleships of the first class.

There is no place quite like Curaçao in the world, and there is no wonder that the people of this peculiar ocean port should, in the course of many centuries, have hewn out a language of their own. Everybody who is educated, of course, can speak English, and the official speech is Dutch, but when the islanders are at home or in the market-place, wherever they are at ease, they speak papiamentu, which has been described as a "pepper-pot" of a language composed of Dutch, English, Indian, Spanish, and, above all, Hebrew words and roots. The commerce of the place is largely in the hands of Portuguese Hebrews, who came here several hundred years ago from Holland.

Margarita, the pearl island, is the most considerable of the Venezuelan islands. It lies off Cumana, the mainland port, and is near enough to Trinidad to be disagreeable at times. It was once the seat of lucrative pearl fisheries, but now the oyster beds are only fished on a small scale. Here, as everywhere else, the Venezuelans have killed, or, at all events, invalidated the goose that laid the golden egg. Margarita has an area of four hundred and fifty square miles, the climate of the coast is pleasant, and that of the interior very healthy. There are two small mountain ranges, one of which in peaks, and even in long, open plateau, reaches a height of four thousand feet. I am making this statement on information which I believe to be reliable, my personal knowledge of the island being limited to what you can see from a passing



steamer. During the blockade of 1903, the Germans landed here, and not only the coast line, but even the interior, was most carefully and thoroughly surveyed by them. There can be no doubt of the healthfulness and the strategic value of this island. Margarita may play a great rôle in the next West Indian war. To-day it is most difficult of access, and its population dwindling, those who remain are poverty-stricken; and those who do work are robbed of what little they may acquire by the Venezuelan tax collectors.

The winds and the waves of the West Indies have in almost all my wanderings received me in the kindest fashion. If you want to know what seafaring life was in these waters in the picturesque days, you must turn to the stirring pages of "Tom Cringle's Log." During the Spanish war I lay three days on board a broken-down torpedo boat in the Bahama Channel, during which the conviction was forced upon me that my fighting element was not the sea. Again, on a commercial vessel, one of those ancient death-traps which have at last vanished from these seas, I had an experience which contributed to the conviction I hold that no man has sailed into the heart or the centre of a West Indian hurricane and survived to tell the tale. Off the Bermudas we ran into a good gale, and for twenty-four hours, battened down and close-hauled, if you will, and with ports screwed tight, the ship down below a steaming cauldron, and on deck pandemonium, we ran before it. For a time the barometer was stationary, and gave us no indication of what was coming; then it sank lower and lower, swift-moving tongues of clouds enveloped the ship on every side, the gale became unsteady, now coming from one direction, now

from another. To keep our battered bow to the swirling, circling storm was no easy matter; it shifted quicker than we could, and though we kept turning like nothing more that I can remember than a chicken with its head off, we were often caught abeam and washed clean. We were so unfortunate as to have a deck cargo of mules, some forty or fifty there were, bound for the Barbados and the Guiana mines, and over the roar of the hurricane and the creaking of the old ship's timbers now and again we heard the death shriek of an animal from old Missouri that, with his iron stall, was picked up and tossed as lightly into the sea as though he had been a canary in its cage.

About the fifth hour after the blow had developed into a hurricane, the bridge structure went, and the captain nearly went with it. However, he took refuge, with his quartermaster, in the deck-house, and things looked better for an hour or two; then a great wave went entirely over the wounded craft, the skylights were smashed, and the whole ship flooded. Though the pumps were going, and though they sucked well, and passengers and stewards, as well as the sailors, worked at them with a will for dear life's sake, the fires in the lower tier of boilers were put out, and it required pistols and carbines that were not loaded with blank to keep the negro and Italian firemen and stokers at their work, upon which we still built a slender edifice of hope. There was another lull, and then we were caught again by a beam sea; the straining, creaking steering-gear, or, rather, its connection with the deck-house, became disarranged, and for a moment we lay, a masterless ship, a cockleshell at the mercy of the seas.

The captain retreated to the poop-deck, and soon, by his indomitable will and courage, again secured control. Six men were lashed directly to the wheel, and soon again she rode easier, facing the storm. The shrieks of the mules, for their cries of agony and fear were neither neighs nor brays, had ceased now, the iron gates of their stalls had been driven into their quarters, and all of them that had not been washed overboard were dead or dying. The scuppers ran red with their blood, and the sharks were visibly following a trail that possibly might lead to us. Another great sea, which sent us on our beams' ends, piled the dead mules up in a pyramid, which gave the ship a dangerous list that could not be righted except in one way. Ten of the sailors, armed with axes, were ordered by the chief officer, who carried a pistol in each hand, to clear away the mule wreckage. Another towering wave surprised them at their work, and, though they had been tied together with ropes, two of the men were swept overboard, never to return. The rest retreated, the pyramid of mule flesh remained, and the sharks leaped gaily about in the scarlet trail we left behind. According to the log, as we examined it afterwards, the ship's agony lasted between forty-eight and fifty hours.

As for ourselves, we had no way and, perhaps, no inclination to mark the passage of time. During these hours it was neither day nor night, it was always dark and lowering; no meals were served, and no bells rang out to tell us how time was going; now and again we pitched down the companion-way and grabbed a bunch of brine-soaked sardines or a chunk of cheese, or took a gulp of brandy or rum from the swinging bottles

in the hanging-rack. At last we outran the storm, though for hours it kept yelping at our crippled heels. Even as our prospects grew brighter there came other anxieties. The ship was taking water, apparently through her seams, and flesh and blood and bone and sinew could work the pumps no longer. We had twenty barrels of oil on deck, and these, strange to relate, had remained fast to their moorings. One by one the captain broached the barrels, and the effect was almost marvellous. For hours afterwards the waves were large, perhaps larger than before, but the crest of each and every one of them seemed glassed over by the restraining fluid. Little or no water came on deck, and at last the water in the hold was gotten under control. Twelve hours later we limped into Saint Thomas, and two of our lady passengers had the courage and the ingratitude to go ashore and libel the ship for the undoubted damage their wardrobes had received in the course of our unusual experience. . . .

It is impossible, in equal measure I think, to enter fully in a volume of this character into the wonderfully romantic history of the Antilles and the Caribbee islands, or yet to quite ignore it. So I have decided to give the story of Tobago somewhat in detail, in the hope that all readers may receive a suggestion of the wealth of romance that here lies entombed in the manuscript folios of forgotten chronicles awaiting the life-giving touch of an historian worthy of the great task.

Tobago should be Tobacco, as it was called after the Carib pipe, which, in outline, it was supposed by Columbus, who landed here in 1498, greatly to resemble. Sir Olive Leigh, the discoverer of Barbados, that is,

as far as the English are concerned, the Portuguese having probably been on the scene first, made a settlement here at the end of the sixteenth century, or a generation before Jamestown, in Virginia, was founded. The Caribs of the neighbouring islands and the mainland harassed this pioneer colony unceasingly, and on several occasions, after meeting with great losses, the English abandoned the island. Tobago was included in a grant made in 1628 by Charles I to the Earl of Montgomery, but the colonists whom he sent out were nearly all killed by the Caribs, who were apparently at this time acting in union with the Spaniards. Those who survived their attacks at last abandoned Tobago, where, up to the present, never once had the pipe of peace been smoked, and made good their escape northward to the island of New Providence.

Four years later two hundred Zeelanders from Flushing, seeking a new home, cast their anchor here. They built on a new site, and apparently were quite ignorant of the island's bloody history. Within a year, however, they were set upon by the Indians, this time under the open leadership of the Spaniards, and driven away. For a time solitude resumed its sway, and the island was rarely visited. Now and again a curious mariner or pirate—the line was hard to draw in those days—came this way, viewed the blood-stained ruins of the various settlements, and it is supposed that one of these gave to the great Defoe the details and the topography of the island, which he worked out with mathematical accuracy in the immortal pages of "Robinson Crusoe."

In 1641 James, Duke of Courland, a small state on

the Baltic, sent out two shiploads of settlers, who were apparently Russians and Lithuanians. They established themselves on the north coast, and for a time the colony flourished. Later a settlement was made on the south coast by a company of Scotch merchants, and then what is known in these seas as the "Fish-lingo" war began—so known in all probability because some of the Dutch came from Flushing. In a few years the Courlanders or Russians were killed or driven away, and the victorious Scotch remained in undisputed possession until 1662. The Dutch company in this year conveyed all the right they possessed in the territory to Cornelius Lambsius, who placed the island under the protection of France, and was created Baron of Tobago in the French peerage. About this time the Dukes of Courland made another settlement on the island, but they were somewhat unceremoniously ejected by Louis XIV, whose descendant, Louis XVIII, in later years, in the days of his exile, found refuge and protection in Mitau, the capital of the Courlanders.

While the Dutch, the Baltic sailors, and the French were engaged in the triangular war which followed, some English privateers from Jamaica came along and, finding the island desirable, took forcible possession, turning out "the foreigners," as they reported to the Governor of Port Royal. The privateersmen soon grew weary of their beautiful but somewhat side-tracked island, and, after a few months, sailed away again, seeking adventures. The garrison they left behind was shortly afterwards overpowered by a French force from Grenada. Those of the privateers who were not so fortunate as to fall in battle,

are said to have been compelled to walk the plank by the pious Frenchmen, who only a few weeks before had massacred the last of the Caribs remaining under arms.

The French soon abandoned the island, and the Dutch came back. In 1672 they were again driven out by a force from Barbados under Sir Tobias Bridges. The Dutch returned in great force, but in 1677 they were defeated and driven out by the French fleet, under Count D'Estrées.

The French now decided to abandon an island which had caused so much bloodshed and the wasting of treasure, and Louis XIV very magnanimously handed the place back to the Courlanders.

The Baltic Duke, however, was not to be inveigled into any more West Indian adventures, and, in 1682, he transferred his title to the place to a company of London merchants. In their hands, apparently, the island did not prove the bonanza it was thought to be, and when, about 1690, the island, by an agreement between the five great powers concerned, was declared neutral, "to be visited only by fleets for wood and water," the merchant adventurers of London apparently made no protest.

About 1750 the French took possession, and founded a colony. This the English disturbed in 1762, and, by the treaty of 1763, the island, after many vicissitudes, only a few of which are outlined here, passed again into the possession of the English. From that day down to the present Tobago has been constantly inhabited by Europeans, but the wars did not end. The island was again invaded by the French in 1781, but the English colonists more than held their

own, and the French invaders had to betake themselves to the woods. For ten years the tenure of the English was undisturbed, but in 1802 the island again passed into the hands of the French, and, as a local historian has it, "the island cast its vote for Napoleon Bonaparte when he was elected First Consul."

There is another local legend which is of particular interest to Americans. According to it, in 1793 John Paul Jones visited the island, and stayed there many months. He is supposed to have cherished a scheme to take possession of the island, and to carve out for himself a Carib kingdom. It is certain that John Paul was not here in 1793, and the rest of the story lacks the corroboration of undisputed documents.

There can be no doubt that Tobago is the island Defoe had in mind when he wrote his immortal work, and the painstaking researches of Mr. Ober in "Crusoe's Island" show with what wonderful accuracy the great romancer outlined the scene of his greatest work. He may have profited by the adventures of Alexander Selkirk on the Pacific island of Juan Fernandez, but Crusoe and his man Friday, who was a Carib, only lived and suffered and played their manly rôles upon the shores of Tobago. The ocean currents flow past the island to-day just as Crusoe found them. Just as Defoe took them down from a loquacious but exceedingly accurate mariner over a quart of sack. The cave is there, and the goats, and if you show a desire to see them, and a sixpence, the natives will show you the footprints on the sand and the grisly remains of the Carib war-feasts.

For four hundred years Tobago has been "boomed" by colonizers. More land companies



have been formed to exploit this little Eden than any corner of the globe. In 1683 famous John Poynts, who was, perhaps, not a wholly disinterested observer, wrote as follows concerning the famous and fertile island of Tobago:

"And I am persuaded that there is no island in America that can afford us more ample subject to contemplate the bounty and the goodness of our great Creator in than this Tobago; and this I speak not by hearsay or as one who has always lived at home, but as one that has had experience of the world and been in the greatest part of the Caribbee islands, and in almost all His Majestie's foreign plantations, and having viewed them all, have chosen this island of Tobago to take up my *quietus est in*."

What this ancient mariner wrote was true then, and is true to-day. In a similar strain, but in more modern words, the British Imperial Department of Agriculture calls to the attention of prospective settlers the undoubted advantages of this island, which is healthy, enjoys a pleasant climate, and is well outside the hurricane zone. Still, settlers do not come in great numbers, and many, very many, go away, not to return. The negroes, who form nine-tenths of the population, about twenty thousand souls, believe that, as far as the white men are concerned, the island is haunted, that the ghosts of the treasure-hunters who died in the disgraceful wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries return to haunt the present occupants of their blood-soaked plantations. Be this as it may, it is a fact that the settlers soon go away to Trinidad and elsewhere. Perhaps a sufficing explanation is that the present generation cannot stand the trial of solitude, as did the stalwart Crusoe.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE FRENCH ISLANDS

ALL that remains of the French West Indian Empire of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that Rodney and his fleet overthrew are the magnificent islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique, and the little islets that belong to the same group—Deseada, so called because it swam into view on Columbus's second voyage when the sailors were hungry and thirsty for the sight of land, and Marie Galante, not so called after any of its very charming inhabitants, but in memory of a Spanish man-of-war that here went ashore. I had almost forgotten the Saints, following in this the example of the French administration, which lets the people of the Saints go their own gait, which is said to be that of the Gulf of Guinea.

In all, the French islands \* have a superficial area of about six hundred and fifty square miles, and a population of about one hundred and seventy-five thousand, almost exclusively black. These islands are at present passing through a severe economic crisis and a political revolution, which, it is thought by many, neither their commerce nor their civilisation, for that matter, is likely to survive. With their natural markets closed by the heavy import duties which we impose, the French islanders persist in raising sugar,

\*Statistics dealing with the commercial, financial, and political situation in these islands are given in Appendix I, page 457.

which their rivals can produce more cheaply, both in the West Indies and in Europe. In consequence, the trade of the islands has fallen off nearly one-half since 1878.

Guadeloupe really consists of two islands, about equal in size, united by a narrow isthmus, which is traversed by a marine channel called the Salt River, about three hundred feet wide, and accessible to vessels of light draught. The eastern island, where stands Pointe-à-Pitre, the capital, at the southern entrance of the channel, bears the name of Grande Terre (high land), although in reality it is smaller and lower than Basse Terre (low land), as the western island is called. Basse Terre is entirely volcanic, and its lofty wooded ridges culminate in the famous volcano of La Soufrière.

Guadeloupe has a history full of cruel episodes and ferocious figures. When the island fell to the English in 1794, the slaves were manumitted, and since then, if not before, the colour question has been the keynote of the island's life. When, in 1802, the island, together with Martinique, was restored to France in exchange for Saint Lucia, an attempt to return the so recently freed men to slavery led to dire results. Hundreds of former slaves committed suicide, and four hundred blew themselves up in a fortress rather than return to their task-masters. It is a little-known fact of the island's history, but nevertheless true, that at this time thousands of the islanders who rebelled against a return to their former state were transported to Europe, drafted into French regiments, and for the most part perished in the Napoleonic wars. The local historians have it, I believe on good author-

ity, that three thousand Guadeloupians died on the retreat from Moscow alone.

Despite the introduction of coolie labour from the East Indies, following the example set by the British Isles, the trade of the French Caribbees continues to fall, and the efforts that are now being made to induce the planters to vary their crops are not notably successful. As a matter of fact, practically all the plantations in these islands are owned by the banks, who have advanced large sums of money upon property which is steadily depreciating in value. Sugar is a crop that cannot be made way with entirely by rural thieves, but, in view of the lawless conditions prevailing, none of the banks have as yet shown willingness to advance money for the planting of small fruits. Doubtless owing to the fact that the population is not so dense as in some of the British islands, the poverty that one meets with is not so great or, at all events, it is carried off with a gaiety of heart and an insouciance which are wholly Gallic. The very apparent admixture of French blood among the people of colour makes these islanders more attractive to my mind than are the Spanish or the English half-breeds. They may not be such worthy people as are the English islanders. Statistics would go to show most decidedly that they are not, but they are gay and bright, courteous to the stranger at least, and you will find association with them less depressing and paralysing to the mental faculties than with the Barbadian and Jamaican negro, good, worthy people though the latter be for the most part.

With that striving after uniformity which is the most striking characteristic of their modern political life in France, the West Indian islands are governed, at least

this is the theory, as though the wide ocean did not intervene, and the islands were so many departments of Continental France. It is true that the nominal head of affairs is known as the Governor, but his duties and his powers are precisely the same as those of a departmental préfet at home.

The insular deputies, with their at times very important votes in the National Assembly, are much more likely to be considered than the titular head of the island administration, who, in the political world, is nobody. The first result of this anomalous state of affairs is that the Governor can only remain in office as long as he secures the support of the deputies. If he would remain, he must share with them his powers.

Since the destruction of Saint Pierre, which was the centre of the white population, and the seat of culture in the French islands, the equilibrium between the whites and blacks, which for several decades had been maintained, with each year increasing difficulties, has been rudely upset. The deputies chosen since the disaster have been almost without exception men of the lowest social position, and of most radical politics. The idea of a perfect equality between the races has long since been abandoned as antiquated, and upon the stump in the islands at least, if not in the Palais Bourbon in Paris, the negro deputies demand the supremacy of the blacks. These tribunes of the cane fields and the port cafés rule the unfortunate Governor of the hour with an iron hand, and of late it has been extremely difficult to secure suitable men for this unenviable position. It cannot be disputed that, as a rule, the administrators sent out from France do not compare favourably with the official classes of the

British islands, and in view of the existing circumstances, their inferiority is not to be wondered at.\*

Apily illustrating the position in which these unfortunate administrators find themselves placed is the story of the Governor who, after five months of office, was welcomed back to the boulevards in a banquet given in his honour by admiring friends.

"You, who have ruled our great insular dependency for five months," perorated the welcoming orator.

"That *blague* may go in the Palais Bourbon," interrupted the Governor, "but, among friends, I must say I had no more influence or control over the destinies of my island than Sancho Panza had over his."

The question of the hour when I was in Guadeloupe, in the winter of 1909, was, and is still, *L'Affaire Legitimus*, so called after its sad hero, a negro politician, who, after having attained the highest local offices, was finally sent to France to represent the island in the Chamber of Deputies. While I do not believe all the stories current in white circles of the island in regard to this remarkable political trickster, it is a fact that, despite (or should I say, perhaps, because of) his exceedingly grotesque appearance, Legitimus is the idol of the women of the island, and his successes are due entirely to their suffrages, expressed at the poll through merely incidental men and their servants. While politics in Guadeloupe are in an otherwise very modern condition, the ballot has not as yet been given to the women, who must still exercise their influence indirectly.

When I was in Pointe-à-Pitre, the administrative centre of the colony and the home of this black statesman, who is generally regarded by foreign observers,

\*See Appendix, page 459.

and, I think, correctly, as a typical and characteristic production of the unhappy political conditions that here obtain, advantage was taken of a short absence of M. Legitimus, recently elected deputy, to examine closely into his accounts while Mayor of the capital. As a result of this investigation, warrants were immediately issued for his arrest. Though the whole island constabulary was engaged in his pursuit, Legitimus successfully evaded arrest in a way which demonstrated how illusory is the French control of the island, and how powerless is the alien administration to enforce any law or carry out any project which runs counter to the popular will. The gendarmes never could lay hands upon this black Spartacus, though I believe he was never more than a day's journey away from the capital, and was in constant communication with his friends and partisans. By some of these latter I was invited to repair to his hiding-place, but out of respect to the French authorities I did not avail myself of the opportunity, which, however, was tempting in many ways. His partisans assured me that Legitimus had no fear as to the result of the trial, though they regretted that the machinery of the law courts was practically in the hands of his enemies. He remained in hiding, they claimed, simply awaiting the assembling of the French Chamber, when, in his capacity as deputy, the prosecution would have to admit him to bail.

In Haytian history the loyalty and faithfulness of the four hundred brothers-in-law of General Jean Joubert is legendary, and Deputy Legitimus would seem to exercise the same fascination over all the members of the families to which he was united by a tie which, in our world, is generally regarded as a purely per-

sonal one. During his refuge in the country, the black Adonis was not allowed to mope in solitude. Some fifty women of the capital, representing every negroid type in complexion, shared his hardships, and their brothers organised themselves into a battalion, which camped around the sylvan retreat, ready to make short shift of the gendarmes, had they stumbled upon the clue to the sylvan labyrinth that was known to so very many people.

Some weeks after my departure, the French Chamber met, and, as his partisans said he would, M. Legitimist presented himself for trial. He was found guilty of embezzlement and the misuse of official funds. The blacks made very alarming demonstrations before the courthouse, and the night after the verdict was given the capital was set on fire in a dozen places. Several hundred thousand dollars' worth of damage was done, but, fortunately, the city escaped the total destruction that had evidently been planned. Unless clothed with some consular office, or unless they consort entirely with the blacks, the French Caribbees are a very unpleasant place of residence for white men to-day. The ruling spirits of the black political groups are imbued with the most revolutionary ideas. France has always showed a sentimental attachment for these islands, and has made more sacrifices for their well-being than England has ever cared to make for her West Indian possessions. To-day, however, the sentimental tie is worn quite threadbare under the constant friction of ingratitude. The French Government, so energetic and so thoughtful of the development of its other colonies, would seem inclined to let these islands go by the board.



✓ It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the political situation in Martinique and Guadeloupe is deplorable, and, indeed, a menace to the peace of the adjacent islands. The blacks have complete control of all the electoral districts save one, assassination of political opponents is the order of the day, and, as the investigation recently concluded by a parliamentary commission shows, the insular officials frequently seek forgetfulness of their sorrows in ether drams and injected morphine.\* Professor Sapper of Tübingen University has recently visited the islands, and came away with very pessimistic impressions of their future. He draws a sad picture of colonial decay, and agrees with Monsieur De Grandval, a recent French writer on the subject, who says "the only true remedy for the existing conditions would be a profound modification of the conditions of colonial representation"; in other words, a restriction of the franchise to those worthy of it. This step is not at all likely to be taken, however. If it is, my white informants tell me, a garrison of fifty thousand men would be required to protect white and governmental property on the islands. I have preferred to let German and French critics reveal the situation of whites on the island, but I must add that I personally would prefer to take my chances of life and liberty in Hayti than in Guadeloupe while controlled by Monsieur Legitimus. All whites who have other resources, or the strength and the will to seek them in other lands, are leaving the islands, and those who are compelled by circumstances to remain are greatly to be pitied.

I have quoted the views of Captain Darrieus, the

\*See Appendix I, Note III, page 459.

French naval strategist, in my introductory chapter. It has seemed interesting to me to follow this distinguished officer still further in his West Indian conclusions and prophecies.

He says:

“But, it will be objected, there exists no pretext for intervention of the United States in the islands that still belong to European powers. That is, perhaps, true to-day, but it will no longer be so to-morrow. The method to be pursued has undergone the test of experience in the case of Cuba. In his message sent to Congress two years before the war, President Cleveland laid particular stress upon the great interest which all Americans had in seeing peace established in Cuba. In this connection he neglected to admit that the fires of insurrection were started, upon the one hand, upon American soil by Cuban refugees who were received there with open arms, and, on the other hand, fanned into the flame of open revolt on the shores of the island by former revolutionists who had become naturalised citizens of America, the better to plot, and, above all, to do so with the least danger to their persons and property.

“This method is not even American, for it has long been known and practised in the world. In what concerns us more directly it may nevertheless be asked if the frequency of disturbances during recent years in the French West Indies really has its single origin in internal political difficulties? We cannot and should not fail to note with what eagerness the first assistance was rendered by the Americans at the time of the catastrophe in Martinique and later in Jamaica.

“The danger [to France of losing her West Indian possessions] exists in a latent state, but it is sure. If it can be considered as still far distant, it is none the less necessary to examine our situation with all possible care. Strategy offers us two ways of preparing for

it, and two only. We should either sell our West Indian islands to the highest bidder or we should get our forces ready in anticipation of a possible conflict with America. In the latter event the lesson of the Spanish war, derived above all from Spain's errors, clearly demonstrates the necessity of establishing at Fort de France an immense base of supplies and of operations capable of supplying our entire fleet.

"This step would entail vast expense, and in all probability we would not be allowed to make such an effort out of all proportion to the value of the possessions endangered. . . . On the other hand, in my opinion, by selling Martinique and Guadeloupe to the United States we would accomplish a fine stroke of strategy. I insist upon this because, far from leaving our subject, we are showing by this striking example of what far-seeing conceptions the military art is made.

"While these islands [Martinique and Guadeloupe] are of little if any value to us—indeed, they are simply a costly luxury—they would have great value in the possession of the Americans. Fort de France especially would be for the Americans a naval base of exceptional strategic advantage when the opening of the Panama Canal has drawn into the West Indian waters the fleets of all nations. This port is an incomparable advance post of Caribbean empire, and its acquisition would be for the Americans a conservative investment, while at the same time its sale would relieve us of a great anxiety. Indeed, the whole transaction would compare favourably with Napoleon's excellent strategy in the Louisiana affair.

"Above all, let us not do as Spain did, when, in 1848, the United States Government made definite proposals for the purchase of Cuba. Wrapping her tattered mantle about her, Spain then replied: 'Rather than that, let the beautiful island be engulfed in the sea.' Fifty years later she lost Cuba, and the purchase money which she might have had and which now would stand her in such good stead."

## CHAPTER XV

### PORTO RICO—OUR POLITICAL APPENDIX

PORTO RICO is generally supposed to have had no history, and, in lieu of it, we are generally regaled with a few legends in regard to the conquistadores and with romantic imaginings concerning Ponce de Léon's search for the fountain of youth. As a matter of fact, the history of the island, which was not "ever faithful" as the Spanish writers would have us believe, is only a little less "exasperated," to use a Spanish expression, than that of Cuba. Here, of course, in 1819 and in 1820, came the news of the successful independence wars that had been fought against Spanish authority on the adjacent continent, and in neighbouring islands. There were several uprisings in 1822, when General Della Torre, who had been driven out of Venezuela by Bolivar, came to rule in Porto Rico. The most interesting of these revolutions was undoubtedly one planned by a Swiss adventurer named Holstein. He fomented an uprising of the negroes against the white inhabitants, with the avowed purpose of founding a republic. The slaves were not to be granted liberty, but it was not thought necessary to inform them of this until the victory had been secured. Some of the negroes, who were in the plot, started the rebellion prematurely, and it was bloodily suppressed. Holstein, with two vessels laden with ammunition, was stopped in Curaçao, and he was obliged to abandon

the enterprise. Two years later there occurred in Ponce another uprising of the negroes. Again they were crushed, and all their leaders executed.

About this time there occurred an interesting and well-nigh forgotten incident of West Indian history. These seas were still infested with pirates, who frequently captured merchant ships and made all commercial undertakings very uncertain. The Spanish authorities did absolutely nothing to stop this scandalous state of affairs, and the Captain-General of the island was generally supposed to have a working agreement with the chiefs of the pirates that was very profitable to him personally. In these circumstances the United States Government felt called upon to do its first important piece of police work in the Caribbean, and a fleet of ten or twelve vessels, under Commodore David Porter, was sent out with orders to drive the pirates from the seas.

There was, of course, immediate friction with the Spanish authorities, and our vessels were refused admission to the harbour of San Juan. One of our ships, however, insisted upon entering, was fired upon from Moro Castle, and her commander killed. For a moment war between the two countries seemed likely, but explanations were offered, it turned out that the American commander had been at least technically in the wrong, and Commodore Porter accepted the expression of regret which the Captain-General hastened to offer. While our fleet was eminently successful in its fight against the pirates, still a number of small craft continued to disturb the commerce of the island, and in 1824 an American vessel in search of pirates entered the harbour of Fajardo. The officials of this

town trained their guns on the vessel and forbade it to leave port. For all answer, Commodore Porter sailed into the harbour, landed his men, and spiked all the guns of the shore batteries. The Spanish Government, at this time fully occupied with troubles at home, does not seem to have paid any attention to the American commodore's unusual, if highly successful, action.

From now on piracy became a pursuit not without danger. It was not entirely suppressed, however, in these ideal seas for buccaneering until about 1840. General De La Torre lived in fear that the independence movement would reach his insular vice-royalty, and, to distract the thought of the people from politics, he encouraged all popular pleasures, and even dissipations. His government came to be known as that of the "three B's," "baile, botella, and barraja," or, "the dance, the bottle, and the gaming-booth."

Juan Prim became Captain-General of the island in 1847, and in the following year there occurred the famous insurrection of slaves in the neighbouring island of Santa Cruz. Prim, fearing a similar outbreak, ordered that slaves committing any offence, however trivial, should be tried by a court of military officers, and authorized the planters to kill their slaves at any time when, in their judgment, they showed an inclination to rebellion. This was called in the island legislation the "Black Law," and has been responsible for many more murders than has Judge Lynch in the United States.

The Emancipation proclamation of Lincoln struck a responsive chord in the hearts of many Porto Ricans, and societies were formed to urge a similar grant of freedom, and, in 1865, the Spanish Government in-

vited five of the local leaders to come to Madrid to furnish information as to the desired reforms. These men declared that the first reform should be the abolition of slavery. The Madrid Government was rather inattentive to these representations. In time the commission returned home, disgusted, and nothing came of their labours.

While the resulting feeling in the island was still very bitter against Spain, a mutiny occurred in the army. This furnished the Spaniards with an excuse for banishing to distant lands all the Porto Rican leaders, even those who, at the request of the home government, had criticised the existing abuses. The "Black Law" was again in vigour for a time, and many hundreds of slaves were killed in cold blood. In 1868 a revolution broke out in the town of Lares; about one thousand men took up arms, and the independence of Porto Rico was proclaimed. The Spanish military had but little difficulty in coping with this uprising. All men found with arms in their possession were killed, and of those imprisoned, about sixty per cent. died of yellow fever.

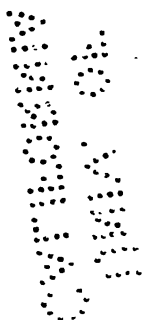
In the year 1873 Spain became a republic, and on March 22d of that year the Cortes passed an act abolishing slavery in Porto Rico, and made provision to reimburse the owners to the extent of eight million dollars. Thirty-four thousand slaves were set free, and the industry and the export trade of the island do not seem to have suffered greatly in consequence. In 1887 the popular discontent found expression in a political agitation, at the head of which was the famous Porto Rican leader, Baldorioty de Castro. A convention was held in Ponce, and, while Spain's authority



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

A Wayside Scene, Porto Rico





over the island was recognised, the assembled leaders claimed for the Porto Ricans the right to regulate their home affairs and to elect delegates to the legislative assembly of the island on a basis of manhood suffrage. In a word, the convention demanded autonomy, and soon a secret movement to boycott Spanish products became apparent. Many of those who had taken part in the work of the convention were dragged from their homes at night by the police and taken to lonely places, where they were whipped and tortured for the purpose of securing information that would implicate others. For some time after this little was heard, in public at least, of the autonomist party. De Castro died and the leadership fell into less able hands. In 1896 the party openly divided. Munoz Rivera, who is still a powerful factor in Porto Rico, and his followers favoured a union with the liberal party among the Spaniards, while Señores Barbosa and Sanchez Morales still adhered to the old plan of self-government.

Until 1872 the Spanish rule of the island was absolute in form as well as in fact, but in that year, the republicans being in power in Madrid, it was provided that sixteen delegates and four senators elected by the people should represent the island in the two houses of the Cortes. Only those who were able to read and write, or who paid a tax of eight dollars, could vote in these elections. In consequence, the number of voters was small, and the great majority of the representatives were members of the conservative or pro-Spanish party. The form of representation which the islanders had desired was generously planned by their republican friends, but when the republic disappeared

and the conservatives, not to say the reactionaries, came once again to the control of affairs in Madrid, the results were anything but satisfactory. The people claimed that the elections were not honest, and that their candidates could never be elected. As a matter of fact, having but little faith in the sanctity of the ballot, few Porto Ricans took the trouble to vote, and the government continued practically the same as in former days.

In November, 1897, however, under the pressure which the Cuban situation exercised, and practically as a war measure, preparatory to the conflict with the United States, Spain granted an autonomist form of government to the island. Provision was made for an assembly of district representatives and an administrative council, under the Governor and a cabinet of five secretaries. The islanders were also allowed to retain the same number of delegates and senators in the Cortes. Practically this autonomous form of government was never established, the Spanish-American war intervening, and, of course, the Spanish Government never had the slightest intention of carrying out the concessions which were made under great pressure. However, the act of autonomy is a very living and vital subject in Porto Rican politics. Measured by this paper legislative act, the American form of government seems less generous, and, of course, "autonomy as the Spaniards gave it to us" is the rallying cry of many malcontents.

The grievances of the Porto Ricans are, none the less, real, because they are formal rather than of fact, sentimental rather than substantial. The island is practically governed by the Insular Bureau of the War

Department, with the occasional advice and counsel of a congressional committee, which is burdened with many other important duties. The authority at law of the insular administration is drawn from the Foraker bill, a most excellent piece of legislation, which, however, was only designed to fill an interim, to act as a stop-gap. Unfortunately for us, and for Porto Rico, this temporary form of government has now done service for twelve years. Our whole colonial future is involved in the changes which the Porto Ricans desire, and new legislation is bound to come slowly. The highly civilised Latins of San Juan and of Ponce must wait, it would seem, for some time yet upon the savage Malays of Samar.

A great majority of Porto Ricans, I believe, would be satisfied with a territorial form of government, although they clamour most loudly for statehood. Mr. Cannon thinks, however, that for this honour an eternity of apprenticeship would not be overlong for them to serve. With the exceptions noted, and with a rose leaf here and there, the Porto Ricans are in a very fortunate position. They are growing rich, and the share of self-government allotted them is equal to their needs and, perhaps, to their capacities. Their international relation, however, is anomalous and uncomfortable. They are no longer subjects of Spain, and they have not become, in the fullest sense of the word, citizens of the United States. It is true that the Supreme Court has decided that the inhabitants of the island of Porto Rico are entitled to the protection of the United States Government, and that passports for foreign travel may be issued to them; still, they remain men without a country, and the disdain on our part

which their unfortunate situation implies has wounded the race pride of the Porto Ricans deeply, and is the inspiration of much of the discontent and unrest that are so noticeable throughout the island.

Our failure to legislate for Porto Rico in a permanent form is variously interpreted by publicists in Latin-America. By some it is held that our neglect and dilatory tactics are inspired by the disdain with which, according to Manuel Ugarte and other incendiary writers, we view all Latin-Americans. It is, of course, pointed out and emphasised in this connection that, though we have given the franchise to the negro, we withhold it from the Porto Ricans, although they are largely of white blood.

On the other hand, and in other quarters, the failure of Congress to place our relations with our only colony upon a permanent basis is frequently interpreted by Latin-Americans as meaning that the wave of Imperialism dating from 1898 has spent its force, and that there is a probability that we will at some future day withdraw from the island, and leave the Porto Ricans to their own devices.

The facts are, of course, quite at variance with these suppositions. It is the unfortunate fate of the island, our first colony, that its destiny and its legal status are involved with many of the vexatious and unsettled questions of the day, to mention only two, expansion and the race question. It is fully recognised, in and out of Congress by our public men, that aligned behind the Porto Rico problem stand the thorny questions of the ultimate future of much non-contiguous territory, of the Philippines certainly, and of Cuba in all human probability. In the end, a solution will

doubtless be reached by the concession to the islanders of a plan of progressive citizenship such as has recently and with satisfactory results been conferred upon the people of Madagascar by the government of the French Republic.

In the meantime, while the cornerstone of our colonial edifice is being fashioned, the situation of the Porto Ricans is one that cannot fail to be exceedingly trying to a high-strung people. It is to be hoped that, with the growing appreciation which the educated classes on the island show, of the vast importance to the Caribbean world of the measure of self-government they may be thought worthy to enjoy, they will continue to await the result of congressional deliberations with patience and dignity, and, above all, that they will turn deaf ears to the counsels of the demagogic leaders, who are unfortunately so numerous in several of the political groups that have recently distinguished themselves more by incendiary speeches than by acts that would hasten the concession of the form of citizenship which they pretend to desire. In reality many of these insular statesmen are so unbalanced as to pursue the dream of complete severance of all political relations with the United States.

The long-expected, I may say the long-delayed, plan for the government of the island of Porto Rico is embodied in a report by the Secretary of War, which, in February, 1910, President Taft transmitted to Congress with his full approval and endorsement. The essential features of the bill are as follows:

“ 1. Citizens of Porto Rico may become citizens of the United States by a naturalisation process. After

two years, only citizens of the United States shall be eligible to election or appointment to any office in Porto Rico.

"2. The Governor and heads of Departments shall hold office, not for a definite term of four years, but at the pleasure of the President and until their successors are appointed.

"3. In lieu of the present Executive Council there shall be a Senate of thirteen members, eight of whom shall be appointed every four years by the President, five of whom shall be elected every four years by the qualified electors of Porto Rico by Senatorial districts.

"4. Only those shall vote in Porto Rico who are either able to read and write, or own taxable real estate, or have paid taxes for the last six months of the year in which the election is held.

"5. All franchises granted by the local Government must be approved by the President, and shall be subject to amendment, alteration, or appeal; stock-watering is forbidden."

This proposed legislation, in the matter of citizenship, is not as generous as the plan which President Roosevelt twice recommended to Congress. Under this law citizenship is to be acquired by progressive steps, and by a naturalisation process. While American protection is vouchsafed to all, American citizenship must be achieved by the individual, and is not conferred indiscriminately by an all-embracing decree. The native representation in the Executive Council is notably increased, and the way to ultimate self-government is clearly pointed out. However, this plan of government for Porto Rico has also failed to obtain congressional sanction.

There is one achievement of the American administration in Porto Rico which it is difficult and, per-

haps, impossible to speak of without showing a pride and gratification which would expose me to the familiar charge of spread-eagleism at the hands of our very self-contained cousins, the English. When the island came into our hands half the rural population, and practically all the poor whites, or gibliros, were found suffering from a parasitical disease now known to science as *uncinariasis*, and were greatly depressed and crippled mentally and physically by the resulting *anæmia*. This at the time unknown parasite was preying upon an unfortunate people to an extent which has, I believe, no parallel in well-authenticated medical history. The ravages of the disease were not confined to any one section; it was a case of the total infection of an island possessing an area of over three thousand square miles, with a population of over eight hundred thousand inhabitants, with a soil that apparently affords the greatest advantages for the development of the larva which, under the then prevailing conditions of tropical life, will infect mankind and produce this disease.

Of course, the existence of the disease was not unknown to Spaniards. Its external manifestations were to be seen on every side, especially in the rural districts. Large numbers of the peasants were afflicted with a striking pallor, they showed the outward signs of malnutrition, and their efficiency for field work, or, indeed, for any stable occupation, had been reduced fifty per cent. at least. Twenty-five per cent. of those afflicted had become absolutely incapacitated, and were a drag upon and an expense to the communities in which they continued to lead their pitiable and most unprofitable existences. As I have said, the ravages of



the mysterious disease had been noticed by the Spaniards, but they were accepted as one of the penalties of tropical life with that fatalistic spirit by which the modern Spaniard betrays his Moorish ancestry.

X

In the very earliest days of our occupation the disease was subjected to a careful clinical and pathological study by Dr. B. K. Ashford, a young United States Army surgeon. This investigation did not stop with simply ascertaining scientific data and facts. Dr. Ashford originated a treatment in a small clinic of his own that soon gave astonishing results in the up-building of failing strength and in curing semi-invalidism. About this time it was found that the deaths from this disease in the year 1901 amounted to eleven thousand eight hundred and seventy-five—in a word, the disease had become a pest, and, as a result, the island was working on half time or less. The insular administration immediately took the matter in hand, and a permanent commission was appointed, with large powers and with considerable resources for the suppression of the disease. Dr. Ashford, who had blazed the way and secured such miraculous results, was called to preside over the commission, and to direct its labours. Some thirty or forty stations or clinics were started at various suitable points throughout the island, and in the first six months some five thousand patients were treated, and over ninety-eight per cent. of these were returned to their homes completely cured. In the following years the work of the commission expanded, and in the year 1907-1908, over eighty-one thousand people were treated, of whom less than one-tenth of one per cent. died, of whom more than sixty per cent. were absolutely cured, while the remainder were still

under treatment, with overwhelming chances in favour of recovery when the annual report was drawn up. In this year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five people died of the disease, or a reduction in five years of one thousand per cent.

For some reason that it is unnecessary to enter upon here, no provision was made in the insular budget for the fiscal year 1908-1909 to carry on this wonder-working campaign, and the commission, with the consent of the Governor, ordered that all stations for clinical treatment be closed at the end of June, 1908. Such medicines as were on hand were delivered to the *alcaldes*, to be used by them for the continuance of the treatment of the poorer patients under the supervision of the municipal authorities. One of the objections made to the continuance of the work by the insular authorities had been that it was excessive paternalism, and that, after all, the municipalities should be charged with the care of their sick from this, as well as from other, diseases. It was also stated that the municipalities were tired of the interference of the central government, and desired to do the work themselves. As a matter of fact, no sooner was the action of the budget committee known than the Governor was besieged with petitions from every municipal council in the island, asking that the work might be continued as formerly, and it is to be hoped that this will be done. At an expenditure of less than fifty thousand dollars a year during a period of five years, this epoch-making work has been carried on. It has attracted the admiration and commendation of all medical officers in the tropical world, it has reduced the death rate from this disease in this short period ten

hundred per cent., it has increased the manual efficiency of the rural Porto Rican immeasurably, and it seems a pity that political jealousy and shortsightedness should allow this wonderful work to pass into less competent hands.

## CHAPTER XVI

### MEXICO AFTER DIAZ

THE causes of the discontent with the present régime in Mexico are not far to seek. They are none the less real factors in the situation because they could have been foreseen or because they are for the most part unavoidable. As long as Diaz remained in power, and the capture of his stronghold was obviously the first step to be taken, the revolutionary groups presented an united front, and they seemed to be entirely in accord as to the purpose as well as to the methods of the revolution.

In the hour of victory, however, divergences of opinion appeared. In Mexico a successful revolution has always been a law unto itself, and a slightly modified form of the biblical *vae victis* regarded as a reasonable proposition with which even the vanquished were not inclined to quarrel. But the platform of the provisional government, installed after the resignation and flight of Diaz, which, as it existed by his favour, Madero naturally inspired, approached the task with far less drastic remedies than had been expected, and, as is now apparent in some quarters, these measures have proved far from satisfying.

Provisional administrations were hastily installed in the various States to run matters on a hand-to-mouth system until, at the October election, 1911, the people could be consulted as to their wishes. The promise

of effective suffrage, which, in Mexico at least, is regarded as manhood suffrage, was repeated, as was also the "no-re-election" legend, which had been inscribed upon so many banners. But it cannot be disguised that to a people of optimistic temperament like the Mexicans the first-fruits of the revolutionary harvest were meagre as to bulk and disappointing as to taste. Instead of the immediate restitution which the Chihuahua ranchman, who had been robbed of his estate, or the hemp grower in Yucatan, whose plantation was confiscated, had expected, the revolutionists were told that they must content themselves with a régime under which the recurrence of similar wrongs would be impossible, and, with an opportunity of getting back by due process of law what had been taken from them, by addressing themselves to the very courts which tacitly, at least, had sanctioned the robberies of which they complained.

While public attention followed closely the revolution in Portugal, owing to the interesting personalities involved, the struggle for control in Mexico passed almost unnoticed in the United States, until it entailed practically the mobilisation of our whole regular army. I hold to the opinion that the revolution had to come sooner or later, and that, as there was nothing of educational value in the Diaz régime, which had long outlived its former undoubted usefulness, the sooner it came the better for us and all others concerned. Without wishing in the least to detract from the skill with which the whole Mexican situation was handled by the administration, or from Ambassador Wilson's trained diplomacy, to which we all owe a debt of gratitude, I am still of the opinion that had not the sym-

pathy of our border population been overwhelmingly with the revolutionists, and had they not recognised that intervention on our part would have been the salvation of the Diaz régime, the situation would have passed out of official control and intervention become a fact. As it was, the revolution cost the lives of twenty American citizens, who were killed while following their vocations on American soil, and of at least forty other non-combatant Americans, working for their daily bread in Mexico. Our losses from the destruction of property and disturbance to business run into the millions; so it would seem to be plain that the outbreak of another revolution is a very intimate concern of ours.

Sentimentalists on both sides of the Rio Grande may regret the disappearance of the desert of Northern Mexico, which Benito Juarez, a great man in his day, sought to maintain intact with all its features of pristine inhospitality. Juarez, who was not versed in American politics, credited the desert with stopping Taylor's army after Santa Anna had fled, and in many addresses to his people he insisted upon the value of this natural and, as he thought, insurmountable barrier between a strong, masterful power and a weak one. To-day, however, the desert has vanished, and the two countries have grown very close together. The daily relations between our Southwest and the Mexican Republic are thought by many to be closer and of greater value than those which exist between many of our groups of states at home. The desert, shorn of its dangers, is traversed by railways which, in efficiency and capacity, compare favourably with many of our trunk lines. Every day the potential

wealth of the country is more clearly realised, and every day becomes more marked the southward migration of our people following the great railways and the coast lines. In fact, large districts of the country in Tamaulipas, Tehuantepec, and elsewhere have been divested of all Mexican characteristics. They are largely owned and occupied by our people, and appear to be detached portions of our country.

Even during the more acute phases of the revolution, when travel, and even residence, in Mexico was not without danger for foreigners, as well as for natives, the home-seeking excursions of American farmers and miners spying out the cheap, fertile lands, and the undeveloped treasure, hardly suffered any decrease. The revolution did not stop this migration, and the sum of our investments, estimated at one thousand millions, and the number of our citizens probably greatly exceeding the official figures of fifty thousand, are increasing every day. These are not filibusterers, these fifty thousand men, neither are they adventurers. They have done nothing to invalidate their citizenship, and they have the same right to the protection of our Government as their brothers who are seeking their fortunes in the British dominions on the north. Every year our mining schools and our agricultural colleges are sending out into the world thousands of young men, of whom a large and increasing proportion take the southward path, which leads to opportunity to-day. This is a natural movement, which cannot be controlled by officials in either Washington or Mexico.

That this movement is welcomed by the intelligent

classes of Mexican society to-day cannot be denied, though the Porfirista news channels, through which, unfortunately, the greater part of Mexican news filters out into foreign lands, hint darkly at the organisation of a great anti-foreign party, which bodes ill to foreign interests in the country. The answer to this is that the educated classes in our sister republic are much more numerous than one would gather to be the case from a careful scrutiny of the official statistics published by the Diaz régime. It is always well to remember that these appalling figures of illiteracy and the tableaux which show the brutality of the peon classes were drawn up with an entire disregard for truth, and for the sole purpose of justifying the absolute exclusion of all classes of citizens from any share in their own government, all but a few subservient individuals who obeyed the Dictator's slightest nod.

It should be mentioned to his credit that Madero has met the anti-foreign issue with characteristic frankness and honesty. To-day, while the throes of the great revolution which convulsed the country are only beginning to subside, he never fails in his public utterances or in private conversations to recognise the immense services which foreign capital and engineering skill have rendered to his country. He invites a continuance of these services, and solemnly promises to respect all rights which have been honestly acquired by aliens.

During the recent crisis, when, for a moment at least, it looked as if the sudden flight of Diaz and the complete collapse of his administration would wreck the country, there was open and frank discussion in



Washington, and in the press throughout the United States, as to what were the responsibilities our Government had incurred toward our citizens who had not hesitated to venture either their lives or their savings in Mexico, and the old cry was raised, "Let the investor beware—*caveat emptor*." Happily, action upon this issue has not as yet been required, but it may not be indefinitely postponed.

But whatever may be the action of our Government in defence of individual investments, should a state of anarchy arise in Mexico, there are certainly other interests at stake whose encouragement and preservation are a national duty which admits of no compromise. I refer, of course, to the development by our California pioneers of the Huasteca oil-fields, which extend along the Gulf littoral, from north of Tampico to south of Vera Cruz. The development of the last five years reveals these oil-fields as the greatest reservoir of cheap power which the world has ever seen, or is likely to see. In comparison with their possibilities the oil-fields of Baku have but the value of a donkey engine as compared to a Corliss giant, and oil-burning freighters promise to work an economic revolution in steam navigation. With this development the whole complexion and future of the Caribbean world has undergone a change. If this oil-fuel can be laid down at Panama, as it is claimed it can be, for fifty per cent. less than the equivalent in coal, the commercial success of the Panama Canal, undreamed of five years ago, is assured. Certainly a cause of rejoicing to the American taxpayer, and to everybody concerned, except, perhaps, the shareholders in the Suez Canal.

Many of the present embarrassing features of the

situation are not due either in whole or in part to the unfitness or unpreparedness of the Mexican people for self-government. They are the direct consequence of the pure motives which have inspired Don Francisco Madero, and of the high ideals which he has pursued. Human nature being what it is, in Mexico as well as elsewhere, the doctrine which Madero presented to his followers in the hour of victory, that to the victors do not belong the spoils, did not excite unbounded enthusiasm. Indeed, in many circles it added weight to the charge already brought with frequency against Madero that he was a dreamer in politics and a philosopher of the study rather than a practical leader of men. Another embarrassment was created by the fact that this was a civilian revolution against a military despotism. It was this feature of the Madero revolt that had appealed to the best people of Mexico. It was a rising of theoretically free-born citizens against the military chief, who remained in power, entrenched behind the bayonets of convict soldiers, and by whom the people of the country were practically enslaved.

This lofty note having been struck in the war plan published at San Luis Potosi, such a break with the Central-American tradition and practice having been made, the revolution could not end, as had so many in Mexico and adjacent States, by a more or less equitable distribution of the offices and spoils among the victors, though such a course would have undoubtedly led to an immediate, if only temporary, pacification of the country. I have the best of reasons for knowing that Madero was fully alive to the dangers of the choice which he made when confronted by the horns of this

dilemma. He never wavered, however, in his confidence in his people, and once Diaz had disappeared from the scene, he disbanded the fifty thousand successful revolutionists, with the exception of a few hundred who were admitted into the rural police, and sent them to their homes. They went with the consciousness of duty done and a promise of improved conditions, but with little or no immediate and tangible reward. And in a military sense the defeated cohorts of Diaz, as represented in the regular federal army, remained masters of the situation.

Of course, it was planned by the provisional government to withdraw from the colours all men who had been drafted into the regular federal army, or men whose military service was being accepted in lieu of prison sentence; but with many other problems at hand pressing for solution, very little progress seems to have been made in the way of putting this plan into operation. So powerful was the course of events, so confident was Madero in the integrity of his people, and the almost absolute unanimity of their acceptance of his plan and platform, that at a time when his country was, and, indeed, any other country under similar circumstances would have been, the scene of great disorders, and an attractive field for those uneasy spirits who fish in troubled waters, and, as the elections approached, which there was no reason to believe would take an entirely placid course, he placed the army, which is practically the police power, in the hands of the defeated party. The importance of this step can, of course, be greatly exaggerated, but it is certain that it gave to the people who had defended the despotic régime until its collapse a strong position from which

to oppose or hamper the enforcement of the revolutionary reforms.

Madero's conduct in this respect may have been quixotic, and it is certain that many of the troubles by which the new régime is hampered would have been obviated by the taking of a less confiding, a less lawful, course. Believing that the civil would never again become subordinate to the military arm of the government, Madero overlooked the undoubted power which, in a country like Mexico, is derived from the support and adherence of an army of twenty thousand men, however poorly educated they may be, and however faulty their equipment, and however out of touch they may be with the political aspirations of the people. Madero also paid his people the high compliment of expecting from them a keener political sense and a greater measure of self-control than they have been able to compass, surprisingly great as have been their achievements in both these directions. The popular ferment and unrest so increasingly noticeable to-day in many parts of Mexico are undoubtedly, in part at least, a consequence of the great demands of self-restraint which the revolutionary chief has made upon the people; and while conditions are admittedly disquieting, they are certainly preferable to the hopeless gloom and discontent which would have possessed the better classes of Mexican society, had the higher ideals of their idolised leader been completely shattered, as so many observers of Mexican affairs did not hesitate to prophesy they would be, by the first impact with reality.

This little Mexican gentleman is an interesting and a profitable study even from this side of the border.

He neither smokes nor attends bull-fights. He abhors the barbaric pomp with which Diaz loved to surround himself. He is not a friend of lotteries, and he plans the end of the pulque traffic. He has never mixed with men, yet he has been able to placate more conflicting interests and clashing groups than Diaz did in his thirty years of power. He risked friends, family, and fortune at the call of duty in the revolutionary game, at which he was a mere tyro, a somewhat ludicrous one, as Diaz thought. He is reasonable where his personal position or preferment are concerned. He would like to take a back seat and spend his days in his library, but once you trench upon his ideals the little man is adamant, as Mexican politicians are finding out every day to their sorrow and discontent. Madero may fall, but he will fall with clean hands, and having kept faith with his ideals.

There are, however, men in Mexico quite as patriotic as Madero, and no more corrupted by politics than he, who look upon the vacillating course of the provisional government, and the development of the Madero policies with misgivings which they no longer attempt to conceal. It is an undeniable advantage that now at last an authoritative voice has made itself heard above the tumult of discussion and recrimination.

As much as, and perhaps more than, any other man outside of the Madero family, Don José Vasconcelos contributed to the success of the revolution. His popularity is undoubted and deserved, and the open letter in which, after two months' trial, he takes the provisional government to task, created an immense sensation in Mexico. Vasconcelos regrets the imprisonment of several revolutionary leaders. While admit-

ting that they had committed technical offences, he asserts that the strong arm of the law had better, much better, have been first extended in quite another direction. He calls upon the Minister of the Interior to arrest and bring to speedy trial the former Governor of Puebla, whom he describes as "the murderer of Serdan, the tool of Diaz, a bushwhacker on the public roads, and an embezzler of public funds."

He asserts that the recent tragic occurrences in Puebla are repetitions of things that happened under the misrule of the despot, which he characterises as having been the most bloody and bloodthirsty régime in history. He regrets that even to-day the same threadbare pretexts are advanced to justify what he regards as unprovoked slaughter. He sees on every side the same methods and the same men as before the revolution. He demands the arrest and trial of Colonel Blanquet, who was in command of Puebla, and is a Porfirista. He claims that people will not believe in the justice of the revolutionary cause so long as men like Blanquet and Luque wear the uniform of general. "We recognise," continues Vasconcelos, "the honesty of your purpose and the purity of your intentions." The letter, though published in all the papers, is addressed to the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Emilio Vasquez Gomez. "But, Mr. Minister, your friends, your admirers, and your fellow-citizens have seen your arm tremble. You have shown that you lack the holy wrath of the Redeemed. You have demonstrated that you cannot dispense the bolt-like justice which strikes terror to the evil-doer, nor yet the consuming fire of Jehovah which cuts down and purifies. You have been inexorable in the punishment

of several of our generous leaders, who, it would appear, have violated legal formalities. Still, they meted out substantial punishment to the evil-doers, and provided that effective justice which the people demand. It is the deplorable situation to-day that our noble leaders are imprisoned, while so many of the immensely guilty are at liberty to conspire, and are conspiring, against the revolution. Mr. Minister: the oppressed and the expropriated, who thought they had come into their own again, do not care to listen to all this talk of legal formalities, because they know that it was behind the shield of these very laws that Don Porfirio committed his countless atrocities. Our people know full well the cynical impudence with which the little lawyer politicians of Mexico and Central America justify by law all manner of infamous actions.

"The people of Mexico do not think this a fitting moment to discuss questions of international law, but they call upon you to do frank justice even in defiance of the law, should such a course be necessary.

"When our laws are such and when our institutions have their origin in the polluted well of the Porfirista régime, it becomes the duty to spurn them, to trample them under foot. A certain section of the press is calling for the union of all Mexicans, and claims to be interpreting your policy, but you should remember that before the desired union can be brought about, a certain policy of selection has to be realised. It certainly can be said without injustice and without passion that union with those who deserve the gallows or at least the prison, is neither honourable nor possible. You should not interpret this patriotic desire for union as meaning reconciliation with Martinism or with any

of the despicable factions of Porfirioism. The country merely wants the union of all healthy elements and useful factors among our citizens, whether they be liberals or Catholics, ex-Porfiristas and Científicos (if there are any good ones)—in a word, the union of all men of good faith without distinction of opinions, but always with the rigid exclusion of those who have committed punishable deeds which still cry out for justice.”

This letter is undoubtedly the most illuminating document that has come out of Mexico since the enforced resignation of President Diaz. It is valuable as much for the frame of mind it reveals as from the statement of facts, as seen at least by one distinguished leader of the revolution, which it contains. Obviously the complete avoidance of reprisals upon the agents of Diaz which Madero has insisted upon has not given universal satisfaction. He has told his people to leave these hangmen and executioners of Diaz’ decrees to popular contempt, but the widows and the orphans and their friends cry out for something more, in accordance with the old traditions which are so hard to outlive.

The occasion of this letter, and of much of the popular excitement which has followed it, was the clash at Puebla between federal soldiers and revolutionists which resulted in the death of many score of the latter and of their sympathisers. The facts are not quite plain to this day, but it would appear that the revolutionists of Puebla, who were early in the field and are of an extremely radical type, becoming disgusted with what they considered the irresolute course of the provisional government, made an attack on the penitentiary, which was successfully resisted by regular soldiers un-



der the command of Colonel Blanquet, who, it would seem, was a favourite of Diaz. Some think that the revolutionists merely intended to release a few of their former comrades in duress for minor offences; by others it is maintained that a lynching party was planned. Be this as it may, it is evident that Colonel Blanquet only did his duty as a soldier, and that he should be sustained rather than cashiered or dismissed. It is also clear, however, from the disturbances which have followed and the bitter feelings which the shooting has aroused, that it was most unwise to leave a Porfirista colonel and a garrison of the defeated regulars in a position where they could with impunity, and undoubtedly with keen enjoyment did, shoot down a hundred of their conquerors, perhaps merely intent upon a jail delivery, certainly a sympathetic and laudable enterprise in the eyes of many Mexicans at this moment, exasperated by the slower processes of law.

One result of the shooting, and of the tempestuous letter of Vasconcelos, given in part above, has been the retirement of Don Emilio Vasquez Gomez from the Ministry of the Interior. Don Emilio is a brother of Dr. Francisco Vasquez Gomez, who was often characterised as the wheelhorse of the revolution, and is now Minister of Education. The retirement of Don Emilio, who lacked ministerial qualities, has been made the occasion of a general examination into and report upon revolutionary progress as it goes on behind the thin veil of the provisional régime.

On the credit side of the ledger several very satisfactory entries have been made. They have passed unnoticed by us, and are even in danger of being overlooked by the Mexicans themselves. Peaceable elec-

tions have been held in the States of Campeche and Querétaro. In both the Madero party has triumphed, and, what is more significant, the defeated partisans are loud in their praise of the fairness with which the first real elections in Mexico were held. The victory of the Liberals and the Progressives in Querétaro is an especial subject of congratulation, because it is admitted on all sides that this State was the stronghold of the Church party, whose organisation, numbers, and wealth Diaz always held up as a warning to those few of his followers who wished him to modernize his methods. With manhood suffrage, the despot maintained, the Clericals would outvote the Liberals; so he had his police do all the voting, and remained in power.

In Chihuahua, where, undoubtedly owing to proximity to the United States and to the fact that so many of its inhabitants have sojourned for years in Texas, and are consequently politically more efficient than the average Mexican, law and order have been maintained, the administration completely remodelled, and the forms of legal procedure simplified. Several of the great territorial lords have been brought to court, and will have to stand trial on charges of various crimes and misdemeanours, the popular belief in the truthfulness of which was certainly one of the most active recruiting agencies of the revolution. Strikes are breaking out and are being threatened with alarming frequency, but it should not be forgotten, as it has been, that Madero settled the most important strike that the country has ever known, that of the street railways in the City of Mexico, upon terms that were just and honourable to both parties. It must have been

discouraging, however, for the Mexicans, who attach considerable importance to American press opinion, to read in a great New York paper recently a lament for the Diaz régime, under which strikes never occurred. The Mexicans at least have not forgotten the barbarous shooting down of strikers under Diaz' orders at Rio Blanco and Cananea, and they recognize that these arbitrary and bloodthirsty actions were one of the most potent causes of the revolution.

Undeniably the present is full of difficulties, and the future is overhung with clouds, some of them pretty dark ones. A people who have been politically gagged and strait-jacketed are suddenly called upon to live and let live under the freest institutions. It is a tremendous ordeal which chance or destiny has imposed. It would be something revolutionary in revolutions if set-backs were not frequent. There are, however, rainbows of promise, too, which I, perhaps, am inclined to over-emphasise, seeing, as I do, that the darker side of the picture is more frequently drawn—perhaps I am justified in saying overdrawn—in the American press. One of the most hopeful features is the fact that in Mexico there does not exist the abyss between the energetic peon class and the highly educated classes which is a characteristic of so many Latin-American States. A remarkable demonstration of this fraternity was given on the 24th and 25th of May, when the populace of the City of Mexico, exasperated by the double-dealing and tergiversations of President Diaz' lieutenants, took possession of the City of Mexico, no one opposing, and were, there can be no denial, on the point of murdering the stubborn despot and reducing his city to a heap of ashes. The

students, the young officers, school-teachers, men and women, joined themselves with the charging mobs and turned what promised to be a day of disaster into a day of honour for Mexican democracy. There must be hope for a people who, when exasperated beyond measure and in full control, can listen to the voice of reason, extinguish their torches, lay down their bludgeons, and sheath their knives. From that hour I was converted to the belief that, though with many painful incidents and disheartening vicissitudes, the Mexican people will yet work out their salvation, and have by their many sacrifices at least earned the right to try.

Another and even more hopeful sign is the whole-souled love and appreciation of education which is the characteristic of all Mexicans, and is particularly strong in the lower or less fortunate classes. This thirst for knowledge is quite as strong in Mexico to-day as it was in the Japan of a generation ago. While the Mexican may not have the rare persistence of the Japanese peasant, who is ever willing to starve his body to feed his mind, the peon has certainly a quicker intelligence and greater aptitudes. The Mexicans have much affinity with the Japanese, and an understanding of and sympathy for them which is proved up to the hilt whenever the two peoples come into contact. "Why, these are not foreigners, these are our own people," shouted the peons, as, during the recent celebrations, the Japanese marines and blue-jackets marched through their streets. Some think, of course, that the Mexican peon is not of such stern stuff as is his cousin from the rising sun. Time alone, however, can prove or disprove this.

But there is an awakening among the Mexicans, a growing appreciation of their fortunate situation. They are beginning to recognise that they are possessed of one of the most desirable and potentially rich countries of the world. They have seen the wealth of their country unlocked and converted into comfort, well-being, and education and other desirable things by the stranger that is within their gates, and they would follow his example. They recognise that their greatest need is education, and when Dr. Francisco Vasquez Gomez, the first of the revolutionary leaders to return to the capital, told the hundred thousand people who waited his coming for many hours, though half-clad, and in a chilling rain, "We will build schools, and we will build roads. Every road will lead to a school, out of every school a road will lead to higher things. We have nothing to fear in Mexico but ignorance, and that, if we work together, we will annihilate," the people cheered and cried, cried and cheered. When I asked an American with large and varied business affairs in the republic who in war and peace could always keep his people at work, scattered as they were throughout the country, and without close supervision, how he did it, he answered: "This is all my secret. Whenever a man is the least bit promising, I put his children to school. If necessary, we clothe the children, arrange the dreadful formalities. It only costs a little money and a little time, but it is a wonderful investment. I should hate to tell you what a percentage it pays me. The father and mother are remade, and the whole family is bound to the job by ties which are stronger than bonds of steel."

I myself have seen a patient woman fishing out her

befuddled husband and lord from the stupid herd outside a pulque-shop, that curse of Mexico which, unless controlled, or, better still, eradicated, will blight the fair promise of the land, and, while picking out her particular unfortunate, I heard her say, "Dionysio, how can you do this thing, you who are the father of children who are learning to read?" And Dionysio, though befuddled, seemed ashamed and made visible efforts to pull himself together. To-day in Mexico, if only the great majority would ever bear in mind that they are the fathers of children who, under favourable auspices, may learn to read and run the race of life along a higher course, all the handicaps of heredity and of environment will weigh as nothing. Mexico will get on its feet again, and will stand alone, to its lasting advantage and ours.

When Diaz ruled our sister republic, in name at least, an election was a negligible affair; it was at best, or at worst, a chore of the police, who set out the boxes and stuffed in the ballots, and the result was the concern of the local *jefe politico*, who announced the desired result without opening the boxes or counting the ballots.

All this was, of course, in open defiance of the constitution, which safeguarded manhood suffrage, and of the laws, which were drawn up at least with the purpose of ensuring fair elections. The laws, however, were drawn years ago, when the men in power thought that the people of Mexico could and should be trusted, and were entitled to be consulted at least in regard to the legislation under which they needs must live.

The first and most important result of the revolu-

tion is that the people have passed from a régime of absolute tyranny to one of almost unlimited freedom, a startling transition which would be trying to any people, and will prove especially so to the Mexicans, who, to put it mildly, have not iced water in their veins, and who have a decided foible for the *convulsivo* style of oratory. It is a plunge that cannot be made without some splashing. For thirty years, instead of leading his people, in leading-strings if it had been necessary, along the path of political development, Diaz robbed them, one by one, of the few meagre privileges of which he found them possessed when he rode into power, and now,—it is more like an occurrence in a fairy-tale than in real life,—all these long-withheld privileges, and all these long-unexperienced responsibilities are suddenly thrust upon shoulders which are as willing as they are unprepared to receive them.

Of course, the dangers of the situation are obvious, and none of them, I can say with authority, have escaped the eyes of Madero, dreamer though he is represented to be by those who have not come in contact with him, or who, for some reason or other, not rarely a business reason, have failed to recognise the consummate skill with which the chief of the revolution and of the pacification has steered his meteoric course in the last twelve months. In private, Madero admits that he has moments of anxiety, that he bitterly regrets that his people have not been favoured with a political apprenticeship of however short duration; still, the moments of anxiety give place very quickly to renewed feelings of confidence. "I trusted my people in war," he says, "with wife and children, with my life, and my fortune. They did not fail me,

or, rather, our common cause, so I cannot bring myself to mistrust them in peace. I believe my people, who have shown such patriotism in long-suffering, will not be slow to learn the elementary lessons of democracy. They wielded the sword bravely and honestly; why should they not do the same with the ballot?"

However, the first six months of the Madero administration have not been very successful, and, wherever our sympathies and hopes may lie, we must admit that the outlook is not particularly reassuring. There are several civil wars in progress, and the forces with which the malcontents are seeking to overthrow the régime of law and order are, perhaps, more formidable and better armed than the troops with which Diaz sought to defend his tyranny.

There are certainly many evidences of a counter-revolution being planned by partisans of the old régime. There is noticeable some discontent among a certain group of the revolutionists, who had expected miracles, and not a few of Madero's warmest and most helpful friends have grown, shall we only say lukewarm? in their services to the cause. It also cannot be denied that some of Madero's rivals for the chief power have greater means than he at their disposal, and fewer formidable foes; again, they are undoubtedly more experienced in handling the kind of men who count twice in elections than the student of Coahuila, who, however, while not ignoring the obstacles that lie in his path, quietly asserts that he is confident of the outcome. We Americans should devoutly hope that once again, as so often of late, when Madero has apparently run counter to the wisdom of precedents, and of experience, the event will prove his wisdom and his



course well considered, for to-day, without very well knowing it, we are very near to Mexico, and irresistible economic forces are bringing us into closer relations with our neighbours on the south every hour, in a way that would seem incredible to the statesmen and the commercial leaders of a generation ago. South of the Rio Grande there is no one in sight who promises so much for the well-being of Mexico, and, consequently, for ourselves, as does the little civilian with the dreamy eyes and the student stoop, who proved himself more able and more honest than Diaz's mediæval soldiers and his political lieutenants, trained to every trick of chicane.

That all the revolutionists had not flocked to the standard of revolt, which Madero had the courage to raise, at a time when many of his best friends characterised the act as one of insanity, actuated by the purest motives of patriotism, goes without saying. This was a revolution, in some aspects, like many another, and it is generally found that all kinds of men are represented in revolutionary ranks. Some men joined for one reason, and some for another, but I think it can truthfully be said that Zapata, now "General" Zapata, the source and fountain head to-day of much trouble in the states of Morelos and Guercero, was the most casual recruit of them all.

Zapata was a cowboy, a rather shiftless one, it is said, and for months he had heard of the revolution in progress on the northern frontier with the most complete indifference. In a competition at a local fair he had been defeated in a lasso-throwing contest, and was very much dissatisfied with the result. To show that his defeat was due to nervousness or bad luck,

and to impress those about him with his prowess, when the real contest was over, he threw his lasso again, and brought down in fine style a passing mule. Now, unfortunately, the mule's leg was broken in the fall, and, still more unfortunately, it belonged to a Spaniard, who did not see the joke; in fact, the Spaniard (he has paid dearly for his want of foresight since) sent in a whopping big bill to the local authorities. Now, trivial little incidents, such as this, are windfalls to the Mexican officials; they immediately tacked on their percentages, commissions, hush and good-will money, and when the bill reached Zapata's lowly shack in the hands of a bailiff, it had assumed proportions which threatened to extinguish the thoughtless young cowboy, financially at least.

Under ordinary circumstances there would have been no alternative but to pay up or run away, taking with him what money he could get together, but, unfortunately, Mr. Zapata now bethought him of the revolution in the north, and he had an idea, which, in view of its effects upon his personal fortunes, may almost be styled an inspiration. He knew that the mass of his fellows in Guerrero were discontented, and that they hated the federal officials, by whom they were oppressed, so, instead of running away, he went out in the woods and raised the standard of revolt. Hundreds answered his call, and his ranks filled much more quickly than those of Figuerroa, the general who was recognised as the leader of the southern revolutionary forces by Madero. Figuerroa tried to inflict as little damage as possible upon the pacificos and non-combatants, while Zapata made free with other people's property in a way that was far beyond what the exist-

ing circumstances warranted. His was a free and easy camp, and his following increased so rapidly that it would seem beyond doubt that his line of revolutionary action enjoyed some popular favour in this part of the Republic.

Ten weeks later Zapata captured Cuernavaca. There were thousands behind him, obedient to his every command. There is reason to believe that his corps, which was generally spoken of as the "Flying Division," equalled, if it did not outnumber, the whole Army of the South. General Figueroa probably did not know this when he caught red-handed and summarily executed Tipepa, one of Zapata's most popular lieutenants, and a most enterprising bandit. The two wings of the army were at daggers drawn for weeks, as a result of this incident, and many were killed on both sides in what was called private warfare. There was no telling what would happen; almost anything might have happened, when, suddenly, Diaz' stubborn resistance collapsed in the face of the noisy demonstrations of the populace in the City of Mexico.

For a moment, basking in the sunshine of victory, it was possible for Madero to patch up a truce between the rival chieftains of the South. Many men had gone into the revolution with many high motives, some had gone in with no reason whatever, but Zapata could not be classed with either of these. He had gone into the revolution for what it was worth. He had behind him an army as great in numbers and as enthusiastic as had Diaz when he first achieved the Presidency. Under the circumstances it was not at all likely that he would accept a commission as captain in the rural

guards, as a reward for all his services, and if he had done so, his followers would doubtless have objected in a very outspoken and energetic way. This was the situation in Morelos the day the provisional government was inaugurated in the capital, and it remains much the same to-day, only a little more complicated, and its dangerous features have become chronic. All attempts to muster out Zapata's men have failed. The ex-cowboy has been threatened and cajoled. A few men at a time have been disbanded, but in a few days they returned to the colours. When asked to turn in his arms, as have so many revolutionary chieftains, Zapata declines to do so, always respectfully and regretfully.

He keeps up the guise of obedience, while the talk of his men is that of open mutiny. In the end of August, 1911, the condition in this part of the country, doubly serious because of being within striking distance of the capital, became such a national scandal that Madero himself was importuned to proceed to the camp of the stubborn rebels, and he was authorised by the provisional government to do anything in reason to satisfy their demands. Zapata received the Chief of the revolution with all the honours of war, but his boisterous followers filled the meeting-place with cries of "Long live Zapata! and death to Madero!" Madero continued his tour of pacification with characteristic pluck. In this wild quarter of the country, which he has sought so unselfishly to redeem, he seems to have scored his first defeat. Skirmishes and even battles are being fought every day, or practically so, in the province of Morelos, which are quite as important and as bloody as were

the conflicts of what we may call the revolution proper.

It is a triangular struggle in which are taking part the men of Figuerroa, the Zapatistas, and several divisions of the federal army under command of Generals Huerta and Blanquet. The federal troops, under orders from the provisional president, are making their headquarters in Cuernavaca, from which Zapata threatens to expel them. He says, with perfect truth, that he ran General Huerta out of the state three months ago, and he asserts that he can do it again. It is a thousand pities that these old antagonists should have been brought into such sharp opposition so soon again. Huerta was so identified with the régime of Diaz that, doubtless, there are hundreds of men in Zapata's army who have no realisation of the selfish projects of their chief, and believe in all honesty that they are called upon to fight another battle in the cause of liberty.

Down in Yucatan, that limestone peninsula which President Polk so ardently coveted, there are occurring every day disorders of an entirely different character, but equally disquieting. Here, suddenly, the agrarian questions and those relating to peonage have assumed a very acute form. The spirit of '93 seems to have reached Yucatan. Wealthy ranch owners are being murdered in their beds, while all their property is consigned to destruction. The peons have, in many districts, fled from the haciendas, where they were held to servitude, and, combining with their half-brothers, the Maya Indians, have installed themselves in the rock shelters and the great water caves, which are a curious geological characteristic of this interesting

country, and a great aid to revolutionary movements.

Labour troubles in Yucatan and, indeed, all other disorders here, are more alarming than similar occurrences in other provinces, because of the distance of this outlying state from the metropolis, and because of the large, indeed overwhelming, Indian population. These Indians, apparently peaceable, have shown themselves very savage and very truculent when once their race feeling is aroused, as it seems to be aroused now. Then there is the *separatista* tendency of a large fraction, if not of a majority, of the people, which has shown itself on so many occasions, and with particular force at the critical moments of Mexican history.

To-day the great hennequin plantations are being deserted, and riots, skirmishes, and incendiary fires are reported from every direction. The great wealth of the state is invested in the hennequin industry, and, if the agave fields remain uncultivated, as they are now, the country will become uninhabitable. The resulting damage will be all the greater and more widespread, because these estates are, for the most part, mortgaged up to what was their full value in prosperous years.

This unhappy state of affairs is an indirect and, certainly, an unforeseen result of the recent revolution. The people of the peninsula, of all colours and of all castes, had been greatly excited by the high-handed acts of General Molina, Diaz' last Governor. Molina was a distinguished land-grabber, a most cruel and corrupt administrator, and is said to have gotten together a comfortable little estate of twelve million acres during his term of office.

In opposing this man's tyranny and exactions, the

people had followed the leadership of a certain Señor Moreno Cantón, and they hoped to make him Governor when Molina fled, as he did, with his patron Diaz. Madero does not seem to have been well advised as to the situation in this section of the country, and, in any event, one of his first steps in the hour of victory was to send to the peninsula as provisional governor one of his closest followers, Pino Suarez. Pino Suarez, like most of the provisional governors, aspired to a more prolonged term of office, and immediately upon his arrival in the country, set everything in motion to favour his candidacy in the Fall elections. Giving a striking illustration of the well-known adage, that politics make strange bedfellows, the friends of Molina and Diaz enlisted under the political banner of their conqueror in the hope of robbing from Moreno Cantón his election to the post, to which the majority of the home-rule people of Yucatan thought he was entitled.

The political struggle entered upon in this wise has been bitter and disorderly, perhaps without a parallel in Mexican history. Most unwisely, and most unfortunately, the peons and the Indians have been drawn into the strife. Their political activity is showing itself every day in jungle murders and in the firing of the haciendas. The guilty are never brought to justice, and the most hideous crimes are apparently accepted as indispensable adjuncts of the new and freer era. Perhaps neither of the candidates for the governorship is responsible for this state of affairs, though many of their prominent followers are. However, it must be admitted that neither candidate has been successful in pouring oil on the troubled waters.

To an understanding of this local situation it must always be borne in mind that Yucatan is a country of vast estates, many of which have been carved out of the public lands by corrupt officials. Besides these great landed proprietors, who have frequently dispossessed the real owners of the land, there are only the peons, thousands and thousands of peons living in want and misery, and under the lash, in fear of their lives from cruel taskmasters, whose verified methods make Mr. Turner's stories from "Barbarous Mexico" seem rather milk-and-water affairs.

As will be seen from the foregoing summary, the local situation was grave enough without outside interference. Unfortunately, however, every steamer from Mexico has brought a flock of "libertarios," self-styled priests of liberty, who defy and denounce all the parties who seek their ends by legal means. While most of these are free lances, selfish fishers in troubled waters, some of them are followers of the so-called socialist, Flores Magon. These men are inflaming the minds of the peons with their talk of popular government, from which the proprietor class will be excluded, and of an equal division of all land, in which, however, the present proprietors will not be allowed to participate. Here, in Yucatan at least, people are beginning to regret the Diaz régime. Many think that the campaign for self-government is degenerating into a hand-to-hand struggle for existence. Over the whole country hang memories of that servile uprising in 1847, known in the history of Mexico as the "war of castes," which was heralded by much the same incidents of lawlessness as are now occurring every day throughout the peninsula. Then the In-



dians went from house to house, and at every ranch they were joined by the peons. It was a war of fire and sword that knew no quarter. When the Mexican troops came, the peninsula was in ashes, and, had they not come, there is every reason to believe that the white man would have been exterminated or disappeared from these fertile regions, and, of course, today it is recognised that Mexico could not send enough troops into this district to cope with the unsubdued Indian tribes, once the peons and the pacific Indians had made common cause with them.

There are other and equally disturbing factors at work in other sections of the country, some of which I will briefly enumerate. In Sinaloa, Juan Banderas, who, whatever he may be, certainly talks and acts like a bandit, has interfered with the authorised elections, and, by an overwhelming show of force, has forced the legislature of the state to name him as provisional governor. Summoned to the City of Mexico to answer to the charge of rebellion, which has been preferred against him, Banderas refuses to come, and is apparently recruiting a large force for no peaceable purpose.

In Quintano Roo there is also trouble. General Ignacio Bravo for some time has been the *Jefe Politico* of this insalubrious region, not entirely to the satisfaction of the people whose affairs he administered. Recently, under orders from the President, General Bravo came to the capital. After a few days' stay in Mexico City, however, Bravo was satisfied that the charges against him would be sustained, and fled surreptitiously to his former seat of government. Here he has assembled a large force, and commands the situ-

ation, while his successor shows no inclination to proceed to his post without the support of a small army, which the administration cannot think of furnishing, when every available man may at any moment be required for the defence of the national capital.

Lower California, that Naboth's vineyard for so many of our citizens, as well as for the Japanese, at least as some alarmists would have us believe, is in a very lawless condition, which we would be inclined to criticise more severely, had not Californians taken such a prominent part, if not in provoking the lawlessness, at least giving the agents of rebellion and sedition all the encouragement and assistance within their power. The federal troops have at last succeeded in occupying Calexico and Tijuana, but they certainly have not even the mere military control of the situation. Try to forget it, or look the other way, as we will, sooner or later the United States will have to face the question which Lower California presents to-day. On one side of an imaginary line there is a crowded population, and land held at five hundred dollars an acre; on the other side there is no population, probably between thirty and forty thousand people occupying a country more than three times as large as New York, and as rich, or as capable of improvement by irrigation as land on the American side of the line, and all for five cents an acre or less. No wonder the "boomers" of San Diego had to be held back by armed force from taking possession of this Eden while the Mexican Government was without means to protect this boundary, robbed of its troops to meet the situation at Juarez and along the Arizona frontier. The force which Presi-

dent Taft had mobilized at San Antonio to maintain our neutrality was more in the public eye, but the troops under General Bliss, along the Californian line, had equally arduous duties to perform in pushing back the farmers on the move, who come of a race that has always believed that all land that "jines his is hisen," or, at all events, is extremely likely to come into his possession.

Don Francisco De la Barra, until recently the provisional president of the republic, only emerged from the relative obscurity of the diplomatic service a few months ago. Whatever may be his guerdon, it is certain that this gentleman has deserved well of his country and of his country's neighbours. He was in Washington as Ambassador when the Madero revolution began to assume serious proportions, and by his straightforward conduct in certain negotiations, which he was authorised to carry on with Dr. Vasquez Gomez, their envoy, De la Barra won the respect and the confidence of the revolutionists. Shortly after this he was recalled to the City of Mexico, and entered the cabinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs. As such he sent a perfectly unjustifiable note to Washington in answer to President Taft's representations concerning the killing of Americans along the border. He also issued a circular to the Mexican diplomatic representatives abroad, regarding our attitude on the frontier, which, having become public through an indiscretion of the Mexican representative in the Argentine, gave great offence in Washington. Upon representations being made, in so far as they were offensive and unjustifiable these documents were withdrawn.

There can be no doubt that, at this crisis, General

Diaz, or some of his most influential advisers, regarded a conflict with the United States as a possible solution of their internal troubles, and that De la Barra was ordered to act accordingly. However, this plan came to nothing, owing to the swift advance of the revolution, the patience that was shown in Washington, and the self-control of our border population. When Diaz fell, and the Vice-President, Corral, resigned, De la Barra, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, became president *ad interim*, and a few days later was sworn in as provisional president with all due solemnity. It was a terribly responsible duty that, in this way, devolved upon a man who had been absent from his country for ten years. The Diaz legend had collapsed, and of it all there remained only a few fugitives, who, more or less disguised, were hastening out of the country. The leaders of the revolution and its most trusted and influential adherents were far away in the North. It seemed for a moment as if nothing could save the capital and other important cities from being sacked and burned by the various robber bands, who were lurking on their outskirts, awaiting just such an opportunity.

De la Barra's task was to maintain law and order, and, with a cabinet whose members were practically selected by Madero, and not by himself, to govern the country until the people could be consulted as to their wishes at an election, which the constitution required should be held this Fall. De la Barra had one known qualification, though others soon developed, for his difficult post. He was absolutely without political ties or preferences. He recognised fully the danger of the crisis which was upon the country, and it can be

said that he acted as a patriot throughout his long ordeal. In taking the oath of office, the provisional president announced that he would not, under any circumstances, allow his name to go before the people as a candidate in the Fall elections. The Catholic party met in convention at the end of August, 1911, nominated De la Barra for the presidency by acclamation, but they found him still obdurate.

It was no empty honour that the provisional president declined. The Catholic party in Mexico, as it stands to-day, is divested of many, if not of all, the reactionary tendencies which characterised it in the days of Juarez and the war of the Reform. Alarmed at the plans which the Radicals in the Madero party have promulgated, and fearful of a continuance of revolutionary conditions, many conservative Liberals would gladly have voted the Catholic ticket, headed by a man who had saved the situation by strictly enforcing the law, in so far as he had the power, without fear or favour. It is a thousand pities that a man who has displayed the energy and ability that De la Barra has, should not be retained in some important office for the present. In consequence, Madero won the October elections by an overwhelming vote. Unfortunately the result for the vice-presidency was not so decisive.

Unable to secure the standard-bearer of their choice, the Catholic party, assembled in convention, acted with patriotism and with considerable political acumen. Forgetting all their personal grievances, and recognising only that he was then the one man left who can save the country from prolonged civil war and anarchy, the Catholic leaders offered the nomination to Madero, the chief of the revolution, and he accepted it.

It is difficult to present Reyes, until recently a factor in the situation, to the American people. Our press has an idea, which apparently cannot be eradicated, that Reyes is a beau sabreur, the idol of the army, a possible man on horseback. As a matter of fact, Reyes is sixty-seven years of age, and rather feeble for his years. He would, doubtless, prefer to withdraw from the arena altogether, but is kept before the public by the energy of his ambitious son. If you catechised a Mexican, he would tell you that Reyes represents the Reyista party, and that the Reyista party is a reflection of General Reyes' manifold virtues. The danger of his candidacy is, of course, that it offers a standard to which, without avowing their purpose, many groups of Mexican politicians who are opposed to popular government and representative institutions, can repair. That Reyes is really a weak, though well-meaning, man, appears from his political and military antecedents. His admirers talk much of the Tepic war and the revolution in Mazatlan, in which are comprised all his military services. As a matter of fact, during these so-called campaigns, General Reyes did not command more men, and had no more chance to show military ability, than has a New York captain of police when his reserves are called out to quell a riot.

As Governor of New Leon, Reyes became quite popular by opposing the exactions of the territorial lords and caciques of that state, and by not falling in altogether with the "business methods" of the Cientifico group, who, with Diaz' acquiescence, if not with his connivance, were exploiting the country. Reyes was the only man, outside of the ruling Brahmins, who had

attracted popular favour, and it was natural that he, or, rather, his name, should be pushed forward as the emblem of that opposition to the Diaz dynasty which was then beginning to crystallise. Shortly after reaching greater prominence in this way, Reyes was removed from his governorship, Diaz making a great show of force, as though he had reason to expect that Reyes would "pronounce," and raise the standard of revolt. However, the general retired very quietly to his ranch and remained there, certainly under surveillance, if not as a prisoner, until the time came when nominations were in order for the presidential election of 1910.

The Cientificos wished Señor Limantour, Secretary of the Treasury, nominated for the vice-presidency. Diaz would have preferred to present Reyes' name for the post. He did not care especially for Reyes, but he wished to stem the growing unpopularity of his prolonged administration. However, he did not have the courage to press his point, and finally a third man, neither a Reyista nor a Cientifico, was selected, the unfortunate Don Ramon Corral, who immediately became the scapegoat of the administration and the bugbear of both disappointed parties.

It is certain that at this time many Reyistas wished their general to attempt a state stroke. They urged him to call his followers together, and march upon the capital. Don Bernardo, however, maintains that he never had the most remote idea of taking up arms against the lawfully constituted government, or to break in such a flagrant manner his oath of military obedience. The success of the Madero revolution showed subsequently how easily Reyes might have done

the same thing, and his inaction and Madero's pluck and its reward have, of course, cost Don Bernardo many followers. Before the elections of 1910, and while the attitude of the Reyista party, as well as of their leader, was in the popular mind at least a matter of considerable uncertainty, there took place a meeting between the President and his political general, which has never been quite satisfactorily explained, even to the Reyistas. General Reyes entered the Valley of Mexico on a special train, from which he descended several stations outside of the capital, and came on to the palace of Chapultepec in a presidential motor-car.

At the summer palace he had an interview with Diaz, and left almost immediately for Europe. It was announced that the President had sent him abroad on a military mission, with unlimited funds, and apparently nothing to do. While Reyes was living luxuriously in Paris, hobnobbing with other Latin-American personages in exile, the unfortunate followers of the absent general were receiving a very different treatment. Many who had been outspoken in their opposition to another term for Diaz, or to the election of Corral, were sent to prison without trial, and others were banished to Yucatan upon a simple order of the Executive. The Reyes revolution was scotched, at least, and the much greater danger from the Madero campaign was not even suspected until it was too late. Of course, in view of these facts there was much talk of "a transaction" between Diaz and Reyes, and many Reyistas, especially those who went to jail for their rashness, made very bitter remarks. General Reyes maintained that Diaz ordered him to go to Europe



to prepare plans for a reorganisation of the army in the light of European military knowledge, and that he went immediately, never having disobeyed orders in his life, and never having entertained the idea of so doing.

One of President Diaz' last official acts eighteen months later, and a few days before his fall, was to call Reyes back from Europe. He probably recognised at this time that his own cause was lost, and, with the cunning of the Zapotec Indian that he is, he sought to rob Madero of his victory by reviving the Reyes legend. However, the complete collapse of the Diaz administration came quicker than was expected. It took place while General Reyes was still at sea, and on his arrival at Havana he received orders from the then Secretary of War to disembark there and await instructions. For some weeks Madero and most of the leaders of the revolution were violently opposed to Reyes' return to Mexico. Indeed, several unfortunate gentlemen were about this time killed in cold blood on the road between Vera Cruz and the capital, because they were so unfortunate as to resemble the General, it being widely rumoured at the time that Reyes was pushing his way secretly to Mexico City.

A few weeks later, however, Madero became more tolerant, and Reyes was allowed to return. His reception by the people of the capital was not very impressive; in fact, it was almost a fiasco. Reyes cultivated friendly relations with Madero, and it was generally believed at one time that he would be appointed Minister of War in Madero's cabinet, but some weeks later Reyes was an avowed candidate for the presidency, and his relations with the chief

of the revolution were not so cordial. Indeed, in a speech at Cautla, Madero openly charged his rival with having plotted his assassination. General Reyes' candidacy was not received in any section of the republic with popular enthusiasm. His chances of success in a fair election were absolutely nil, and it was difficult to divine his motives. Around his candidacy, of course, centred much talk of a possible counter-revolution. He was probably supported secretly by members of the Cientifico group, who, though without popular following, exercise the power which great wealth gives. While not expecting the success of Reyes, these anonymous Cientificos were doubtless trying to sow discord in the Liberal ranks, and to bring about a chaotic state of affairs in which there might be a chance for a reactionary movement in the name of law and order and of conservatism.

Of course, Madero is not as popular to-day as when he rode into Mexico, the conquering hero. He has had to support the provisional government in its efforts to maintain law and order, and he has had to develop a political platform which was not such a simple matter as the battle cry of manhood suffrage and no re-election, with which he won the revolutionary struggle. Thousands have fallen away from him, because as yet Madero has had few offices to dispose of, and because he has been compelled by the constitutional aspects of the situation to urge his followers to address the courts with their complaints, rather than to furnish a remedy himself with a stroke of the pen, as some of the revolutionists expected. He has settled strikes, and he has disbanded forty thousand men, the great majority of his soldiers, who

have gone to their homes, with hardly anything more than promises to pay in the future.

However, at the convention of the Progressive party, in which, on August 30th, Madero was nominated for the presidency by acclamation, it was shown that in the main his wonderful power over the Mexican people was unimpaired.

✓ Only in one thing did the convention deny him and balk at his leadership. Recognising the great number of good citizens who form the Catholic party, by whom Madero has also been nominated for the presidency, the chief of the revolution did not wish a religious plank in the platform, but it was put in, and the Progressive party has gone on record as promising to enforce the laws of the Reform with full vigor. These laws were promulgated by Juarez at Vera Cruz in July, 1859, and they appropriated, in the name of the nation, all the property of the secular and regular clergy. They provided for the separation of the Church and State, and for religious tolerance and freedom; they abolished existing religious orders, and prohibited the establishment of new ones. They proclaimed marriage in its legal aspects a civil contract; secularised the cemeteries, and stopped the official observance of several religious holidays. Despite these drastic laws, and the ruthless way in which Juarez himself enforced them, the Catholic Church in Mexico to-day holds, not as a church, but in the name of many of its devoted adherents, a great amount of property, which is conservatively estimated as approximating in value several hundred millions. In the Church holdings there are many country estates which will have to be looked into when the new agrarian legislation, which

the revolution has promised, is being planned. It is probable that Madero will treat the Church with the same consideration that he will show to the other large landlords who are not paying their fair share of taxes.

The provisional government having had its hands full, indeed more than full, with police work, did not put definitely into operation any of the reforms which the revolutionary programme, that of San Luis Potosi, promised, Madero avowedly awaiting the support and the co-operation of a congress yet to be elected by the people. But the chief of the revolution was no more outspoken than is the President to-day, in promising radical agrarian legislation, an examination into the titles by which the favourites of Diaz, and this includes some distinguished foreigners, are holding domains as large and larger than some of our middle-sized states, an examination into the abuses of the pulque traffic, and the machinery of the pulque trust, and into the apparently prescriptive right of certain classes of society to live without work at the expense of the government. Of course, behind each one of these vested interests are entrenched thousands of undesirable citizens, who will knife the courageous reformer with their secret ballots, who will stir up disorders whenever they can without endangering their own lives.

The reason why some of his followers and some of the supporting societies have fallen away from Madero are many, and some, of course, cannot be stated or avowed; they can only be guessed at. The best of those who now lag in their support of popular government, which Madero alone represents in the coming contest, date their regretful opposition to the step ✓

which Madero took when he consented to a provisional government being installed when the Diaz administration collapsed, and the dictator fled. They would have preferred to have entered into power without further delay, or without improvising the makeshift of a transitional government. Madero's answer to this is convincing to most, and satisfactory to the impartial. When the Diaz bubble burst, the forces of the revolution were, as he says, for the most part far away in the north, or far away in the south; the country was threatened by the forces of anarchy, and the danger was greatest at the capital. Under the circumstances Madero preferred a delay of six months in the reform programme, and a general election, to wading into power through a welter of blood and carnage, which was as repulsive to him as it was, he thought, entirely unnecessary.

It is devoutly to be hoped, however, as the situation develops and the danger of discord in the patriotic and progressive ranks becomes more apparent, these dissensions will give place to a better spirit, and all minor misunderstandings be brushed away. Dr. Gomez, who for the moment seems to occupy an equivocal position, is, I believe, unselfish in his patriotic course, and I know him to be a man of great energy and intelligence. He is a full-blooded coast Indian, who has risen from what was, I believe, practically peonage to education, and to culture, and to great ability in the practice of medicine. Indeed, in his life and his achievements Dr. Gomez personifies one of the most interesting and hopeful signs of the new era, which seems to be dawning in Mexico. In the days of doubt and uncertainty, which are sure to

come, we should charitably recall that we, too, passed through such throes, and that, indeed, there were moments when even Franklin was uncertain whether our sun was rising or was setting.

In March, 1912, the clouds of political uncertainty still hang over Mexico. It must be admitted that the horizon has darkened rather than cleared during the last five months. In October, 1911, the Mexican voters, in a fair election, confirmed the results of the revolutionary campaign, and Señor Madero became Chief Magistrate by due process of the law. The defection of the Vasquez Gomez faction among the revolutionists became more noticeable during the electoral campaign, and now, at last, undeterred by the ridiculous ending of General Reyes' pronunciamiento, the man whom Madero most relied upon, who certainly helped him materially to success, has taken the field against his former chief. Unhappily, Mexico is now face to face, not only with the civil war between the honest and the law-abiding, and the organised banditti, which even the Diaz régime only kept in check, but could not root out, but with a fraternal struggle between the very men who, acting patriotically, brought to a dramatic close less than a year ago the despotism of Diaz, which is now so generally regretted.

However the situation may develop, it is certainly one which imposes heavy responsibilities and grave duties upon the Administration in Washington. Only a few years ago, and at this time the conditions seemed to justify his optimism, Mr. Root entertained the hope that the Republic of Mexico was able and could be induced to share with us the arduous burden which police work in the Caribbean and in the Central American

States imposes,\* but to-day the tables have turned, and there is more law and order even in Honduras than in unfortunate Mexico. While President Madero is being held generally accountable for the breakdown of the new government, in my opinion no one is so clearly responsible for the deplorable situation as is the ex-dictator. Don Porfirio Diaz ruled the republic for forty years with a rod of iron, and with no thought of the days or of the men, and of their education, that were to come after him. Politically and in all matters touching upon self-government, he left his people, after forty years of repressive government, as backward and incompetent as when, with a handful of bandits and Indians, he imposed upon them his régime of personal despotism.

✓ The apparent failure of the Madero government, resting upon the law and not upon bayonets, is but another proof and illustration of how selfishly Diaz ruled Mexico. He might have founded a great commonwealth, but he chose to be a dictator, and to rule tyrannically, upheld by convict soldiers. While his unfortunate country seems destined to reap the whirlwind which he sowed so lightheartedly, I do not think that General Diaz will escape his responsibility in history. The backward steps taken in Mexico during the last eighteen months have been attended by similar discouraging movements in several of the Central American States. The failure of the Senate to ratify the treaties with Nicaragua and with Honduras, providing for a fiscal arrangement similar in plan and scope to our Santo Domingo protocol, is certainly discouraging to the conservative and respectable fractions of society in these unfortunate coun-

\*See Appendix L, page 475.

tries. Both republics are over their head and heels in debt, and their credit is nil without the surety, under certain restrictions, of the United States Government. The foreign, almost exclusively foreign, bondholders are naturally urging their governments to take active steps to protect their long-neglected interests, and the consequences cannot be other than vexatious to all concerned.

Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, in a speech made in 1904 before the New England Society in New York, seemed to have in view the very case that is before us. He said:

“And if we are to maintain this doctrine [the declaration of Monroe], which is vital to our national life and safety, at the same time when we say to the other powers of the world, ‘You shall not push your remedies for wrong against these republics to the point of occupying their territory,’ we are bound to say that, whenever the wrong cannot be otherwise redressed, we ourselves will see that it is redressed.”

To-day we are not allowing the foreign bondholders to collect their just dues. Our Senate refuses to allow Nicaragua and Honduras to borrow money in the only way they can—and apparently everything must go on as before. It is certainly a distressing situation, and a complete breakdown of civilisation, which, let us hope, is only temporary, on this continent, where, as Mr. Olney said, “the United States is practically sovereign, and its fiat is law.”

In pushing the scheme for a union of the five Central American republics, and this was evidently the main purpose of his recent tour in the Caribbean, Mr. Knox is doing with characteristic energy and intelligence excellent educational work. However, he is engaged on



a propaganda which is not at all likely to bear fruit at an early day.

Undoubtedly the Central American union affords a solution for many of the difficulties and the disadvantages from which the separate and isolated republics are suffering, but the union or confederation will be difficult to obtain; and, as the history of previous attempts clearly demonstrates, it will be still more difficult to maintain and uphold, once it is formed. The unionists are taking away from a large and most influential class, if not the most highly esteemed in the five republics, namely, the professional politicians, their means of livelihood without "degrading" labour, and it is not at all likely that this class will allow such a good thing as is their present profession to slip through their fingers without a struggle. The five republics were united from 1838 to 1841. A confederation was again proposed in 1889, but the congresses of Costa Rica and Nicaragua held back, and prevented its realisation. However, these very countries, together with Salvador, in 1895 formed a union which survived until 1899.

In the face of these failures, which must have proved discouraging, it is, nevertheless, certain that the partisans of the union have increased both in numbers and in influence, and that much pioneer work has been accomplished in paving the way and removing the difficulties which lie in the path of a more perfect union. Courts of justice have been created for the purpose of unifying and codifying the laws in use, and an international bureau has been founded to develop the interests, commercial and industrial, which the five republics have in common. This bureau holds annual re-

unions in one or the other of the capitals, at which questions of common interest, such as the development of agriculture, the preservation of peace, monetary questions, and tariffs are freely discussed.

This propaganda has been encouraged by every recent administration in Washington, and certainly great practical results have been obtained by the institution of the High Court of Justice in Central America, which on several occasions has prevented armed conflicts between the states which are so given to civil strife. We might conclude that the attitude of the United States upon this question, the tireless efforts which have been made by successive administrations to strengthen the party of the Central American union, would have silenced the partisans of Zelaya and other fire-eaters, who pretend to see in our every move a more or less veiled attempt at annexation, for it is certain that a united Central America would develop into an interesting buffer state between North and South America, and would most certainly prove more difficult to absorb than the weak and isolated republics which are to-day engaged in impoverishing one another by more or less open warfare. However, this recognition of our unselfishness is not general, and it will probably be a matter of slow growth. Most Central American statesmen with whom I have conversed on the subject have, with more or less frankness, admitted that we could best help the cause of the Central American union and the possibility of peace and good government which it presents, by abstaining from all manifestations of preference, much less of ardent partisanship in the matter.\*

\* For recent definition of our Central American policy, see Appendix L, page 475.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE CONQUEST OF THE ISTHMUS

THE Isthmus of Panama \* runs nearly east and west, and the canal traverses it from Colon on the north to Panama on the south, in a general direction from northwest to southeast, the Pacific terminus being twenty-two miles east of the Atlantic entrance.

The greatest difficulty of the canal project now nearing completion was and is the control and disposal of the waters of the Chagres River, and its many tributaries. The Chagres runs a circuitous serpentine course, backwards and forwards across the Isthmus from its source in the San Blas Mountains, emptying into the Caribbean Sea a mile or two west of Limon Bay. One of the merits claimed for the canal plan as finally adopted is that it converts what was an obstacle into the motive power of the colossal project, for without the formerly greatly feared floods of the Chagres the canal would simply be a dry ditch, useless for navigation.

The American canal consists of a sea-level entrance channel from Limon Bay to Gatun, about seven miles long, forty-one feet deep at mean tide, and with a bottom width of five hundred feet. At Gatun the canal becomes a high-level canal, from which it takes its name. Here a mammoth dam has been constructed across the valley by which the waters of the Chagres

\* For text of treaty with the Republic of Panama and commercial statistics, see Appendix J, page 460.

River are impounded and a lake, which will have an area of about a hundred and sixty-four square miles, is formed. This high level is maintained until Pedro Miguel, thirty-two miles away, is reached. Here the Pacific side of the lake is confined by a dam between the hills, and here also the descent towards a lower level begins through the locks.

The Gatun dam, which is the bulwark of the reservoir lake, is nearly one mile and a half long; measured on its crest, fully half a mile wide at its base, and about four hundred feet wide at the water surface, and the crest, as planned, will be at an elevation of one hundred and fifteen feet above mean sea-level and about thirty feet above the expected normal level of the lake. Of the total length of the dam only five hundred feet, or one-fifteenth part, will be exposed to the maximum water head or pressure of eighty-five feet. As a matter of fact this bulwark is a mountain rather than a dam, and it is confidently expected that a view of its colossal proportions will disarm those critics of the project who have ever thought to see in an earthen dam at this point the fatal weakness of the high-level plan.

The spillway in the dam is a concrete-lined opening twelve hundred feet long and three hundred feet wide cut through a hill of rock nearly in the centre of the dam, the bottom of the spillway opening being ten feet above sea-level. There are six double locks of concrete in the canal, three pairs in flight at Gatun, with a combined lift or drop of eighty-five feet. One pair at Pedro Miguel with a lift or drop of thirty and a third feet, and two pairs at Miraflores with a combined lift or drop of fifty-four feet eight inches at

mean tide. For sixteen miles from the Gatun dam the canal channel will be a thousand feet broad, then for four miles it will narrow to eight hundred feet and for four miles further, indeed to the northern entrance of Culebra cut at Bas Obispo, it will have a width of five hundred feet, with depth varying from eighty-five feet to forty-five feet the minimum. The water level in the cut will, of course, be that of the lake and with a minimum depth of forty-five feet. Through the cut the minimum bottom width of the canal, three hundred feet, will be reached.

On the Pacific side of the cut or continental divide the canal work consists, in addition to the locks already enumerated, of the breakwaters extending from Balboa to Naos Island, a distance of a little more than three miles, and the excavation of the canal and ocean channel to deep water in the Pacific. At the Pacific entrance of the canal the fluctuations of tide are considerable, amounting to nearly twenty feet. The arrangements in the form of gates in the tidal lock, by which this obstacle is to be met, are new and untried, and there is no absolute certainty that they will work successfully. Here we are face to face with one of several important details of the great construction which are absolutely without precedent, and whose strength or weakness will only be apparent when the canal is completed.

The length of the canal from shore-line to shore-line is about forty miles. From deep water to deep water it is ten miles longer. Throughout its course there are no lazy turns, a thing which the mariner notes with delight. The changing course is met by a succession of twenty-two clean-cut angles, without excessive

curvature in any place such as would retard or endanger navigation.

Even from the above fragmentary sketch of the canal project the vital importance of an adequate water supply will be apparent. Critics of the high-level plan, which we adopted, have not of late so frequently repeated their criticisms of the Gatun dam, but on the question of whether we have enough water to work the canal they are far from being silent. And, of course, in a sense their criticism is not without foundation—however magnificent the dam, however wonderful the locks, and however accurate the electrical appliances to supply the power, sea-going ships will not be able to pass from ocean to ocean, and the dream of centuries will not be realised, unless the water-level of forty-five feet is always maintained in the channel of the interoceanic waterway.

The confidence of the canal engineers in the adequacy of the visible water supply to maintain the necessary water-level is based on figures, measurements, and observations which were started by the French in 1880, and have been continued by ourselves. What appear to be liberal allowances are made for evaporation and seepage and leakage at the water gates of the locks. However, should these figures prove to be deceptive, should in the dry season water not be forthcoming in sufficient quantities for all the lockages desired, the canal will not remain on our hands as the hopeless wreck of a colossal blunder, as these critics maintain will be the case. To meet this contingency, which it is hoped, and with much show of reason, will never arise, a suitable site has been chosen up the Chagres River, ten miles away from

the canal prism, where in the season of floods and rains great quantities of water could be accumulated, to be drawn upon in the dry season, in case of shortage. The site of this emergency or secondary dam has been selected and the plan fully worked out, but construction work has not begun, and I understand will not be, until the necessity for the same becomes more apparent.

The great work as outlined above is presided over by Colonel Goethals the master-builder, seconded by Colonel Hodges, assistant chief engineer and designer of the permanent structure of the canal. It is subdivided into three main sections, Colonel Sibert of the Engineers being in charge of the Atlantic Division, while Colonel Gaillard, also of the Army, is in charge of the central division, which includes the Gatun lake and the Culebra cut. The Pacific Division is the peculiar domain of Mr. S. B. Williamson, a civil engineer of great distinction, one of the many such who are numbered among the alumni of the Virginia Military Institute. Admiral Rousseau is the worthy representative of the Navy in the great work, while the duties of Mr. Joseph B. Bishop, the secretary of the Commission, are many and exacting, as are those in a different sphere of Mr. Thatcher, the civil administrator of the Canal Zone.

The first days of the visitor (if he is a layman) in the Canal Zone, as a rule, leave only a confused recollection of many things seen and little understood. Generally he rushes wildly about for a week of bewildered days, dividing his time with strict impartiality between the many great and striking features of the work. Then, if he is wise, he settles down and tries

to get upon closer and more intimate terms with some one of the wonders unfolded, that one probably which he flatters himself he understands. I, charmed by their simplicity, gradually became identified with the water-gates of the Gatun lock, at the Atlantic entrance to the high level. Truly, as the foreman explained, the mechanism of the gates is within the grasp of the most simple-minded, merely "an open and shut game," as he said, but of enthralling interest, for here the waters of the Atlantic will make their first onward rush to wreck the work of soaring man, and here, if all goes well, the dreadnoughts and the ocean greyhounds alike will be made to walk upstairs.

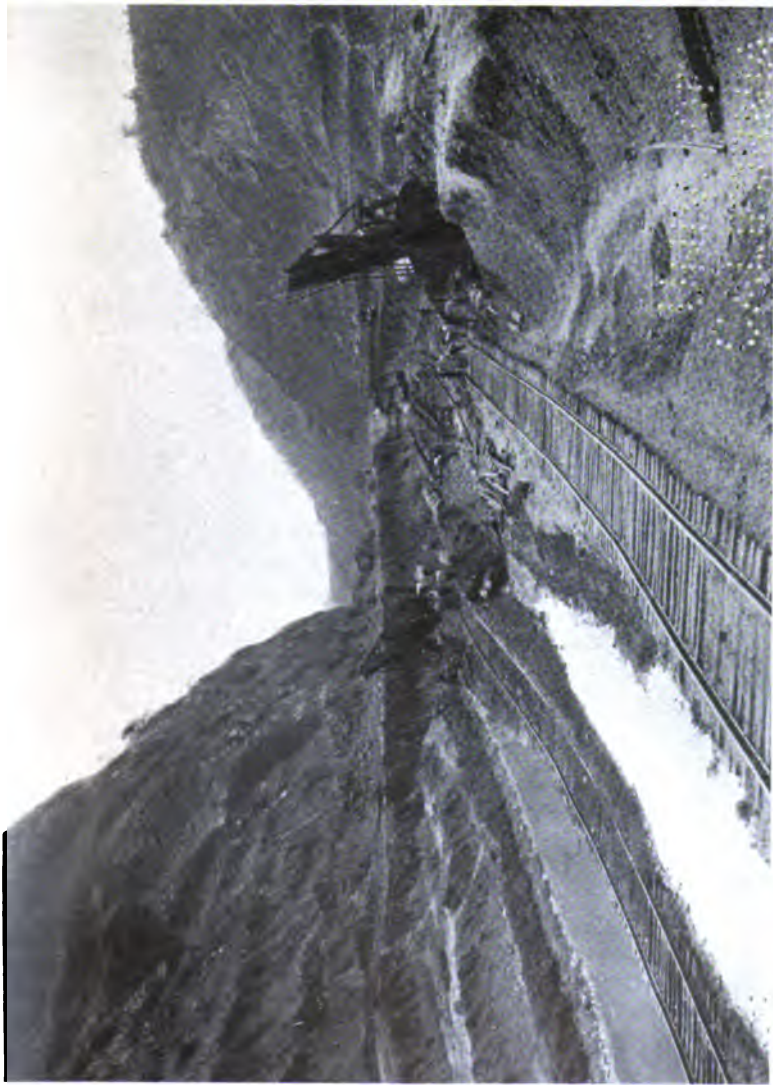
And here everything is on a gigantic scale. The men who are building these great water-gates at Gatun treat appliances that handle fifty-ton weights as though they were feather dusters, with as much nonchalance as if they were sewing machines. This is a place where the roar of the sledge hammers is ceaseless and the drumming of the riveting irons is never hushed. Each leaf of the mitred gate costs, I believe, a hundred thousand dollars, and the great rivets by which the leaves are fastened into place are doubtless not as cheap as ten-penny nails. In the twilight of the lock interior the rivets are hurled from the heating furnaces to where they are needed. As they fly through the air to the great gates which are being forged to keep out the floods of the Atlantic, they look like nothing half so much as a shower of meteors rushing through the darkling air into space.

Here at the first water-gate of the Gatun locks and beyond by the timbered coffer-dam, which to-day alone protects and shields the mitred gates of iron



from the onrush of the Atlantic tides, perhaps the advanced state of the work is most apparent and you soon fall into the illusion that everything is ready for shipping until the cold calculating foreman, with the steel-blue eye, comes along and blasts your dream by the admixture of a few, to me, wholly unsympathetic facts, but at all events, even the foreman cannot deny this, the picture changes every day, and every hour spells progress somewhere. One day I rode through the drainage canal at the bottom of the locks and came back at noon the next day to repeat the performance, only to find the outlet through which we had steamed so gaily, closed with a corselet of steel, which was being flooded by a river of cement. The little engine in which we had travelled was entirely cut off from the railway system, and the engineer was not a little perturbed at the separation. He came from Colorado and did not like being a one-horse railway by himself. "The Superintendent wants me to fetch and carry down in this here canyon for a month or two," he explained, "but some day he will drop a chain from a crane and haul me out to open air and the main system again, at least that's his promise."

And one day as I lingered by the coffer-dam I saw the fate of that water which had been so presumptuous as to threaten the water-gates with flood and the cement-larkers with drowning. The engineers had slipped another dam behind the pressing flood, and quietly and without noise of any kind the water which I and many another observer had thought destined to be first in the lock was being squirted out over an adjacent prairie. After the water was out



**Culebra Cut, Culebra, Panama**

Steam Shovel Working at Elevation Plus-73, View Looking South, January 27, 1912

2000

the suction dredges sucked up thousands of yards of slime, filled up a little lake, by means of their great extension-pipes, and here and there reduced mountains to molehills. In a few hours many familiar features of the landscape had disappeared. When all the ooze was sucked out the drilling machines were placed on the bed rock that was now disclosed to view and one wall began to rise which is to protect the vast lock structure from earth slides and another to guide the incoming steamers to their first resting place on their epoch-making journey across the continental divide. So you see to-day the freckle-faced, flannel-shirted hydraulic engineer can do all the things to the ocean that King Canute could not.

Suddenly the eleven o'clock whistle echoes through the yellow canyon, and the uproar from many machines dies slowly, it would seem reluctantly away, and the voices of the foremen can be heard shouting: "Pick 'em up, pick 'em up!" And the men turn their backs on the great water-gates, which are ajar. Just as the whistle sounded a trained and, as it would seem, thoroughly domesticated travelling crane had deposited with precision and with something like respectful obedience to the touch of the button or the turn of the lever, at their very feet, an eighteen-ton girder for one leaf of the water-gate, which in the fulness of time is destined to hold back the waters of the ocean. The chains are loosened of their burden, and the riveters, climbing down from their perches, coil the chains about their bodies as if they were ropes of flowers and shout: "Pick 'em up! Haul away!" I wish you could see then the dark despair that is depicted on the faces of the men on the lower level, whose fate it is to puddle

about in the swamps of cement below and who, by reason of the great rubber trousers which they wear and the uneasy element, neither liquid nor solid, in which their working hours are lived, are not quick movers.

"Pick 'em up! Pick 'em up!" the cry resounds through the ravine. Some one touches the button or some one turns the lever and the travelling crane hoists away out of the depths a score or so of half-naked men > with beads of perspiration dripping from their bare khaki-colored backs. As they squirm in and out among the chains and perform acrobatic feats that made at least one observer's heart sink into his boots, they are shot out of the yellow canyon, and swinging clear of the earth, dangle for a moment some fifty feet overhead, a glowing tangled knot of humanity, that recalls some masterpiece from the chisel of Cellini more than anything I had ever seen in life before. Then they are dropped softly down to the top level of the lock structure and start for dinner quietly, just as though they had stepped off a trolley car.

Out of the glare of the sun the men pass into the subdued light and the welcome coolness of the bird cage-shaped and wired eating houses, which give the whole line of our new waterway such a very Japanese appearance. As they pass out of the sunlight into the twilight beyond the turnstile the men finger little brass-numbered checks, like the old-fashioned trunk checks of the last decade, which hang from their belts and serve to identify them. I believe, as a man's work is done and a section of the great work finished, these checks are called in and the man passes out into the world with nothing tangible to show that he has played his part in that great work which is the wonder of the day

and likely to remain the miracle of the ages. I think every man who sees the thing through or does his little part of it with credit should be allowed to retain this medal of highest honour, this Victoria Cross, this emblem of membership in that greater Society of the Cincinnati.\*

When the traveller comes to Culebra, fortunately for him he cannot see all the wonders and all the horrors of the crooked, snaky "cut" at once, and so he escapes a very disagreeable moment. It is best to take the troubles which the cutting of the divide entails in short cross-sections, emulating the example of Colonel Gaillard, the engineer upon whom the solution of the Culebra problems has devolved, and who is known as the most cheerful man in the Zone. At a banquet of the "Kangaroos" an orator described him, not inaptly, as "the cheerful chamois of the Culebra cut." Upon him the duty has devolved of severing this backbone that holds North and South America together, and, surprisingly enough, the trouble is not that this backbone is tough, but that it has hardly the strength and consistency of the traditional chocolate éclair. It won't stay cut, but slides together again, and if they can't get together the severed portions will not sit up, can hardly be made to sit up when supported, what they love to do is to relax or collapse, and to drop down into that dry ditch where some day soon, though it requires the faith that removes mountains to believe it, the ocean greyhounds will go steaming by.

\* I am informed since the foregoing was written that the Isthmian Canal Commission are now permitting all men who are honourably discharged after two years' work, to take with them these simple metal discs.

Perhaps you could take in with your eye a cross-section of the staggering spectacle which the Culebra presents, if it were not for the noise. Perhaps you have never heard of noise affecting the optic nerve, but that is merely one way of saying you have never been in the "cut." Down there the man of keenest hearing has no advantage over the deaf mute. If you are not struck speechless as you ought to be, communicate your thoughts in the sign language, but you had better concentrate all your attention on flying boulders, incipient avalanches, and erratic steam shovels. All about you are marshalled machines, whole battalions of machines of every variety, those that build up and those that tear down. The whole gamut of invention is represented from the drill, that goes through granite, to the titanic hose, which washes away bulging hillocks and sharp corners just as though they were so many sand piles erected by children at play. And speaking of children the concrete guns are simply boys' blow-pipes, magnified to heroic size. They squirt their sticky charges against the uneasy walls of the man-created canyon in the hope (it never was realised) that after this tonic has been administered the walls will sit up and cease from crumbling away.

But the steam shovels, especially those of the ninety-five ton variety, are the popular tools which report progress every time they eat into the mountain-side, and lay bare its geological secrets. Sometimes moonstones and agates are brought to light, but generally it is dirt, generally dirt of the most "ornery" kind, as the steam-shovel men all agree. After the shovels come the hose, washing up the débris, clearing the sidewalks, as it were, under tremendous hot-air pres-

sure. The cavalry, it would seem, are represented by the patrols and squads of spidery-shaped drills, which make the holes for the dynamite. You think these drills are simply playing and wasting valuable time; as a matter of fact they do not occupy the centre of this great stage until at noon, when the hungry hordes have gone to eat, or at night when they have gone away to sleep at higher levels. It is only then that the flights and squadrons of drills are withdrawn from the advanced posts, where they have been digging dynamite holes all day, and the electric spark is sent along the invisible wire, and, with a roaring crash, the hills are rent. It's a great moment, this, for the drills, and for those grimy, daring men who play around all day in the bottom of the cut with dynamite sticks as others play with golf clubs. There is no one there to cheer, but it is a hard moment for the bluff steam shovels with their blustering ways, and they generally relieve the awkwardness of the moment by blowing off steam. Great and mighty are the shovels and deservedly far-reaching is their renown, but the mighty excavation has brought to light nuts which the shovels would find it hard to crack were it not for the preparatory pioneer work of the slender drills and the disintegrating influence of the dynamite charges.

The walk through the cut always leads to where Gold Hill, the highest point in the Zone, throws, in more senses than one, its dark shadow over this section of the battlefield. I have always been a follower of those enthusiastic, plausible, and perhaps profoundly ignorant men who have tried so hard to induce the canal commissioners to undermine Gold Hill on the far side, not for treasure trove, but in the hope that, robbed of its



underpinnings, this menacing mountain would slide away and disappear from the horizon, where to-day it looms so large and so full of menace. The project has never appealed to the commission. The movement of the hill, they claim, supposing that it had once been started, would depend entirely upon the underlying geological formation, of which we know nothing, and not upon the wishes of the starters. Probably it is best to leave it alone—as they have decided. However, where all the earth is moving it seems excessively optimistic to hope that Gold Hill will always stand stock-still. Perhaps it may slide away from it, perhaps it may slide into the “cut.” Certain only it is that long as Gold Hill stands where it does there is the possibility of a catastrophe which would wreck our inter-oceanic waterway for years, and perhaps forever.

While the working hours are on and fifty thousand husky men are working within the canal prism at high pressure to see the thing through, you feel proud to be a man and a brother of these men of many colours and of many nations, who, under the leadership and the guidance of American engineers, are removing mountains, flooding waterways, and preparing the dry land. There is no thought of failure or even of appreciable delay along that far-flung battle line, from the shallows in Limon Bay, where Drake is resting in his leaden coffin, to “old” Panama, where Morgan was wont to singe the King of Spain’s beard, and make free with his ingots and his bullion.

In working hours you are fired by the enthusiasm of the workers. You, too, though only a camp follower, a spectator, an unworthy clerk, if you will, of the ever victorious army, you too follow the “snow-

white plume" to the deepest levels or to the top of the continental divide, from whence Balboa did not see both oceans, unless the old Conquistador's eyes were quite different from those of other mortals. But do not venture into the canal prism at night or on the Sabbath, or on one of the infrequent holidays, if you would preserve your equanimity and optimistic poise. I spent one solitary Sunday in the cut, and it required many cheery days of companionship with the workers, many bright hours of visible conquest to dispel the gloomy forebodings that then assailed, if they did not quite possess me.

It is an unpleasant experience, and yet I know no other way in which the odds of the venture can be gauged, or the terms upon which the battle is being fought, appreciated. Man is resting, but restless Nature is at work and her sinister opposition to man's greatest achievement becomes apparent in all its deadly effectiveness.

As I walked along one of the lower reaches of the cut, a bank caved in before my eyes, and I was enveloped in a splashing spray of muddy water. It was as if a geyser had burst out from the bowels of the embankment. I looked about me for an alarm to sound, but I was alone in a great solitude. How criminal it is that men should be at church or playing baseball (and I knew they were both praying and playing, because I had been cordially invited to both places), while the demon of destruction is having its will of the great work! The torrent issuing from the embankment broadened, my heart sank as I saw the lake forming all around me. Can that crazy Spaniard, who leads a hermit existence in the shack back of the

hill, be right after all? How impressively and how without feeling he had said to me only yesterday, "Yes, the Americans are working wonders, their project is worthy of every success, but, of course, success will not be theirs. What God has joined let no man put asunder." I danced and sprang about dodging the rising flood, and while intent upon maintaining my retreat to the mainland, I saw through the embankment, now wholly collapsed, what had happened. The waters of one of the innumerable tributaries of the Chagres had burst the diverting channel through which it was to be escorted out of harm's way and was flooding the lower levels. Soon it would reach the railway bed, soon submerge the steam shovels. Suddenly a familiar sound fell upon my ears. I have heard Christmas chimes and the lightship's bell off a bleak lea shore, but nothing ever sounded half so sweet to me as the chug of that automatic ram that started to work in the lower depths of the Culebra cut. Another and another joined in the chorus. Here and there a pump started, and the unruly waters were quelled and pumped back whence, unbidden, they had come.

I wish man, with his many inventions, could fight the invading dirt in his absence as successfully as he does the water, but truth compels me to say that, as far as my observation goes, he cannot. All this Sabbath day the glacier-like "slides" were, without haste and without rest, pouring their burden of earth into the deep cut that man, with his many machines and many forms of power, has been so long in making. All the old "slides" were filling in the wounds and covering over the scars, inflicted during

the past weeks, while the unmanned steam shovels stood powerless by and one of them at least was well-nigh submerged in the avenging flood. The steam shovels stood by stock-still, but they were not silent under the provocation. A sibilant hissing noise issued from their boilers where the steam is generated that on working days enables the shovels to eat into mountains as though they were old cheeses, and hurl tonton boulders around as though they were so many marbles. I could have borne with the old "slides,"—they have, as it were, their traditional justification,—but to see a new "slide" start as I did, indeed two of them, either one of which might sooner or later encompass the overthrow of man's proudest achievement, was hard to bear, especially on a holiday outing.

The Cucaracha is the famous historic slide, which was first heralded to the world, but the men on the fighting line, I find, more greatly fear that moving avalanche more directly in the cut, and which is consequently called the Culebra slide. The Cucaracha, is, however, the senior slide, and it began to give the French trouble in 1884. It still gives trouble and costs much money. The cost of this one pesky bit of earth that won't sit up and behave itself could have been converted profitably into quite a fleet of battleships. It was at first confined to a length of eight hundred feet measured along the line of excavation, but it has extended or expanded to include the entire basin south of Gold Hill for a length of three thousand feet. Originally but six acres, the Cucaracha now covers nearly fifty acres, always moving restless, irresistible as the sea. Should the Culebra slide develop along

these proportions, say the pessimists, our present plan of canal will be defeated.

Of course we are taking big chances with the "slides," and no one can say with absolute certainty when these avalanches of earth may reach the angle of repose so prayerfully worked for, and which is so different in situations which appear to be exactly similar. If it is to be a fight to the finish, no one can say how much it will cost, or how long it will take to extirpate or remove, by excavation, these pockets of rotten earth of such changing and uncertain dimensions. One cannot feel very cheerful when he sees, or thinks he sees, at all events when he knows by scientific measurements which admit of no denial, that three-quarters of a million of cubic yards of earth are moving directly towards the canal channel; when he learns, by the rudest and most convincing of object lessons, that the flow cannot be stopped, at all events down to the present never has been stopped, and that it will all have to be dug out sooner or later by the shovel or the dredge.

So it can be said that the Culebra cut, or rather the treatment of the "slides" and the breaks in its banks, has developed into the uncertain and experimental feature of the work and the completion of the "cut," as Colonel Goethals has well said, will also mark the date of the canal's completion. Colonel Gaillard, of the Engineers, who is in immediate command of the forces that are fighting the Antean monster of Culebra, is very anxious to get water into the cut because he believes that the back-pressure of the water will give the inefficient banks greater stability; it is also thought

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that the removal of the railway with its vibration, and the cessation of blasting, will bring relief.

Down in the bottom of the "cut" the heat is sweltering, though overhead, on the surface level, the bushes and the few remaining trees are nodding and bowing before the constant breeze. I staggered along, and coming, as I did, to such close quarters with hitherto almost unsuspected forces in the bowels of the earth, strange revelations were to be expected, and certainly they were not lacking. First of all, and certainly to me the most fearful and awful, was the genesis of a new slide. I saw two come into being in the course of the short walk which I describe. One soon subsided, but the other, for all I know, may be sliding yet. It certainly was moving with unimpaired vigour many hours after I witnessed its sinister birth.

To me, in the depths of the chasm, where at noon it is twilight and the burning heavens straight overhead alone are visible, at the very foot of this breathless pit where the sullen dead heat reigned, it seemed passing strange, but it was nevertheless so, above and not so far away in the breezy above-sea-level world outside men were playing ball, and men and women, too, were going to church, and some of the latter were bent on staying to witness the titanic struggle between the "Kangaroos" and another famous nine, for the Isthmian championship. As the Sunday train passed out of hearing, on its way to the church reservation in Ancon, where the fighting Parson prays and also plays ball, the engineer blew his whistle, I hope to warn track-walkers and not out of sheer animal spirits. Be this as it may the whistle rang and echoed shrilly through the cut and right under my

eyes, and at my feet, which were soon covered with a little avalanche of sand, the "slide" began. First a mere thread of sand it was, then a rivulet of bulkier mass, soon a rock or two was drawn into the current, and a minute later I jumped, none too soon to escape a great boulder, which, bereft of its underpinning, came suddenly crashing down into the lower level. In five minutes there was work, and plenty, for a steam shovel or two, and before evening the new slide had swept away a railway siding, buried a steam shovel so deep that it would have to be dug out, and set back the work of those dauntless men, who had determined to see the thing through, by many a weary back-breaking day.

I fled this slide only to stumble into another. Overhead now the baseball game was waxing hot, the "Kangaroos" had gotten on to the twirl of the new pitcher from Colon and were batting him all over the field. A tremendous hit resounded down the "cut" from the far-away field, a loud hurrah "Go to second! Come home!" from the excited fans, and suddenly, again at my side, there sprang into being another slide. A little rivulet of restless earth seeking repose, which did not subside for an hour or more, by which time it had deposited some twenty tons or more of indurated clay into Uncle Sam's ditch, and by so much added to the engineers' cares and the taxpayers' burden.

A little further on, and the earth grew suddenly strangely hot under foot. I looked down and it seemed to me I was walking upon smouldering coals or upon a bed of peat burnt into many colours. I had stumbled upon that curious phenomenon which the negroes

from Barbados and Jamaica reported to their bosses, a few days before, as "hell hole" or hell gate. Many of the newspapers took it up, and a large section of the European Press was convinced, cablegraphically I suppose, that we had unearthed an awakening volcano in the very track of our four hundred million dollar waterway. Indeed, I do not blame the European brethren if they reported what they actually saw. I myself have seen half a dozen volcanoes in Java (lady's volcanoes the Dutch call them, from their gentle ways and the fact that they can easily be visited by the most Chinese-footed of the fair sex), which did not look so volcanic to the untutored and unscientific eye. At all events on this day all the ground about was either aflame or a smoking, and, here and there, the earth had been burnt into heaps of rubbish, which had taken on strange fantastic colours. Whatever it may be, and I personally had not the ghost of a notion, this is not ordinary pay-dirt. But already men, keen-eyed deep-delving geologists from whom Mother Earth cannot conceal her secrets, have brushed away the superstition of the negroes and the theories of the half-baked scientists. It is not the gate to hell and it is not a destruction breeding volcano we are face to face with, but an interesting phenomenon, which wise men from all over the world are hastening to see. I confess that the feature of it that I find most interesting, is that the phenomenon has proved helpful rather than hurtful to the work of excavation.

It happened in this wise, say the geologists. A steam shovel or a blast, destroying better than it knew, brought to view and exposed to the burning rays of —



the overhead tropical sun, a great deposit of iron pyrites. A slow fire by combustion or from the blast was the result, to which a nearby lying bed of free lime contributed further fuel; to-day the fire smoulders in a bed of lignite and as nothing is easier to remove than ashes, strict orders have been given to watch the fire, but by no means to put it out; already many hundred yards of what would have been, but for this happy accident and the glowing kiss of the sun, stubborn spoils, have been incinerated and this cross-section of burnt-out earth displays more dissolving colours than ever did Joseph's coat. Only steam-shovel man No. 5011 is disappointed, for when the "volcano" was first reported he offered Colonel Goethals to dig it out "by the roots" with his great machine.

One hundred yards further on another phenomenon is staged. It is not visible, however, to the naked eye unless the eye has the insight of imagination, but it is none the less real and none the less formidable for all that. We have reached the bottom of the chasm as it yawns to-day. Here the eighty-five-foot level, the future level of the canal, has been reached and indeed surpassed, the extra depth being needed, it is said, for a temporary or emergency drainage canal. And perhaps here the hole has been dug deep as an object lesson of what is yet to come all along the line. In other words, it is a reconnaissance in force to the bottom of the "cut." Here even the most thoughtless and unscientific toiler can get the measure of the work that still awaits us and gird up his loins for the mighty sustained efforts that will yet be required of him.



Courtesy of The Pan-American Union

**The Cathedral Plaza, Panama**



The truth and the correctness of the level reached in this place was ascertained by the most scientific instruments and substantially corroborated by half a dozen others, including the rule of thumb for which most foremen of working gangs have such a strong partiality. But a day or two later the place did not look right. Some with the insight of imagination in their vision said the ground had risen over night and boldly asserted that they saw it rise while they stood there! When the measuring instruments were brought science confirmed the imaginative point of view. The bottom of the canal channel had risen a foot in forty-eight hours, and worse luck! was still rising! A feeling of superstitious awe now possessed some of the men of this particular working gang. Here was indeed no end of a job! Here was an endless chain of excavations! A prey to superstitious fears and powerless to continue on the job, some of the Spaniards here engaged—here where they had made an enviable record for endurance and steadiness, second to no men whether white or black—had to be transferred to less fantastic fields of labour and the matter-of-fact steam-shovel men were called in by the equally unemotional engineers. The ditch was dug out again “deep and plenty,” as the steam-shovellers say, and again it filled out and welled up to its former level.

Then the wise men, responsible for the construction of the world's eighth wonder, put on their thinking caps and found a very natural, if regrettable, explanation of the extraordinary occurrence. The rise of the soil in the “cut,” and indeed in the bottom of the future waterway in many other places, was caused by the weight of the banks which remained and the lateral

pressure which they exerted.\* Where the height and consequently the weight of the adjacent bank has been reduced, the alarming bulge ceases and the bed of the canal stays dug. Still this topping of the side crests or embankments in many places is costing another pretty penny.

It is well to bear this in mind and also to remember that when you look into the totals of the "cut," the tale is not so tragic as are some of the details. Barring a catastrophe, the "cut" will be completed early in 1913, nine months from now, and thanks to the unforeseen slides we will then have excavated twenty million cubic yards more than we bargained for. Fortunately, however, the cost price of the excavation that we did foresee has been so much smaller than we had any reason to hope it would be, that though we will have dug twenty million cubic yards more than we counted upon, the work is still within, and well within, the estimated cost.

In so far as it is permitted to the human finite eye to spy into the future to-day, this the greatest work of man since his activities began is eighty per cent. completed. To-day some of the great water-gates through which the argosies of the future are to pass into the south and eastern seas are completed and ajar, the light-houses at either entrance and the range lights within, so many beckoning beacons, flash out their invitation, calling attention, like so many gigantic electric signs, to the new route of commerce soon to be thrown open to the world. In the lake reservoir

\*Observers are losing faith in the "angle of repose" doctrine and the "slides" are assigned by many to the same causes which are given here for the rising of the soil.

the precious indispensable water is rising nearly an inch a day and the "cut" section of the work is only dry because of a slender strip of earth or dike, at Matachin, a strip of earth which a steam-shovel could devour in less than half a day.

To-day, for the first time in eight years, the undoubted progress of the great work is apparent. Up to now progress was a matter for cold careful scientific calculation, to-day it is a matter of ocular demonstration. Formerly you could, of course, see the dirt fly, but the plot was so carefully concealed that the good of the flying dirt was really a matter of faith. To-day, however, not only is eighty per cent. of the work completed, but the end is in sight. The canal has taken shape and the purposeful coördination of all the detached works and isolated workers jumps to the eye of the most short-sighted tourist. Hardly a week passes without "finished" being written upon some important fraction of the work.

Barring some great and unforeseen catastrophe, all the masonry and the concrete will be completed by January 1, 1913. By July, next year, the air- and water-tight gates, which are to hold and control the floods of the Chagres, will be ready to perform their vital functions in the working of the canal. Three gates are already completed and, in operation, have been subjected to severe tests. Indeed by this date, July, 1913, the whole canal proper should be completed and there is every reason to believe it will be. The terminals may not be ready, and the back-filling of these gigantic concrete castles, which the engineers call locks may lag behind, but all these ragged edges will have been gathered up and smoothed out long be-

fore the date of the official opening in 1915. To-day the railway yards at Balboa are being transferred to make room for the permanent dry-dock and basin on the Pacific side. It is to be hoped that this is the last transfer of this vagrant railway, which, though it enjoys the shortest route across the continent, has had its roadbed changed so frequently that if all the construction work on the Panama line had been permanent it would reach from the Isthmus to Patagonia, and form one of the longest railways in the world.

The dry-dock will be a thousand feet long and the first terminal pier, which is now well under way, will have the same length and be about two hundred feet wide. The two great coaling stations, one at Cristobal on the Atlantic, and the other at Balboa on the Pacific, will be ready for their grimy work some time before they will be needed. The lake is filling and the water will be permitted to rise until the fifty-foot level is reached. At this level in the lake the "cut" and the locks will still remain high and dry until July, 1913, when, if all goes well, the great deluge will be inaugurated, as quietly as possible, of course. There will be a dramatic moment, doubtless, when the steam-shovels eat away the earthwork at Matachin, and the water rushes into the "cut" and the lower levels which it has cost so much hitherto to keep dry. But engineers shun drama, and the water rush will be contrived, as quietly as possible, probably by sluices. What will be the actual status of the waterway after this critical moment is passed, no one can say with precision, but it is hoped, and it is quite possible that in a very few weeks sea-going dredges will have dug out many of the remaining shoal places and

that, from this time on, freighters of medium tonnage will accomplish the transit of the Isthmus without difficulty.

The Atlantic side breakwater, stretching far out into Limon Bay, affording the ships from the North Atlantic and the oft-vexed Caribbean a safe and smooth refuge, is practically finished, and the mammoth breakwater on the Pacific side, from Balboa out to Naos Island, nearly, if not quite, three miles long, is, thanks to the spoils from the Culebra cut, growing into an ocean promontory with marvellous rapidity. A wonderfully safe harbour is the result, and some think an ideal naval base, until the dawn of the day when all that sort of thing can be thrown away into the rubbish heap.

None too soon are Congress \* and the Press occupying themselves with the important details of the permanent organisation and government of the canal, for unless all signs should prove deceptive and the hopes of conservative observers prove unfounded, in the early winter of 1913, while the canal may yet be far from completed, as it is proposed to build it, yet the two oceans, long asunder, will be joined by a gated waterway, freighters will be passing through, and the conquest of the centuries, a dream of five centuries at least, will have become an accomplished fact, and soon, very soon, merely a humdrum milestone in the path of man's progress.

Along the way which the old navigators dreamed of and knew must be achieved, the new navigators will penetrate the South Seas and the search for the western route to the Far East, which shaped history and,

\* See Appendix, page 473.



incidentally peopled the Americas, will have ended. But the new lands, which the new route makes accessible and even brings near to our main travelled roads, are lands which the old navigators never dreamed of, and here, it seems to me, is the place to dwell upon the epoch-making feature of our work, that triumph of sanitation which has made the construction of the canal and residence on the Isthmus, not only possible, but even pleasant.

The far-reaching effects of this successful sanitary campaign cannot be over-estimated, indeed, I fear, with our old-fashioned ideas, which sad experience has instilled into our minds of how costly, in human lives, was the conquest of the tropics, when attempted by the individual, we cannot estimate it at all. But let us, at least, recall that, had the canal been completed twenty years ago, people would still have passed through it with bated breath and grave anxiety, some indeed, with medicated handkerchiefs before their nostrils. It is certain that the transit of the Isthmus was then regarded as an exceedingly dangerous and unpleasant stage in the journey to the promised lands beyond. To-day, however, thanks to the new science of sanitation and its apostles, who have risen from the ranks in our army medical corps, the promised lands lie near at hand, and those who seek them are not scourged by pest and pestilence. I have had the honour and the advantage of talking upon this momentous subject on several occasions with Colonel Gorgas, the man, who, despite his many modest protests, has contributed to this proud result more than any other man. He is of the opinion that the conquest of the tropics has been attained, and that, in

consequence, vast economic changes are impending. He believes firmly that within a period of time, long indeed, when viewed from the standpoint of a man's life, but short enough when compared with the other historical epochs of the world, in a near future, as history marks its periods, the centres of population and the most flourishing civilisation will be found dwelling and flourishing within the confines of those very lands so long shunned, at least so far as our race is concerned, by all save the adventurer and the out-cast. Colonel Gorgas, with characteristic modesty, in a recent address to a medical society, put his claim and his prophecy in the following simple words:

"We, therefore, believe that sanitary work on the Isthmus will demonstrate to the world that the white man can live and work in any part of the tropics and maintain good health, and that the settling of the tropics, by the Caucasian, will date from the completion of the Panama Canal."

In a word, there is much reason to believe that the conquest of the Isthmus will not merely bring the Caribbean countries, so long side-tracked, upon the centre of the stage, and exert a far-reaching influence upon the world's channels of commerce and transportation routes. Clearly, on the day now so near, when the water-gates of Panama shall be thrown wide open and the Atlantic and the Pacific joined by the genius and the industry of man, there will be revealed to the least observant eye the dawn of a new and most interesting era in the progress of our race.

In the conclusion of the canal, the future historian will doubtless see the point of departure for economic

and sociological chances and developments, which it would be folly to attempt to outline here and now.

X The sanitation of the Isthmus, the making healthy that plague-spot, famous during five centuries as a barrier and a scourge to civilisation, is but the first victory in a campaign for the fuller utilisation of the riches of the tropics, from the enjoyment of which men of our race have, hitherto, been excluded or only enjoyed while taking fearful risks and paying a heavy tribute of valuable lives.





## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE USUFRUCT OF THE WEST INDIES

THE story of the West Indies is the story of the sugar industry. As far back as the year 1600 there were thirty large sugar-works in operation in Cuba, and wherever in this new world that has become the American Mediterranean settlers went, the cultivation of sugar-cane spread rapidly. The growth of the beet-root industry on the continent of Europe, encouraged by Napoleon, in the hope of ruining the British West Indies, which he had failed to conquer by force of arms, was growing apace, and filled with menace, but perhaps the first serious trouble which the Creole planters had to face was the abolition of slavery, in the English colonies, in 1834.

At this time the estates and the slaves living on them had an estimated value, according to the report of the Royal Commission, of about \$1,100,000,000, and the compensation of something under \$100,000,000 which was granted to slave-owners was, of course, inadequate to reimburse them even for the direct losses suffered. For a time the West Indian planters were successful in having a prohibitive tariff imposed in the United Kingdom upon all slave-grown sugar. These differential duties, however, were gradually lowered in deference to the catching political cry, which began to be heard—"A cheap breakfast-table for the British working man," and after 1850,

slave-grown sugar was admitted on the same terms as free-grown sugar and many of the English planters went into bankruptcy.

The abolition of slavery in Cuba did not bring about the immediate improvement that had been there anticipated. The beet-root-sugar industry, stimulated by a system of bounties which the West Indian planter found most pernicious, had developed with such rapid strides that the continental beet-root could be placed on the British market cheaper than the West Indian product. At the end of the nineteenth century, about 1898, these bounties, which the continental powers were paying to the growers of beet-root and which amounted to from \$5 to \$20 a ton, were supplemented by the formation of cartels or holding syndicates, which drove the price of sugar in Great Britain far below the cost of production. Entrenched behind tariff walls, these cartels or trusts, which consisted of sugar producers and manufacturers, working in harmony to the detriment of the consumer, were able to charge the consumer in their home market such a high price for his sugar as permitted them to dump the balance of their output anywhere else in the world at a considerable loss and yet realise a substantial profit upon their business as a whole. Of course, an active campaign was carried on by the sugar-growing interests in the West Indies against the bounty system and, as a result of prolonged agitation, several conferences of an international character were held. On March 5, 1902, an arrangement was finally reached, and at the conference in Brussels a convention was signed by the principal sugar-producing powers, agree-

ing to abolish bounties and to render more difficult the formation of trusts and cartels.

Having secured equality of opportunity, at least in the British market, the West Indian sugar industry has shown considerable development and improvement.\* There are two principal methods of sugar-making in the West Indies. The ancient Muscovado process, still in vogue on the small estates, often with power supplied by windmills, as I have seen it in Barbados and other islands, produces the old-fashioned brown sugars, dear to the memory of childhood's days. The other and more modern method is the vacuum-pan process, which produces the "Demerara crystals."

There is a very great sameness in sugar-cane cultivation, and the very material difference in the value of the crops in the different islands seems to depend almost entirely upon the inherent richness and suitability of the soil. The sugar-canes are grown from cuttings of the mature canes, and they take from twelve to eighteen months to reach maturity. They are then cut down with cutlasses, trimmed and conveyed to the mill, which consists in the case of the small Muscovado factories of but three rollers, the power being supplied by horizontal steam engines, an old-fashioned beam engine, or by windmill as I have mentioned above. The dirty, greenish-looking juice which is pressed out by the rollers is heated up to the desired temperature and flows into a tank called a clarifier, where it is mixed with a certain amount of lime to cleanse it of impurities. The clear juice then

\*In June, 1912, despite vigorous protests from the insular governments and commercial bodies, the British Government withdrew from the Brussels Sugar Convention.



flows down into a series of three or four large open copper tanks, in which the process of evaporation takes place over fires, which are fed by the crushed cane, which, dried in the sun, proves useful as fuel. By the time the juice has reached the third pan, the process of evaporation is generally completed. It is then ladled out and poured into large, square boxes, called coolers, and allowed to crystallise. As soon as it becomes solid, the juice, which is now sugar, is dug out and placed in large, wooden hogsheads, with perforated bottoms, and these are then rolled to what is known as the stanchion room. Here the hogsheads are left for two or three weeks, during which time the uncrystallised sugar, or molasses, runs out into the tank below. The cask is then headed up and the sugar ready for shipment.

The vacuum-pan process, which produces the "Demerara" crystals, is much more intricate. Here the canes are placed on the cane carrier, an endless belt which conveys them direct to the mill. Once there they are crushed under a succession of rollers, often as many as three sets, which thus form a nine-roller mill. The crushed cane is then removed on another carrier direct to the furnaces, which have been especially contrived to burn the green stuff or refuse, thus obviating the necessity of drying it in the sun. Of course, by this intense pressing process which the nine-roller mill permits, a very much higher percentage of saccharine matter is secured from the cane. I believe this increase often amounts to as much as fifty per cent. However, the construction of a mill on this system implies the expenditure of at least \$300,000 and more often the expenses run to a million. Owing to this heavy de-

mand upon capital, and other uncertainties inherent to the sugar industry, the old Muscovado mills still survive and refuse to cease grinding. Indeed, it is only in Cuba, Porto Rico, and British Guiana that the modern mills predominate. In the modern mills the juice is pumped into clarifying tanks and then treated very much as in the old process. The pure juice, once secured, is drawn through pipes into an apparatus for economical evaporation, which is difficult to describe and of which there are many variations. After coming out of the evaporation vessels, the syrup, as the juice is now called, is transferred to the vacuum-pan, in which it is boiled at a low temperature until granulation sets in, this important process being watched through a small glass window, the progress being tested every now and then by a proof-stick inserted into the pan and withdrawn with a sample of the liquor. The contents of the pan are now transferred to large drums with perforated sides, which are made to revolve very rapidly, it is said a thousand times to the minute. The result is that the molasses is driven out of the drums by centrifugal force, leaving the sugar behind, which is mixed to secure uniformity of grade and colour, packed in bags, and is then ready for shipment.

Pending the development of the fruit trade, another panacea has been proposed for the deplorable West Indian conditions, at least as far as the British islands are concerned. It is some, almost any, form of reciprocity with the Dominion of Canada. So far, however, the discussion has not resulted in permanent legislation. This whole question of reciprocity and preferential tariff is probably dependent upon the out-

come of the political struggle in England. Should the Unionist party, which favours, though not in the most outspoken way, preferential tariff schedules between the home country and the colonies, and between the great autonomous colonies themselves, come into power, a new and a very important factor will enter into the solution of the West Indian problem, at least as far as the British possessions are concerned. In any event, the wide-spread interest taken in the proposed tariff changes was clearly indicated by the appointment, by the King, of a Royal Commission to investigate the whole question and report upon its possibilities. The Commission is even now visiting the islands. From speeches made by its members it is thought that the Commission will recommend some scheme of preferential tariff within the Empire.

Whatever may be the results of the political struggle in England, involving as it does the question of tariffs, or the recommendations of the Royal Commission after it has concluded its investigations, it is high time to recognise that Canadian enterprise and Canadian capital have become important factors in the development of these islands so long neglected. It is perhaps natural that Canadian banks and Canadian commercial houses, after having developed so vigorously at home, should extend to the adjacent British islands, but this explanation of natural growth and affinity cannot be given for the undoubted preponderance of Canadian influence in the backing of new enterprises in Cuba and perhaps also in Porto Rico, though here the figures are not nearly so decisive as they are in the larger island.

The great obstacle to the reciprocal tariff arrange-

ment between the islands and the Dominion would prove to be, in my opinion, the fruit trade with the United States, which is proving enormously profitable to fruit-growers as well as to that great corporation which carries on the bulk of the business. Jamaica (and these views, I believe, are held in several of the other islands which have entered or hope to enter upon a large scale in the production of fruit) believes that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush and that the possibilities of Canadian trade are not to be compared with, and most assuredly not to be exchanged for, the profitable certainties that the United States markets afford. The Jamaican press and other Jamaican spokesmen, whether authorised or not it is difficult to say, are exceedingly non-committal and lukewarm on the subject of closer relations with the Dominion. It is natural that they should see the dangers to their new-born prosperity which the new tariff policy seems to presage.

Of course, even between cousins you get little for sixpence and nothing for nothing. The entrance of West Indian fruits into the Canadian markets upon conditions which would afford them a monopoly, would have to be recognised and reciprocated by concessions on Canadian lumber, breadstuffs, and shirtings. This would, as the Jamaicans are intelligent enough to see, affect very vitally and unfavourably some of the commercial interests of the United States. Congress might, as a result, feel inclined to levy a duty of a couple of cents on bunches of bananas and boxes of oranges, and that would be the end of the Jamaican fruit trade as far as its development on our side of the ocean is concerned. There are other West

Indians besides the Jamaicans who regard the possibility of giving up the American for the Canadian market with increasing apprehension. They question, perhaps with reason, the capacity of the Dominion for the present and for many years to come, at least, to absorb all the West Indian products for which a market would have to be secured. They also argue that there is no way of securing a reciprocal arrangement between the colonies without bringing about a small tariff war with the United States which, however unimportant it might seem in Washington, would lead to widespread distress and even suffering in the West Indies.

Since the foregoing was written, the Royal Commission has published its painstaking and exhaustive report, but no legislation has followed. The Canadian Pacific Railway has offered to establish a line of steamers between West Indian and Dominion ports if a small subsidy, to be voted in equal shares by Canada and the islands, is forthcoming.

While continuing to meet with much opposition, the plan of a West Indian union or confederation, previously referred to, is by no means abandoned. The plan of Mr. C. Gideon Murray, administrator of the island of St. Vincent, is at this moment under general discussion. It is frequently pointed out as a weakness of this project of union that, as Mr. Murray admits, "No provision is made for funds to enable the Federal Council to carry out the common services over which it would have deliberative and legislative powers, such as steamer subsidies, fisheries, etc."

This omission has undoubtedly been made by design. As long as the interests of the West Indian

islands and the mainland colonies, such as Guiana and Honduras, remain as divergent, not to say as antagonistic, as they are to-day, fiscal and political union is impossible save as a hollow sham; and, as far as my information goes, all attempts to bring it about are viewed by the majority of the intelligent men in the islands with disapproval and with considerable uneasiness.

Bananas are exported from many of the islands, but principally from Trinidad, Jamaica, and Barbados. In Jamaica the industry, which is less than thirty years of age, has assumed enormous proportions. In the seventies Captain Baker, a Cape Cod man and master of a schooner, trading between Kingston and Boston, got into the habit of carrying home to his friends on every voyage a few bunches of bananas. They kept very well, the trade grew, and has now assumed proportions of no less than seventeen million bunches every year. Captain Baker's gifts were the little beginnings of the United Fruit Company, which to-day has grown into a gigantic corporation with over a hundred steamers flying its flag and with most extensive plantations in many of the West Indian islands and in Surinam and Costa Rica and many other countries of the mainland. Sugar was the key to the West Indian situation fifty years ago, but to-day it is fruit. The example of the American company has found many imitators and followers. There are several British fruit companies and as a result the dietary of the British islanders is undergoing great changes. Ten years ago I remember paying, in London, six shillings for a very indifferent pineapple; to-day, in season, you can get the best for sixpence apiece.

In 1900, the Imperial Direct West Indian Mail Service Company was formed and granted a subsidy of \$200,000 a year, for ten years, to buy and carry 20,000 bunches of bananas every week from Jamaica to the United Kingdom. All the expected difficulties have been overcome and the quantity of fruit now lost is infinitesimal. There is another line of steamers, which has no less than thirteen vessels constantly engaged in bringing fruit to England from Jamaica and Costa Rica as fast as it can be carried. There seems no reason why the market on the continent should not be developed as successfully as it has been in the United States and in the United Kingdom. There seems little reason to doubt, if the fruit crop were properly and promptly distributed, its potential value would far exceed the value of the sugar output even in the years when sugar was king. This hope is the saving plank in the West Indian situation and it has floated into view none too soon. In islands where once a brilliant civilisation flourished there were signs of returning savagery and the excellent colonial system of government in the English islands had been frequently denounced in the House of Commons as being far too expensive for countries that could not pay their way.

The Jamaica banana, which we eat in the United States, is the variety known as the Gros Michel. The bunches are cut when the fruit is only three-quarters full and when the bananas leave Jamaica they are still quite green and only turn yellow on their journey north. Our market prefers this fruit to the smaller, dwarfed bananas which, grown in Barbados and elsewhere, are generally known as the Canary banana.



**The Water-Gates at Gatun**



**The Gatun Locks and Cofferdam Keeping out the Atlantic Tides**



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

These varieties were an ancient cultivation; in the days of Père Labat, the larger and perhaps coarser banana was known as the bananier and the smaller as the figuier. The Jamaica variety grows to a great height, frequently twenty feet and sometimes twenty-four. The tree is cultivated from suckers, which spring from the root when the tree is cut down and the fruit gathered. The banana-tree only carries one bunch, and this requires about twelve months' time to reach the stage at which it is fit to be gathered for distant markets. The bunches, before they are shipped, are carefully checked as to size, a full-sized or straight bunch having at least nine hands or groups of from fifteen to twenty "fingers" each—the bunches are measured by hands like horses. These large bunches, of course, fetch the highest prices. A bunch of bananas often attains the great weight of 120 pounds, perhaps more, and the negroes soon tire of carrying them on board ship, as they well might.

Nothing could be more remarkable than the changed value of this fruit in the last ten years; then, practically, bananas where they were grown had no value at all—you could help yourself, you had earned them, it seemed, by taking the trouble to pick them. Now the severest punishments are meted out to poachers in the banana plantations. On my last visit to Jamaica and at Mandeville I saw a negro receive fifty lashes for having stolen a bunch of bananas, prædial larceny as it is called. He had been suspected before, but had always escaped conviction. The constabulary, who police this island so well on horseback and on foot, whenever they meet a suspicious-looking darky bearing a burden of bananas, ask him where he got

it, and the darky must lead the way to the tree that bore the fruit. It would seem strange to the uninitiated, but it is nevertheless true, that though thousands of bunches are cut off the same day in the same plantation and with the same cutlasses, no bunch will fit on to any other stalk than that one upon which it has grown to maturity. This is as delicate a science as is the study of the thumb prints of criminals, and the grasp upon it which the Jamaican constabulary now have is a great misfortune to the banana-loving darkies. In every police station throughout the island they have a huge iron drum, that looks very much like a land-roller, and upon this the culprit, upon conviction, is placed, his wrists and ankles cuffed, and he receives his whipping with heartrending shrieks and promises of amendment.

The development of the fruit trade is a boon to all classes in the United States and, with its further development, will become a blessing to all the world. But it has its dark side and it is the Jamaican peasant, who formerly could eat as many bananas as he pleased, who dwells in this shadow. Not all the West Indian lands are available for banana cultivation—far from it. The soil must be deep and red or it is soon exhausted and the plantation dwindles and withers before it has paid for the cost of setting it out.

A hundred years ago the West Indies were the chief source of the English cotton supply, but owing to the increased cultivation of the plant in America, prices fell to such a low level that the West Indian planters gave it up and went in exclusively for sugar; now, however, there is on foot a movement to replant cotton. It took form and substance after the serious

shortage of the cotton crop in the Southern States in 1902 and the resultant famine in Lancashire. About this time the British Cotton Growing Association was formed in Manchester to promote the growth of cotton in the British dominions and, consequently, to relieve the Lancashire spinners from their present dependence on a foreign cotton supply. Under these auspices, the West Indian planters have, in large numbers, experimented with cotton seed, imported from the United States, and it may be said that cotton-growing has been re-established in Barbados, St. Vincent, Antigua, St. Kitts, Nevis, and Montserrat.

The cotton is a long staple cotton and is used for delicate fabrics; it commands a high price and many West Indians are enthusiastic over the outlook. I confess that among these I do not know any planters. The men engaged in the actual experiment at their own expense seem to be depressed over the outlook. There were 18,000 acres of land under cotton cultivation in the year 1906, but the crop was small. According to the planters with whom I came in personal contact the crop rarely escaped the high winds or heavy rains that are so apt to come in the first weeks after the plants are set out. However, those engaged upon this innovation, which, after all, is but returning to an old and long-practised form of agriculture, are not as yet finally discouraged. A ginnery was established in Saint Lucia in 1901, and now there are ginneries in each of the principal cotton-growing islands.

The cacao plant, well called by Linnæus "the food of the gods," promises to shortly supplant the sugarcane as the most lucrative product of the tropics. Its development in the last few years has been phenomenal

and indeed has quite outrun statistics. However, the field where it can be grown with success is much more circumscribed and covers a smaller area than does that of the possible sugar lands. The plant is an evergreen, which grows, under suitable conditions, to thirty feet in height; it has bright, pointed leaves from eight to twenty inches long. The flowers and fruit, which it bears at all seasons of the year, grow directly off the trunk of the plant and from the thickest branches, with stalks hardly an inch in length. The fruit is a large, five-celled pod, generally about eight inches long and three or four broad, the colour varying from bright yellow to red and purple. When planted, under suitable conditions, the plants bear fruit in the fourth, and more rarely in the third, year after they are set out. By those planters who can afford to be patient, it has been found wiser to cut the flowers off for the first few years, as it strengthens the tree and the crop is not appreciable in any event until the fifth or sixth year. The yield then increases until the twelfth, and sometimes the fourteenth, year of the plant has been reached. I have heard of an estate where there are said to be trees over one hundred years old still producing the finest quality of cocoa, though on a reduced scale. I have, however, never seen any of these trees and cannot vouch for the story. The gathering of the principal crop begins in October and continues until April, while there is a smaller crop in June. The ripe pods are gathered and piled in heaps. Each pod should contain an ounce or an ounce and a half of dried beans. These are then broken and the beans removed, in baskets, to the sweating-house, where the pulp which surrounds them

is removed by a process of fermentation. Packed closely together in boxes and covered with cool plantain leaves, the beans are left for a week, with an occasional turn-over, however, to see how the fermentation is progressing. The beans are then placed on *boucans* or large trays, upon which the negroes dance, in order to remove the dry pulp. Last stage of all, the beans are dried out in the sun. It is a wonderfully profitable crop when it turns out all right, but it is, perhaps, too sensitive a plant for staple reliance. It is also one of the most difficult forms of tropical agriculture in which to excel. The young cocoa planter would do well to serve his apprenticeship in one of the experiment stations of the Imperial British Agricultural Department in Barbados and Jamaica, or in our own school for tropical agriculture in Mayaguez, Porto Rico, rather than upon a plantation at his own expense.

It is on the credit side of their ledger that the Spaniards introduced cacao, as well as sugar, into the West Indies. The original home of the plant was probably in South America, and it is even now found in a wild state in the interior of Ecuador and on the upper Amazon.

It would be idle, if not criminal, to close our eyes to the immense progress which German commerce has made in the Caribbean during the last decade. It would be wise, I think, to study the underlying causes of the commercial revolution which they have wrought, and, if possible, to profit by an example which has met with such success. Most Americans, especially those who have not had the experience, which only residence in tropical America can give, dismiss all in-

quiries on this score by contemptuous remarks such as "Oh, the Germans get the business because they marry into the families of the local business men, whatever may be their colour, their religion, or their morals. Well, we do not want business at this price." Which sounds well and in American circles generally ends the discussion in a chorus of self-praise and indignation at the conduct of the Germans, but these statements do not conform to the facts.

It is true, of course, that more than any other Europeans, the Germans figure in mixed marriages in this part of the world. This is particularly the case in Hayti, where they have frequently married pure blacks, and in Ecuador and Bolivia, where they have married into the wealthy Indian half-breed families. In Hayti, at least, most impartial observers have characterised these unions as business marriages, pure and simple. With a Haytian wife the German merchant could own land in the island, and his legal position was decidedly stronger than a foreign merchant's with a foreign wife. However, some six years ago, apparently alarmed at the increasing number of these business marriages, the Haytian congress passed a law, by which it was provided that any Haytian woman who married a foreigner thereby forfeited her citizenship. The law was further made retro-active and such Germans as had indulged in mixed marriages found themselves pretty much where they were before, as far as their commercial facilities were concerned, but socially with black wives on their hands.

As a rule,—there were notable exceptions,—these scamps simply deserted their wives and, wiser by a disagreeable experience, vanished to other islands,

there to resume their unprincipled struggle for wealth at any cost, but these men, while they were largely of German nationality, are by no means typical of the German commercial colonists, who, as a rule, enjoy great and well-deserved consideration in most of the shipping centres and industrial emporia of the American Mediterranean.

When I have taken the trouble to explode the theory that German commercial successes are due to the mixed marriages in which the tropical Germans become involved, more frequently than other foreigners, the dissatisfied and frequently in this line unsuccessful American business man generally falls back upon a second line of argument and of defence, which, while not wholly convincing, has at least a foundation of fact.

"We are handicapped, and in the end distanced, because the German steamship companies give their nationals cut-rates and the German banks furnish them with financial accommodation on terms more favourable than we can obtain," they say. This is undoubtedly true and it was for these very purposes that the banks were founded and the steamers subsidised. After all we cannot, and we should not, complain if our competitors show greater foresight and a more skilled enterprise in their undertakings than do we. Let us face the facts, however unflattering they may be to our self-love.

American engineers and American railroad and mining experts have no superiors in tropical America, and there they occupy the position which belongs to them, but our resident commercial men, with but a few, a very few exceptions, are outclassed in the com-



petition to which, as a rule, all unprepared, they subject themselves. In the majority of cases the American goes to the islands of the Caribbean or the adjacent countries of the mainland intent upon a speculation to which he is willing to devote five or at most ten years of his life in return for a fortune many times larger than he could, reasonably, hope to acquire at home in the same period or, indeed, within the allotted span of human life. Often within a year, should the realisation of his expectations prove slow, or the outcome of his speculation upon a nearer view seem dubious, he throws up the sponge and goes home, having done himself no good, and the interests of the American business world not a little harm.

The German method, which obtains such substantial results for the individual as well as for the industries of the Fatherland, is very different. The young aspirant for commercial success is as carefully educated for his career as is the young lawyer or doctor. He learns the languages and the history of the country in which he has decided to spend the active years of his life. If he has a bias or even prejudices, in regard to the political customs and social habits of his country by adoption, he learns not to obtrude them on every possible occasion. The German commercial houses almost invariably engage in both an import and an export business, and consequently they are to a great extent superior to the tremendous fluctuations in exchange. If their gold capital involved in current transactions depreciates, their silver capital increases by just so much in value, while the American and the English houses, which, as a rule, do a straight import or a straight export business, sit by and see their

profits depreciate sometimes nearly to the vanishing point and their capital becoming seriously impaired.

Before proceeding to the scene of his business career the young German spends three years, after having received the theoretical training of a business college in the home office of the firm he is to enter abroad, or one in a similar line of business, and so he becomes thoroughly familiar with the important details of how the articles for export are chosen and assembled and how the imported tropical products are distributed to best advantage. Only when these apprentice trials have been successfully withstood does he proceed to his chosen field, where the American confronts him with no other arms than his native ingenuity and perhaps his equally native audacity. The result of the confrontation, except when very exceptional circumstances intervene, is almost always the same. The German gets the business and, as a rule, he deserves to get it. "Cheap German wares" are often spoken of with contempt, generally by unsuccessful competitors for trade, and German business methods are also held up to derision and even contempt, but, after all, Latin-Americans know what they want as well as any other people and they seem quite satisfied with their business relations with German houses; and incontestably the Germans themselves have every reason to be satisfied; it is only we who have cause for discontent, that with every geographical advantage we see a trade that should be ours slipping through our fingers.

The young German clerks live upon a patriarchal footing with the heads of the firm to which they belong. One by one the chiefs go home, having ac-

quired a competence, perhaps two hundred thousand dollars,—more often, however, only half that sum,—and the juniors are promoted into the more responsible and lucrative positions, where they remain upon good behaviour and as long as their management of affairs is efficient, until the time comes when they also feel inclined to retire.

A business house of this character furnishes successful careers to many, and acting as a distributing agent, proves an efficient auxiliary to the wonderful development of its industries and manufactures which the German Empire has witnessed in the last generation. Until we can organise similar commercial machinery or evolve superior methods, the Germans will continue to secure much business which should be ours, but which will assuredly not fall into our laps. -

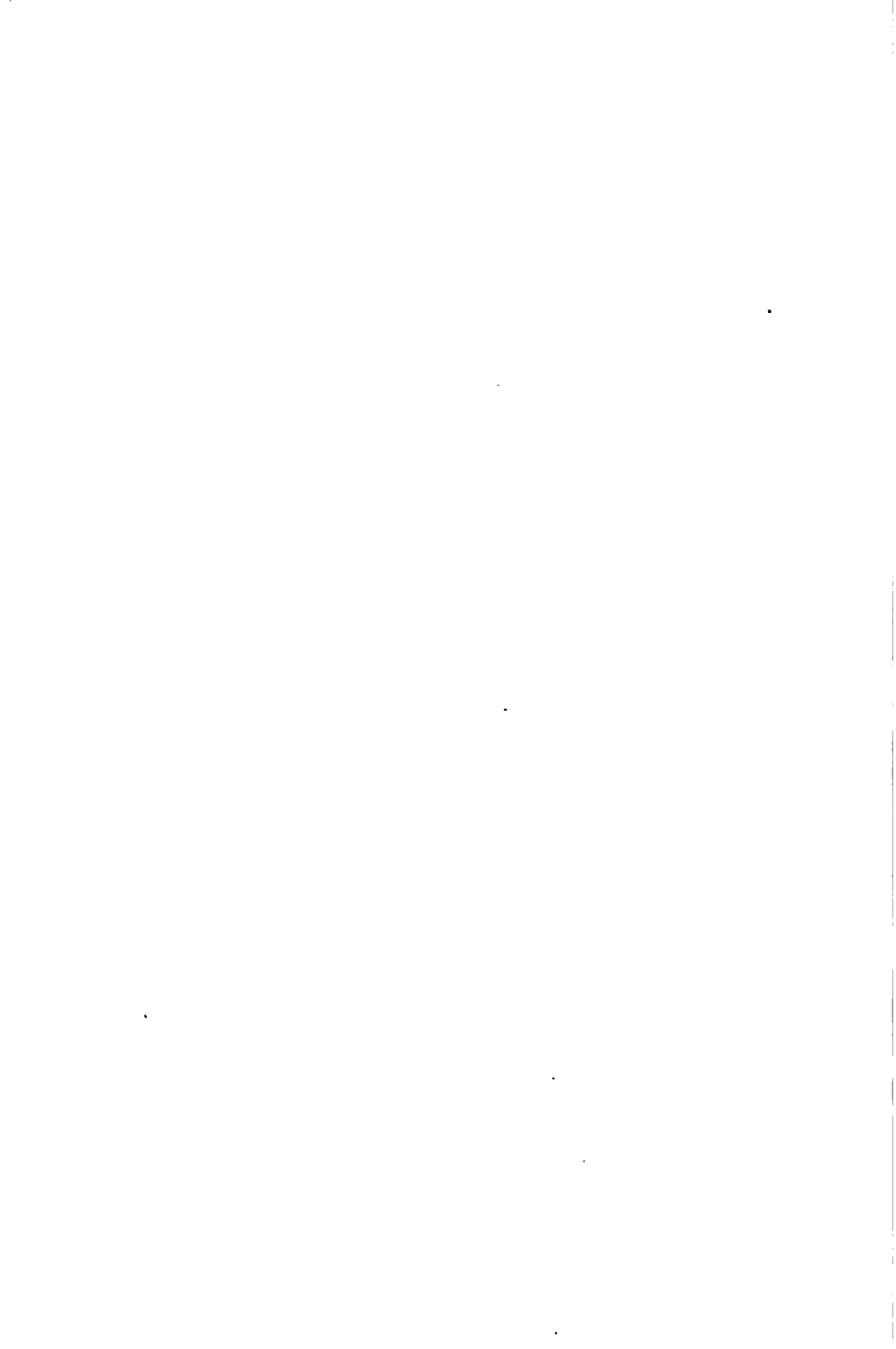
To-day there is a new and in despite of many obvious and undeniable obstacles a hopeful spirit abroad in the West Indies, at least as far as the British possessions are concerned, and in the islands of Cuba, Porto Rico, and Santo Domingo. The old era is well ended, but a new era is beginning despite the numerous prophets of evil, who have held for many years past that the Caribbean islands have finally and irrevocably passed out of history. When you have seen what changes the wonderful development of the fruit business has wrought in Jamaica and Costa Rica, what the demand for and the enhancement in value of rubber has done for Malaysia and the Congo regions; when we behold the wonders that, on a small scale, the profitable growing of cacao has already wrought in some of the countries under discussion, it would be, indeed, a reckless prophet who would deny

the possibility of the islands of the American Mediterranean becoming almost as rich and as desirable in comparison with the rest of the world as they were one hundred and fifty years ago, when England counted the loss of the thirteen continental colonies of but little moment so long as her control over the sugar islands was maintained.

Undeniably a new era is dawning in that part of the world which lies just outside our gates and which is called, with increasing frequency, the American Indies, and the American Mediterranean. Perhaps, in chronicling the recent changes which have here taken place, and in indicating those which seem to be imminent, perhaps, in bringing together the foregoing excerpts from current opinion at home and abroad upon the question involved, reason has been shown why we should prepare to accept or to avert the consequences alike of our activity and of our inaction in the islands which lie so near to us, and in the waters which wash our shores.\*

\*Since the foregoing was written the United States Senate has gone a step further in the traditional American policy. On the motion of Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts in July, 1912, the Senate resolved by a vote of fifty-one to four, that "when any harbour or other place in the American continent is so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purposes might threaten the communications or safety of the United States, the Government could not see without grave concern the possession of such harbour or any other place by any corporation or association which has such relation to another government, not American, as to give that government practical power of control for naval or military purposes."

The resolution was presented in the Senate and accepted by an overwhelming majority at a time when it was rumoured that the Imperial Japanese Government was interested in negotiations then in progress for the purchase of Magdalena Bay in Lower California (Republic of Mexico). It practically reaffirms, in other words, the purpose of the Monroe declaration of 1823 and constitutes an important development in our foreign policy.



## APPENDIXES

### APPENDIX A

#### NOTE I

#### CUBAN BUDGET 1910—COMMERCIAL AND AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS

THE total Government revenues for the year 1910 amounted to \$41,614,694.10, and the expenditures to \$40,593,392.21. These figures show a surplus of \$1,021,301.89.

The principal sources of revenue were:

Custom-house receipts .....	\$24,838,030.27
Loan taxes .....	3,570,176.50
Internal revenues .....	1,020,196.15
Communications .....	990,440.69
Consular fees .....	424,152.45
National lottery .....	3,652,400.51

The principal expenditures were:

Legislative Branch .....	840,170.32
Executive Branch .....	156,629.76
Judicial Branch .....	1,766,228.33
Department of State .....	714,515.26
Department of Justice .....	202,620.85
Department of Government .....	10,168,201.85
Department of the Treasury .....	2,724,987.98
Department of Public Instruction .....	4,319,998.83
Department of Public Works .....	3,572,155.20

Department of Agriculture, Labour, and Commerce .....	659,188.88
Department of Health and Charities .....	4,137,469.89
On account of interior debt .....	737,172.50
Interest and expenses on account of loan .....	2,933,732.56

*Debt*

According to the message of the President, Sr. Don José Miguel Gomez, presented to the National Congress on April 3, 1911, the public debt of Cuba amounted to \$62,083,100, as follows:

Bonds of the revolution, 1896, 6 per cent. ....	\$2,196,585	
Redeemed .....	1,464,585	
		<hr/> \$732,000
Interior debt, 5 per cent. ....	10,871,100	
Interior debt, 1906, 4½ per cent. ....	16,500,000	
		<hr/> 27,371,100
Loan of 1904, 5 per cent. ....	35,000,000	
Amortisation .....	1,020,000	
		<hr/> 33,980,000
		<hr/>
Total debt .....	62,083,100	

## FOREIGN COMMERCE

The total foreign commerce of Cuba for the year 1910, according to the Bulletin of the Chamber of Commerce, Industry, and Navigation of Habana, amounted to \$254,584,601. The imports were \$103,675,581 and the exports \$150,909,020. In 1909 the imports were \$91,447,581 and the exports \$124,711,069. There was therefore an increase for the year 1910, as compared with the preceding year, of \$12,228,000 in imports and \$26,197,951 in exports, or a total increase of \$38,425,951.

The imports and exports of specie, which are not included in

the above totals, were, for the year 1910, imports, \$4,283,617, and exports, \$361,538.

American capital in the island represents a total investment of \$141,000,000, distributed as follows: Railways, \$34,000,000; sugar and tobacco, \$68,000,000; real estate, \$18,000,000; banks, \$5,000,000; agricultural industries (other than those specifically mentioned), \$4,000,000; mortgages, \$3,500,000; navigation companies, \$1,500,000; and miscellaneous investments, \$7,000,000. The English capital invested in the island amounts to nearly \$90,000,000, about \$5,000,000 of which is in steamships, \$5,000,000 in real estate, and the balance mostly in railway interests, aggregating nearly \$80,000,000.

#### COMMERCE

The bulk of articles imported free of duty were: Coal and timber, which came practically all from United States. Agricultural implements, such as ploughs, hoes, and machetes, from United States, United Kingdom, and Germany. Trees in natural or fresh state, nearly all from United States. Wood pulp for making paper: From United States, France, Germany, Belgium, and Canada. Mineral water: From Spain, France, Germany, United States, and Belgium. Cheesecloth: From United States and Netherlands. Barbed wire: From United States, Belgium, and United Kingdom.

From the tables above it will be seen that nearly one-half of the imports were from the United States, which led in all kinds of articles, except gold and silver ware, cotton and manufactures, vegetable fibres and manufactures, wool, hair, and manufactures, silk and manufactures, dried fish, and beverages. Of the European countries the United Kingdom follows as second, followed by Spain, Germany, and France in close succession.

#### NOTE II

THE text of the Platt Amendment as passed by the Senate and the House of the United States Congress, and after much



delay accepted by the Cuban Convention on the 28th of May, 1902, by the very close vote of 15 to 14, reads as follows:

"That, in fulfilment of the declaration contained in the Joint Resolution, approved April 20th, 1898, entitled 'For the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the Government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the Island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the President of the United States to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect; the President is hereby authorised to leave the government and control of the Island of Cuba to its people so soon as a government shall have been established in said Island, under a Constitution which, either as a part thereof or in any ordinance appended thereto, shall define the future relations of the United States with Cuba, substantially as follows:

"(1) That the Government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign Power or Powers which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorise or permit any foreign Power or Powers to obtain by colonisation or for military or naval purposes, or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said Island.

"(2) That said Government shall not assume or contract any public debt, to pay the interest upon which and to make reasonable sinking-fund provision for the ultimate discharge of which, the ordinary revenues of the Island, after defraying the current expenses of government, shall be inadequate.

"(3) That the Government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the Government of Cuba.

" (4) That all acts of the United States in Cuba during its military occupation thereof are ratified and validated, and all lawful rights acquired thereunder shall be maintained and protected.

" (5) That the Government of Cuba will execute, and as far as necessary extend, the plans already devised or other plans to be mutually agreed upon, for the sanitation of the cities of the Island, to the end that a recurrence of epidemic and infectious diseases may be prevented, thereby assuring protection to the people and commerce of Cuba, as well as to the commerce of the Southern ports of the United States and the people residing therein.

" (6) That the Isle of Pines shall be omitted from the proposed Constitutional boundaries of Cuba, the title thereto left to future adjustment by treaty.

" (7) That to enable the United States to maintain the independence of Cuba, and to protect the people thereof, as well as for its own defence, the Government of Cuba will sell or lease to the United States lands necessary for coaling or naval stations at certain specified points to be agreed upon with the President of the United States.

" (8) That by way of further assurance the Government of Cuba will embody the foregoing provisions in a permanent treaty with the United States."

## APPENDIX B

### HAYTI IN HISTORY

#### NOTE I

HAYTI, a land of mountains, as its name in Carib implies, has an area of something over ten thousand miles, occupies the western half of the Island of Hispaniola, and has a population which is estimated at two million, or about 236 inhabitants to the square mile. In the Gulf of Gonaïves on the west there are dozens of natural harbours where the largest

vessels can find roomy shelter at all tides. The island was discovered by Columbus on his first voyage and was the scene of his greatest activity. It remained under Spanish dominion for two hundred years, though the western portions were largely under the control of the buccaneers, chiefly French, who held the fortified island of Tortuga a few miles off the northwest coast. By the treaty of Ryswick (1697) Spain ceded what is practically the present republic of Hayti to the French and then began on a very remarkable scale, such as never has been equalled elsewhere, except perhaps in Java, the exploitation of tropical plantations and labour by foreign capital, energy, and intelligence.

Within a little more than fifty years following the first Spanish settlement on the island the native inhabitants were practically exterminated. This led to the introduction of negro slaves from Africa, who were needed to take the place of the Indians in the mines and particularly in the fields, for during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Hayti had become a country of large plantations owned by rich French landholders. At the beginning of the French Revolution the population of Hayti was overwhelmingly black, but slave, and controlled by a handful of white French soldiers, landowners, and overseers.

In 1793, France being then at war with England, the English General Whitelocke invaded the country. Freedom was offered by the French authorities to all slaves who would enroll themselves in the army against the enemy. This was followed soon afterwards, in August of the same year, by a decree abolishing slavery. As a result of the military assistance rendered by the blacks the English were forced to evacuate the island.

The principal credit for successful resistance to the English was due to Toussaint l'Ouverture, a former runaway slave, who upon the publication of the emancipation proclamation returned from the Spanish part of the island, to assist and finally to lead his fellow freedmen against the invaders. Tous-

saint was at first honoured by the French and even made military governor, but afterwards fell under suspicion. In May, 1801, a constitution was promulgated by Toussaint, which act was treated by Napoleon as rebellion. From this date began the struggle for independence which lasted nearly three years. In 1802, Toussaint, Rigaud, and other leaders were induced by Leclerc, the French commander, to surrender under guarantees. Faith was not kept by the French, and Toussaint was sent as a prisoner to France, where he died. The blacks again arose under Dessalines and Christophe, and in December, 1803, the French abandoned the contest.

Dessalines, on January 1, 1804, promulgated the declaration of Haytian independence and was himself proclaimed Emperor. He ruled until November, 1806, when he was assassinated. Henri Christophe was in the following month elected President under a new constitution establishing the Republic. He refused the presidency and proclaimed himself king with the title of Henri I. This led to civil war and a division of the country, Henri I. ruling as king in the north and Alexandre Pétion as president in the south. Pétion died in 1818 and was succeeded by Jean Pierre Boyer. Henri I. committed suicide in 1820, and Boyer became President of the whole country. He extended his authority also over the Spanish end of the island, now the Dominican Republic. In 1844 the Dominicans threw off the yoke of Hayti and became independent.

## NOTE II

A BAROMETRIC record of the political convulsions which the island has passed through is furnished by the following brief table:

- 1804. Dessalines crowned Emperor as Jacques I.
- 1806. Dessalines assassinated; San Domingo again separated from Hayti and reoccupied by Spain.

1807. Christophe, a mulatto, first President, then assumes royal honours under title of Henri I., "King of the North."
1811. Pétion President; a numerous black aristocracy created.
- 1820-25. San Domingo proclaims its independence under the flag of Colombia; the two States reunited under Boyer, who is declared regent for life; Christophe commits suicide.
- 1843-48. Boyer deposed; San Domingo and part of Hayti proclaim the "Dominican Republic" (1844); recognised by France (1848).
- 1849-53. Buenaventura Baez President of San Domingo.
- 1849-56. Soulouque first President, then Emperor of Hayti, as Faustin I.; attacks San Domingo and is repulsed.
- 1858-59. Fabre Geffrard proclaims republic of Hayti; Soulouque abdicates; execution of sixteen conspirators against President Geffrard.
- 1861-72. San Domingo declares for reunion with Spain; insurrection against Spain (1863); Spanish force lands; insurgents defeated (1864); Spain withdraws (May, 1865); Cabral and Baez rival presidents (1865-72).
- 1865-67. Incendiary fires in Hayti; Salnave revolts and seizes Cape Haytien, where he removes refugees from British consulate, shoots them, and destroys the building; British squadron expels the rebels and hands over the forts to Geffrard (1865); renewed revolts against Geffrard, who is banished, and Salnave proclaimed President under a new constitution; revolt suppressed (1867).
- 1868-70. General rising against Salnave; rebels defeated, captives massacred; Salnave proclaims himself Emperor; Saget and Dominguez proclaimed presidents by their respective adherents (1868); Salnave finally defeated, taken, and shot (1870).

- 1870-76. Saget, Dominguez, and Canal successive presidents of Hayti during a period of comparative repose.
- 1871-77. Great disorders in San Domingo; Baez moves against Hayti (1871); revolts for and against Baez and Ganier d'Aton (1873-75); outbreak in the capital; Guillermo declared President (1877).
- 1876-86. Troubles renewed in Hayti; execution of suspects by Dominguez, who flies to St. Thomas, and is succeeded by Canal (1876); after hard fighting Canal resigns; Salomon President (1879); fresh revolts (1883-84); Salomon re-elected (1886).
- 1880-86. F. A. de Mariño, a priest, President and Dictator of San Domingo (1880-81); revolts suppressed with much bloodshed (1883-86); F. Bellini and U. Heureaux successive presidents of San Domingo (1884-86).
- 1888-92. Revolution in Hayti; Salomon deposed and banished (1888); insurrection of Télémaque; civil war between North and South Hayti headed by Hippolyte and Légitime; Hippolyte President (1889-90); sanguinary outbreak (1891).
- 1892-95. Heureaux re-elected President of San Domingo; conspiracy of General Bobadilla, who is taken and shot; rupture with France over a petty bank transaction; settled by payment of indemnity (1893-95).
- 1896-99. Simon Sam President of Hayti; rupture with Germany owing to arrest of Herr Lüders; ultimatum; indemnity paid (1897); disorders; martial law; great fire at Port-au-Prince; earthquake; general unrest (1898-99).
- 1900-1. Simon Sam leaves the country by night with all the available assets of the treasury.
1902. After twelve months of bloodshed General Alexis Nord emerges successful from the revolutionary mêlée and is proclaimed President.

## NOTE III

THE constitution of the Republic of Hayti was proclaimed on the 9th day of October, 1889, and by its provisions the unitary, republican form of government was adopted, the administration of which is vested in the legislative, executive, and judicial branches.

The Legislature is composed of two chambers, a Chamber of Representatives and a Senate, the two together composing a National Assembly. The Chamber of Representatives consists of 96 members, elected by the people for a term of three years, and the Senate of 39 members, chosen by the Representatives from lists furnished by a board of electors and by the President of the Republic, for a term of six years. The Senate is renewed by thirds every two years.

A permanent committee of seven Senators is elected annually by the Senate to represent the National Assembly during recess and to prepare all unfinished business.

The President of the Republic is elected by the National Assembly for a term of seven years and cannot be re-elected except after an interval of at least one term. In case of death, resignation, or disability, the executive power rests in the Secretaries of State, acting as a body, who exercise the said authority until new elections can be held.

The cabinet consists of six Ministers or Secretaries of State.

The Supreme Court is the highest tribunal of justice. There are also five Courts of Appeals, one for each Department, a number of district and municipal courts and other tribunals of special jurisdiction.

## INTERIOR GOVERNMENT

The country is divided into five Departments, which are again divided into *arrondissements*, these into *communes* and the latter into sections or districts. The Governor and other executive officers of the Department are appointed by the President of the Republic.

The chief departments of Hayti and their respective capitals are:

<i>Department</i>	<i>Capital</i>
North .....	Cape Haytien
Northwest .....	Port de Paix
Arbonite .....	Gonaïves
West .....	Port-au-Prince
South .....	Les Cayes

Each department is presided over by a "general," who is quite frequently an aspirant if not an actual dictator.

#### NOTE IV

THE governmental receipts for the fiscal year 1908-9 were about four million two hundred thousand dollars; about two million dollars was required to pay the interest on the foreign debt, or nearly half the gross revenue.

The commerce valuation for 1908 is nearly five million dollars. France is the greatest market for Haytian products; Germany comes next. We sell to Hayti more than a million dollars' worth of goods annually. This exceeds greatly in amount the imports from all other countries combined.

Should the proposed railways be built, the richest and hitherto neglected sections of the island will be opened to commercial, agricultural, and mining activity; a vast extent of forest composed of the cabinet and dye woods will also become accessible.

The mineral resources of the republic, consisting of gold, silver, copper, iron, antimony, tin, sulphur, coal, kaolin, nickel, gypsum, and limestone, are as yet undeveloped. Remains of an ancient gold mine have recently been discovered near Ouanminthe on the Dominican frontier and iron deposits are known to exist in the same locality, while at Fort Dauphin and in the



Limonade districts, respectively, deposits of copper and iron oxide have been discovered. Near Lescahobes considerable outcroppings of soft coal are reported and at Camp Perrin, some seven leagues inland, there is a coal mine showing numerous rich veins. In the vicinity of Jacmel there are copper and silver deposits which have never been worked, and at Terre-neuve, distant about four hours' travel from Gonaïves, a copper mine is in exploitation by a syndicate of Haytians of German descent. A fuller account of the mines and the ore indications of the island appeared in the *New York Herald* March 28, 1909.

There is reason to believe that the mineral wealth of the country is large, but exact scientific information, so far as it has been obtained by qualified metallurgists, is lodged in the hands of mining companies and corporations who for the most part are still awaiting the establishment of stable political conditions.

Numerous railway concessions have been granted, but up to the present (November, 1909) there are only forty miles of railway in operation, inclusive of five miles of tramway in Port-au-Prince. The Haytian ports, eleven in number, on the other hand, are in very frequent communication with the outside world by means of the Atlas Line and the Royal Dutch West India Mail from New York and the Hamburg-American and the French Transatlantic steamers (annex).

Owing principally to the political disorders, which are chronic, the exports from the island are steadily decreasing, while the public debt, on the contrary, by reason of the high rate of interest paid and at times defaulted, and the custom of the various governments of the day, of selling what may be called treasury bills to large foreign commercial houses, and of which little account is kept by the treasury bookkeeper, is steadily increasing.

I have given some study to such items of the Haytian debt as are traceable, and while not pretending to a knowledge which the treasury officials themselves do not possess, it is clear

that the Black Republic owes at least thirty-two millions of gold dollars, a serious burden indeed for a country which is practically without commerce or profitable industry. It cannot be denied that the fiscal condition of the country is even more critical than that of the adjacent Dominican Republic, when, in 1907, the United States Government was compelled to intervene and to assume quite a definite measure of financial and political responsibility.

What our commerce was in Hayti nearly a hundred years ago, what a rich market has been closed to the commercial world by the political condition of the island, is shown very clearly by the following table of imports for the year 1825, drawn up by Mr. Mackenzie, then English Consul General in Hayti:

FLAG	VESSELS	TONNAGE	VALUE CARGOES
American.....	374	39,199	£391,784
British.....	78	11,952	291,456
French.....	65	11,136	152,681
German.....	17	3,185	85,951
Others.....	18	1,328	10,162
			£932,034

To-day all Haytian trade is centred in coffee. As a matter of fact these plantations are cared for by the beneficent hand of Nature, and not by the shiftless labourers. The heavy rains knock off the berries when they are ripe, seed them, and the result is the wonderful jungles of coffee bushes whose fecundity is nowhere else equalled.

Port-au-Prince, and indeed most of the Haytian ports, enjoy a very active press. In the capital there is the *Moniteur*, the official organ and a congressional record as well. It is rather a lethargic organ, however, and deputies sometimes have to wait six months to see themselves in print. These delays are due to the climate and not to palace arrogance, be-

cause there are no opposition members in a Haytian congress—at least not open ones.

The daily papers are the *Matin* and the *Soir*, both of which appear in the morning singularly enough, and the *Pacificateur* and the *Nouvelliste*. There is a host of literary weeklies in which the poets and the romancers of the island air their talents, which are considerable.

## APPENDIX C

### DOMINICAN REPUBLIC IN 1910

#### NOTE I

I GIVE in full below the text of the convention signed between the Dominican Republic and the United States on February 8, 1907, and subsequently approved and ratified. Here we have a formula which will be appealed to and perhaps applied again and again in the course of the century that is opening. The Dominican convention might justly be termed the Monroe Doctrine of a more practical age.

“Whereas during disturbed political conditions in the Dominican Republic debts and claims have been created, some by regular and some by revolutionary governments, many of doubtful validity in whole or in part, and amounting in all to over \$30,000,000 nominal or face value;

“And whereas the same conditions have prevented the peaceable and continuous collection and application of national revenues for payment of interest or principal of such debts or for liquidation and settlement of such claims, and the said debts and claims continually increase by accretion of interest and are a grievous burden upon the people of the Dominican Republic and a barrier to their improvement and prosperity;

“And whereas the Dominican Government has now effected a conditional adjustment and settlement of said debts and claims under which all its foreign creditors have agreed to

accept about \$12,407,000 for debts and claims amounting to about \$21,184,000 of nominal or face value, and the holders of internal debts or claims of about \$2,028,258 nominal or face value have agreed to accept about \$645,827 therefor, and the remaining holders of internal debts or claims on the same basis as the assents already given will receive about \$2,400,000 therefor, which sum the Dominican Government has fixed and determined as the amount which it will pay to such remaining internal-debt holders; making the total payments under such adjustment and settlement, including interest as adjusted and claims not yet liquidated, amount to not more than about \$17,000,000;

“And whereas a part of such plan of settlement is the issue and sale of bonds of the Dominican Republic to the amount of \$20,000,000, bearing 5 per cent. interest, payable in fifty years and redeemable after ten years at 102½, and requiring payment of at least 1 per cent. per annum for amortisation, the proceeds of said bonds, together with such funds as are now deposited for the benefit of creditors from customs revenues of the Dominican Republic heretofore received, after payment of the expenses of such adjustment, to be applied, first, to the payment of said debts and claims as adjusted; and, second, out of the balance remaining, to the retirement and extinction of certain concessions and harbour monopolies which are a burden and hindrance to the commerce of the country, and, third, the entire balance still remaining to the construction of certain railroads and bridges and other public improvements necessary to the industrial development of the country;

“And whereas the whole of said plan is conditioned and dependent upon the assistance of the United States in the collection of customs revenues of the Dominican Republic and the application thereof, so far as necessary, to the interest upon and the amortisation and redemption of said bonds, and the Dominican Republic has requested the United States to give, and the United States is willing to give, such assistance;

“The Dominican Government, represented by its Minister

of State for Foreign Relations, Emiliano Tejera, and its Minister of State for Finance and Commerce, Federico Velazquez Hernandez, and the United States, represented by Thomas C. Dawson, Minister Resident and Consul-General of the United States to the Dominican Republic, have agreed:

"First. That the President of the United States shall appoint a general receiver of Dominican customs, who, with such assistant receivers and other employees of the receivership as shall be appointed by the President of the United States in his discretion, shall collect all the customs duties accruing at the several custom-houses of the Dominican Republic until the payment or retirement of any and all bonds issued by the Dominican Government, in accordance with the plan and under the limitations as to terms and amounts hereinbefore recited, and said general receiver shall apply the sums so collected as follows: First, to paying the expenses of the receivership; second, to the payment of interest upon said bonds; third, to the payment of the annual sums provided for amortisation of said bonds, including interest upon all bonds held in sinking fund; fourth, to the purchase and cancellation, or the retirement and cancellation, pursuant to the terms thereof, of any of said bonds as may be directed by the Dominican Government; fifth, the remainder to be paid to the Dominican Government.

"The method of distributing the current collections of revenue in order to accomplish the application thereof as hereinbefore provided shall be as follows:

"The expenses of the receivership shall be paid by the receiver as they arise. The allowances to the general receiver and his assistants for the expenses of collecting the revenues shall not exceed 5 per cent. unless by agreement between the two governments. On the first day of each calendar month the sum of \$100,000 shall be paid over by the receiver to the fiscal agent of the loan and the remaining collection of the last preceding month shall be paid over to the Dominican Government or applied to the sinking fund for the purchase or redemption of bonds as the Dominican Government shall direct.

" Provided, that in case the customs revenues collected by the general receiver shall in any year exceed the sum of \$3,000,000, one-half of the surplus above such sum of \$3,000,000 shall be applied to the sinking fund for the redemption of bonds.

" Second. The Dominican Government will provide by law for the payment of all customs duties to the general receiver and his assistants and will give to them all needful aid and assistance and full protection to the extent of its powers. The Government of the United States will give to the general receiver and his assistants such protection as it may find to be requisite for the performance of their duties.

" Third. Until the Dominican Republic has paid the whole amount of the bonds of the debt its public debt shall not be increased except by previous agreement with the United States Government. A like agreement shall be necessary to modify the import duties, it being an indispensable condition for the modification of such duties that the Dominican Executive demonstrate and that the President of the United States recognise that on the basis of exportations and importations to the like amount and the like character during the two years preceding that in which it is desired to make such modification, the total net customs receipts would at such altered rates of duties have been for each of such two years in excess of the sum of \$2,000,000 United States gold.

" Fourth. The accounts of the general receiver shall be rendered monthly to the Contaduría General of the Dominican Republic and to the State Department of the United States, and shall be subject to examination and verification by the appropriate officers of the Dominican and the United States Governments.

" Fifth. This agreement shall take effect after its approval by the Senate of the United States and the Congress of the Dominican Republic.

" Done in four originals, two being in the English language and two in Spanish, and the representatives of the high con-

tracting parties signing them in the city of Santo Domingo this 8th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1907.

"EMILIANO TEJERA,

"FEDERICO VELAZQUEZ,

"THOMAS C. DAWSON."

## NOTE II

THE Dominican Republic, occupying the eastern and larger half of the island of Santo Domingo or Hayti, has a total area of 18,045 square miles and a population of 610,000 inhabitants. Its area is thus equal to that of the States of Maryland, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, while its density of population is 34 per square mile, or one-half more than that of the United States (23.2 per square mile).

The island is the second largest of the Antilles, lying between Cuba and Porto Rico, separated from the former by the Windward Passage and by Mona Passage from the latter. Its territory is divided between the Dominican Republic and the Republic of Hayti.

Its topography shows numerous elevations forming four almost parallel mountain ranges which considerably modify the otherwise tropical climate, and together with the sea breezes give Santo Domingo a most delightful climate. Mount Tina, 10,300 feet above sea level, is the highest peak on the island and in the West Indies.

Santo Domingo for more than a century formed the basis of operations for the Spanish explorers and conquistadores, and the capital of the present Dominican Republic may justly lay claim to have been the metropolis of the vast colonial empire of Spain.

The hard work and cruel treatment to which the Indians were subjected caused them to die in large numbers, and the introduction of slaves from Africa was begun as early as 1517, when 4,000 were introduced in one year.

From 1820 to 1861 the Dominican Republic was independent or under the rule of the Haytians.

In the year 1861, through constant fear of foreign invasion, the republic appealed to Spain for protection, and on March 18, 1861, was formally annexed to that country. This rule, however, soon became intolerable and a revolution, initiated at Capotillo on August 16, 1863, resulted in the restoration of the Dominican Republic, the Spanish Crown relinquishing all claim to the country on May 1, 1865.

### NOTE III

THE prosperity prevailing in the Dominican Republic at the close of 1908 was amply demonstrated by the trade volume of the year, in which a gain of nearly \$2,000,000 was recorded as compared with 1907. This was entirely on the side of exports. Cacao, sugar, and coffee which, with tobacco and bananas, constitute over 94 per cent. of the total exports, showed notable increases, shipments of cacao being reported as nearly double those of the year previous. The sum of \$1,529,729.05 was deposited in New York for the service of the foreign debt and a generally favourable condition was noted in all lines of progress.

Not only is the Dominican Government formulating extensive irrigation plans for the adequate cultivation of its land areas, but has also under consideration the construction of such railways as will place the products of the country within reach of the coast, special funds from the government revenues being set aside for this purpose. The recent establishment of an Academy of Fine Arts in the capital of the republic is an earnest of the stimulus given by the government to higher education.

The declaration of amnesty for political offenders resulted in the return of many citizens to peaceful occupations in the country, thus assisting in the development of the resources of the republic.

Financial conditions are in every way prosperous, and ample capital is available for the exploitation of the public works un-



dertaken by the government. On January 1, 1909, the republic was carrying in New York a credit balance of \$6,616,850 in bonds and \$947,973 in cash.

The revenues of the republic in 1908 amounted to \$4,175,033.24, of which sum \$3,232,889.93 represented the amount of customs receipts, from which collections the receivership transmitted for deposit with the Morton Trust Company, in New York, the fiscal agent and designated depository of the Dominican Loan, the sum of \$1,529,729.05 to apply to the service of the debt. Of this sum \$1,200,000 was for payment of interest and amortisation of the 5 per cent. customs administration sinking-fund gold bonds, as authorised by the terms of the American-Dominican convention.

The Dominican National Congress has estimated the public receipts and expenditures of the republic for the fiscal year 1908-9 at \$3,984,300. From customs it is estimated that \$3,239,200 will be received; from internal taxes, \$388,800; communication, \$44,000; consular dues, \$14,500; stamp tax, \$60,000; and from certain specified state properties, \$237,800.

These receipts are distributed among the various administrative departments, the sum of \$1,808,708 being assigned to the Department of Treasury and Commerce, of which \$30,000 is to be expended in taking a census of the republic. The sum of \$76,800 is also appropriated for extending existing railway construction and \$75,000 for irrigation works in Monte Cristi Province. The building of roads, the construction and repair of light-houses, and other public improvements were authorised.

#### COMMERCE

Predictions heretofore made as to the betterment of trade conditions in the republic have been fully justified. The trade volume for the year was \$14,613,807, as compared with \$12,794,657 in 1907. Exports amounted to \$9,486,344 and imports to \$5,127,463. The gain indicated for the total com-

merce was entirely on the side of exports, imports showing an inconsiderable decline.

The United States, Germany, and France, as in 1907, purchased the bulk of Dominican exports, while the same countries, with Great Britain, were the principal sources of imports. These countries figured in the order of value as follows:

COUNTRIES	EXPORTS TO	IMPORTS FROM
United States .....	\$4,212,449	\$2,891,722
Germany .....	4,220,289	868,230
France .....	907,898	212,002
Great Britain .....	.....	788,621
Other Countries .....	145,708	366,888

The leading article of export was cacao, amounting to 41,-903,470 pounds and valued at \$4,269,047. Over two-thirds of the cacao crop went to Germany, the remainder being equally divided between the United States and France. The yield was nearly double that of the preceding year.

The sugar crop amounted to 69,703 tons, valued at \$3,092,-429.

The tobacco yield was valued at \$1,009,608.

The railway mileage of the republic has been increased to about 150.

Altogether a very encouraging state of affairs for the Dominicans and the owners of their bonds.

Total imports for the year 1909 valued in U. S. currency amounted to \$4,425,913. Total exports for same period, \$8,113,690.

Veins of auriferous quartz are found all along the central mountain chain, and alluvial gold is found in numerous places in the north. Copper is next in importance on account of the quantities in which it is found. Iron is found in immense quantities in several sections of the country and coal deposits abound in the extensive valley lying between the central range,

or the Gran Cordillera and the Cordillera Setentrional, or Monte Cristi chain, those of the Pacificador district being the best known.

The petroleum belt measures over 190 square miles in area, oil being found in abundance in the Province of Azua.

Silver has been obtained in a very pure state from the Tanci mine in the Puerto Plata municipality and deposits of this metal are found in other sections of the country, as well as deposits of platinum, quicksilver, and tin. Large salt deposits also exist in the mountains west of Neyba, the salt being perfectly pure, and the deposits give evidence of containing salt in inexhaustible quantities. At Caldera Bay salt is obtained from sea water by solar evaporation.

During the last ten years the Dominican Republic has exported cabinet and construction woods, mahogany, lignum-vitæ, satinwood, etc., to the value of considerably over half a million dollars. On the other hand it has imported, during the same period, practically all the lumber used for building purposes, costing in round numbers about \$2,000,000. This condition exists in spite of the fact that there are on the island great forests of excellent building woods. These include many varieties of great economic value, but the one which is best known to the lumberman and which probably exists in the largest quantity is the yellow pine. It has been variously estimated that there are from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 acres of merchantable pine in the republic.

#### NOTE IV

SANTO DOMINGO is doubtless rich in minerals, but owing to the "civic commotions" of the past twenty years the development of its mineral resources has hardly begun. The interior of Santo Domingo is to scientific research a virgin field.

The most reliable information obtainable on this subject is the report of William P. Blake, geologist, printed as Executive Document of the Senate, No. 9, Forty-second Congress. In this report Mr. Blake says:

"A brown ore of iron is very abundant over considerable areas in the interior, either in beds or lying in detached blocks upon the surface. It is the species known as limonite, but it is combined with silicious sand and gravel, forming a solid cemented mass. Whether it has phosphorus or other hurtful impurities can only be ascertained by analysis or trial. There is an abundance of limestone for flux, and charcoal could be had at a moderate cost, but I doubt whether, even under favourable circumstances, pig-iron could be profitably produced there in competition with localities where a variety of ores can be obtained and where skilled labour is abundant.

"There is a very considerable extent of gold-bearing country in the interior, and gold is washed from the rivers at various points. It is found along the Jaina, upon the Verde, and upon the Yaqui and its tributaries, and doubtless upon the large rivers of the interior. Some portions of the gold fields were worked anciently by the Spaniards and Indians. There are doubtless many gold deposits, not only along the beds of rivers but on the hills, which have never been worked, and there probably is considerable gold remaining among the old workings. The appearances of the soil and rocks are such as to justify the labour and expense of carefully prospecting the gold region. The conditions for working are favourable. The supply of water for washing is unlimited, and sufficient fall or drainage can generally be had. The women in the interior obtain a small quantity of gold by washing the gravel in *bateas*.

"Ores of copper occur on the southern flank of the mountains between Azua and the river Jaina. Samples obtained by me are yellow copper ore of fair richness, and some samples are of the species known as variegated copper. The beds are said to compare favourably with similar deposits of ore in the foothills of the mountains in California. I was not able to visit the mines, but samples were obtained for assay.

"The lignite deposits of the Samaná peninsula have already been made the subject of a special investigation and report.

No evidences of the existence of older and true coal could be found."

The total foreign trade of the Dominican Republic for the year 1910, according to the report to President Cáceres by Sr. Don Federico Velázquez H., Secretary of State in the Department of Treasury and Commerce, in February, 1911, amounted to \$17,333,209, of which \$6,408,838 were imports and \$10,924,371 were exports. The report states that the increase for the year 1910 over the figures for 1909 were: Imports, \$2,047,410; exports, \$2,361,600; total, \$4,409,010.

The total foreign trade, compiled from data furnished the Pan-American Union by the General Receivership of the Dominican Republic, for the year 1910 amounted to \$17,107,314, of which \$6,257,691 were imports and \$10,849,623 exports. For the year 1909 the figures were: Imports, \$4,425,913; exports, \$8,113,690, or a total of \$12,539,603. There was, therefore, an increase in imports in 1910 as compared with 1909 of \$1,831,778, and exports \$2,735,933, or a total increase for the year of \$4,567,711.

The figures of the two reports, while apparently differing, are in reality derived from the same source. The data furnished by the General Receivership includes only imports on which duties had prior to January 1, 1911, been already collected. The report of the Secretary of State and Commerce takes into account, in addition, other goods which in the closing days of the year were actually imported, but upon which the customs duties remained unliquidated.

#### NOTE V

I ESTEEM myself very fortunate in being able to place before my readers extracts from an address which the Hon. Philander C. Knox delivered before the New York State Bar Association on January 19, 1912. It is a very impartial, though eloquent, description of the good work which has been

done by the United States in Santo Domingo and a masterly argument in favour of the extension of similar good offices to the Central American Republics of Honduras and Nicaragua, which are both on the verge of insolvency.

"In 1904 the Dominican Republic presented a situation which threatened to lead to the gravest consequences so far as the United States was concerned. For years the country had been torn by internal dissension and revolutions until the instability of the so-called government had become a byword and the credit of the nation had been reduced to such a condition that usurious rates of interest were demanded and obtained by those who were willing to furnish the tottering republic with funds. It was also customary for the lenders of money to demand as security for the payment of interest and principal the hypothecation of the revenues of the various seaports of the country until at length the Dominican people found themselves in a position where practically the revenues of every port in the republic were pledged for the payment of debts. There were no funds left wherewith to maintain the government, the total revenues from imports and exports had for years been insufficient to meet even the interest on the outstanding indebtedness, and the people of the island had been brought face to face with national bankruptcy.

"In this posture of affairs the creditors of the nation, who were for the greater part Europeans, had become clamorous for the payment of arrears of interest and for the enforcement of the pledges of the revenues of the various ports of the country, which pledges it had been found necessary to violate if funds were to be had for the general government. Protocols of the settlement of the various debts had been signed with Germany, Spain, and Italy two years previously with the terms of which it had been impossible for the Dominican Republic to comply, and the creditors had decided to invoke the aid of their governments in the collection of what they claimed to be their due. An Italian warship was actually

despatched to Dominican waters for the enforcement of the agreements with Italian subjects. The Monroe Doctrine, indeed, seemed menaced and the Dominican Government appealed to the Government of the United States for assistance in its extremity.

"This appeal for assistance led, as you know, to a plan of adjustment whereby the custom-houses of the republic were to be placed in the hands of American officials and a portion of the receipts thereof was to be held on deposit in New York for the benefit of all creditors alike. It is also a matter of history that subsequently an equitable adjustment was had with the creditors, the debt was refunded, and a convention between this Government and the Dominican Republic was negotiated whereby the collection and administration of the customs revenues of the republic were placed in the hands of American officials, who were to receive from the United States 'such protection as it may find to be requisite. . . .' An adequate provision for the service of the debt was made, and a new order of things thus began and has continued ever since.

"The result of the operations of this arrangement has been that the creditors now punctually receive their interest, and there is at present turned over to the Dominican Government for the purposes of defraying its current expenses an amount far in excess of what the total revenues of the republic had previously been. Since the American management of the customs has existed it has been found possible to reduce the import tariff by approximately one-half, notwithstanding which the import duties have increased from one million eight hundred thousand dollars in 1904 to over three million three hundred thousand in 1911, while the total foreign trade of the republic has grown from about six millions to over seventeen millions of dollars in the same period, and the annual harvest of revolutions is no longer gathered and military expenses which formerly depleted the treasury have been reduced to a minimum.

"The problem presented by affairs in the Dominican Republic in 1904 has now become a reality in Honduras and Nicaragua; and those republics have sought the interposition of the United States.

"The situation is, briefly, this:

"Practically from the outset the republics of Central America, especially Honduras and Nicaragua, have been often torn with internal dissension and overrun with revolutions. In Honduras and Nicaragua these ills are still prevalent. Beset with strife these less fortunate republics, although endowed by Providence with vast natural resources, have never been permitted to progress towards a normal and economic development. Early in their existence as independent states they found their treasuries depleted and their resources squandered in futile attempts to suppress internal disorder, and as a natural result they have been continuously compelled to borrow at exorbitant rates of interest from those willing to incur the disproportionate risk of lending them the moneys necessary for the temporary conduct of government, with the result that they now find themselves hopelessly entangled in the mesh of enormous and rapidly increasing national indebtedness. Their revenues have never been properly applied so as to meet the ever-increasing demands of their national creditors.

"Because of the difficulty of communication in these countries the custom-houses have ever been the objective point of the revolutionists, and successive contests for their control have marked the national existence. Once having lost control of the custom-houses and the revenues derived therefrom, the constituted authorities have found themselves confronted with a lack of funds and have ultimately been deprived of the means necessary to defend the capitals.

"Control of the custom-houses once obtained, it becomes necessary for the successful revolutionists to expend enormous sums, practically the entire national revenue, in the maintenance of an army adequate to continue them in control. Under such circumstances the payment of the interest on the national debt



has been out of the question, and such governments fall into a state of hopeless default which deprives them of any further foreign credit.

"Honduras and Nicaragua alike occupy a central position stretching from the Caribbean to the Pacific and separating the other Central American republics. In Central America there are many rivalries as between the heads of the five republics, but there has seldom been an open breach between them which has resulted in an international war. Rather than seek a direct means of redressing their grievances it has been found far more effective and less dangerous than open hostility for the president seeking to injure his neighbour to institute and set on foot a revolution of political malcontents against the government. For years the revolutions and internal commotions of several of these republics have been caused by their neighbours who have taken advantage of their position to harbour political refugees from their neighbours and aid or permit them to foster a hostile movement against their native republic, which is fomented in security without the borders of the country at whose government it is aimed, and which is then permitted to cross the international line at some convenient location, thence to contend for supremacy.

"Honduras, because it borders on three of the other republics, Guatemala, Salvador, and Nicaragua, has for years been the hotbed of most of the internal disturbances of its neighbours, and in fact has been the cockpit of Central America. So great has been the abuse of the undefended central position occupied by Honduras that as long ago as 1907 all the republics of Central America joined in a peace conference and signed at Washington, under our auspices, a convention one article of which had for an object the neutralisation of the territory of that republic so as to prevent its further use as a centre of disturbance.

"Under such conditions the Republics of Honduras and Nicaragua came to seek the counsel and assistance of the United States.

" Provided the enormous waste on military establishments could be checked, the customs revenues of both these countries, properly administered, should be ample to meet the interest and sinking-fund on their just national obligations, and it is in order to establish a system for the accomplishment of this end that the present conventions have been framed.

" It may be asked, What are the provisions of the two practically identical treaties as drawn for the purpose of curing the evils of the situation as already set forth?

" The preambles of the two conventions point to the recognised and urgent necessity, in each case, of laying the foundation for more effective helpfulness on the part of the United States in assisting the Republics of Nicaragua and Honduras to the rehabilitation of their respective finances and in thus making possible the maintenance of peace and prosperity in the two countries, and they recite the fact that the active aid of this Government has been requested to this end. Then follow the four articles of the conventions. These include some eight points and I shall try briefly to epitomise them, roughly indicating the objects of the different provisions.

" In order to avoid the danger of further embarrassment with foreign creditors, the conventions provide (first) that a loan shall be placed in the United States; in order to provide that the bankers' contracts, which it will be necessary to negotiate to work out the details of their financial problems, may be equitable and just, and also that they may be properly executed, it is provided (second) that the Signatory Governments shall take due note of the terms and shall consult in case of any difficulties. That the loan may be properly secured, the conventions stipulate (third) that the customs duties shall be pledged; that this security may be adequate and may not be interfered with, it is agreed (fourth) that the customs duties shall not be changed without the consent of the Government of the United States. To assure the proper collection and administration of the customs by a competent person, it is provided (fifth) that a receiver-general of customs shall be ap-

pointed by the government of the country concerned from a list of names prepared by the fiscal agent of the contemplated loan and approved by the President of the United States. To insure the proper discharge of the duties of the receiver-general of customs, it is agreed (sixth) that he shall be under obligation to report annually, and upon request, to both parties to the conventions. In order that he may effectively, conscientiously, and independently perform his functions, and to prevent customs-houses continuing to be the goal of revolutionists, it is stipulated (seventh) that the government of the country concerned will protect him, and (eighth) that the Government of the United States shall afford him such protection as it may deem requisite, there being thus obtained just so much assurance of stable conditions and proper customs collections as will enable Nicaragua and Honduras to borrow the money necessary to rehabilitate their national finances at anything like a reasonable rate of interest.

"I wish to call especial attention to the fact that in the Dominican Republic just this potential safeguard, unexercised and without any undue interference on the part of the United States, has cured almost century-old evils, and to ask you to judge these conventions in the light of the plain facts.

"There has been a good deal of confusion of ideas in regard to the relation of the conventions to banking arrangements for the rehabilitation of Honduran and Nicaraguan finances. The conventions themselves are quite separate from any bankers' contracts. They may be ratified and put in force as between the governments concerned, but they remain purely potential unless and until bankers' contracts are negotiated which are deemed acceptable by both governments, and, in the case of the governments of Nicaragua and Honduras, which would be direct parties to the contracts, approved by their legislative assemblies. The sole desire of the Department of State has been that Nicaragua and Honduras make the best contracts that are possible under the conditions and it is gratifying that American bankers have been able to undertake the business.

"The government of Nicaragua has already approved the convention and, to relieve its urgent and pressing necessities, has placed a preliminary loan in the United States and engaged American citizens—one as financial adviser, two as claims commissioners, one as collector-general of customs, and one as assistant collector-general of customs—and in this way has laid a foundation for its financial regeneration. This, however, is merely a temporary expedient, and what has been done must be lost and the bright prospect destroyed unless the convention, upon which the future important and permanent improvements depend, is ratified by the United States.

"If these conventions are put into operation what has happened in the Dominican Republic will be repeated in the Republics of Nicaragua and Honduras, which are the key to the peace of the whole of Central America, and within a few years the revolutions which keep these countries in a state of constant unrest will be eliminated; the neutrality of Honduras and Nicaragua in Central American affairs will become an accomplished fact; and the peace of the rest of Central America will be immensely strengthened.

"These conventions, as I have said, are not a new experiment; in principle they have been tried and it has been found that they produce results beneficial to the debtor and creditor alike. Instead of producing foreign entanglements they have precisely the opposite effect because they do away with the present discontent and clamour of foreign creditors, because they insure prosperity, and because they make for peace.

"Alone, these countries find it impossible to extricate themselves from the thralldom of civil strife, and they quite naturally look to their more prosperous and powerful neighbour for aid and guidance. Shall we refuse it any more than we refused to heed the cry of Cuba or that of the Dominican Republic?

"With the Monroe Doctrine as a tenet of our national faith can we refuse to these republics that measure of assistance which will render their governments stable and keep them from foreign interference?"

## APPENDIX D

## VENEZUELA

[Area, 593,943 square miles, after deducting the 60,000 square miles awarded to Great Britain by the arbitration proceedings in 1899; population in 1903 estimated at 2,633,671.]

THE total commerce of Venezuela during the fiscal year ended June, 1906, was \$24,306,000, of which \$8,676,000 were imports and \$15,630,000 exports. Of the imports, 30.2 per cent. was from the United States, and of the exports 31.1 per cent. was sent to the United States. The official figures of the United States with reference to its trade with Venezuela show that the imports from that country declined from \$10,966,765 in 1890 to \$5,500,019 in 1900, and increased to \$7,852,214 in 1907, and the exports thereto declined from \$4,028,583 in 1890 to \$2,452,757 in 1900, and increased to \$3,024,629 in 1907, these being fiscal-year figures in all cases.

Taking the three latest years for which data are available, we find that both the imports and exports are still much smaller than they were fifteen or twenty years ago, the imports oscillating between 8 and 11 million dollars and being smaller in 1906 than they had been in 1904, while the exports are nearly double the imports and yet 10 million dollars less than in 1891. The commercial conditions of Venezuela are especially important for the reason that both in imports and exports the United States occupies the first place, according to the data of the latest two years.

Caracas, the capital, is a city of about 75,000 people. Racially, the people of the country are a mixture. The native Indian population exceeds 300,000. Foreigners are estimated at a little less than 50,000, about one-quarter Spaniards, one-fifth Colombians, one-eighth British, with 2,500 to 4,000 each of Dutch, Italians, and French. This misgoverned medley of white, brown, black, and Indian occupies one of the richest areas of the earth's surface. It is a land of fertile soil, vast

and virgin forests and, probably, endless mineral wealth. Between 1884 and 1899 the Callao gold mines alone yielded \$23,000,000.

The country divides itself naturally into three parts—the north coast strip, the valleys of the Orinoco and its confluent, and the southward projecting area of Amazonas territory, lying between the equator and the fifth parallel of north latitude. The Orinoco River, 1,500 miles in length, is navigable for 1,200 miles from its mouth. It is fed by 436 streams and rivers, some of which are navigable for light-draft vessels. The immediate coast line is hot and unhealthy, but this strip is narrow, and behind it are altitudes where the climate is almost perpetually vernal. The hills are a “white man’s country.”

#### FINANCE

In July, 1907, Venezuela’s obligation to Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, by virtue of the protocols of Washington, was cancelled, the total sum paid having aggregated \$3,567,000.

Since August, 1907, Venezuela has paid to the countries not enjoying preferential treatment 30 per cent. of the customs receipts of La Guaira and Puerto Cabello, amounting to, up to May 1, 1909, \$1,199,148.

The financial obligations of the republic and the agreements made by the government have been complied with. During the fiscal years 1907 and 1908, the expenditures of the government on account of these obligations amounted to \$3,904,000, and from January 1 to March 31, 1909, \$484,000, or a total outlay of \$4,388,000, all of which, in accordance with the protocols of Washington, went to the foreign Powers, the 3 per cent. diplomatic debt of 1905, the debt contracted on account of diplomatic agreements, and the non-amortised diplomatic agreement debt. The payments on account of the internal debt from January 1, 1907, to March 31, 1909, amounted to \$1,216,703.

The outstanding internal 3 per cent. debt on March 31, 1909,

was \$12,040,000, and the outstanding external debt on the same date was \$26,253,000, or a total of \$38,293,000.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE

The foreign commerce of Venezuela, compiled from official Venezuelan reports except as stated, for the year 1910 amounted to 157,181,984.01 bolivars, of which 64,184,206.63 bolivars were imports and 92,997,777.38 bolivars exports. The figures for the preceding year were 50,601,977.68 bolivars imports and 83,049,922.83 bolivars exports, or a total of 133,651,900.51 bolivars. This shows a gain of 13,582,228.95 bolivars in the imports and 9,947,854.55 bolivars in the exports, or a total gain in the foreign commerce of 23,530,083.50.

Estimating the bolivar at 19.3 cents United States gold, the foreign trade of Venezuela for the year 1910 amounted to \$30,336,122.91, of which \$12,387,551.88 was imports and \$17,948,571.03 exports. The gain for the year in imports was \$2,621,370.19 and in exports \$1,919,935.93, or a total gain during 1910 of \$4,541,306.12.

#### IMPORTS

The imports by principal countries for the two years were as follows:

COUNTRIES	1909	1910
United States .....	\$3,151,005.33	\$3,788,539.40
United Kingdom .....	2,348,802.36	3,625,681.31
Germany .....	2,075,569.83	2,039,287.37
France .....	659,156.91	998,906.28
Netherlands .....	568,541.04	907,004.60
Spain .....	526,824.96	537,530.61
Italy .....	354,527.87	333,092.27
Belgium .....	42,052.36	41,367.72
Other Countries .....	39,701.03	116,142.32
Total .....	\$9,766,181.69	\$12,387,551.88

There were increases in the imports from the United States, the United Kingdom, France, Netherlands, and Spain, and decreases in the imports from Germany, Italy, and Belgium. The increase in imports from the United States was \$637,534.07, or 20.2 per cent.; United Kingdom, \$1,276,878.95, or 56.7 per cent.; France, \$339,749, or 51.5 per cent.; Netherlands, \$338,463.56, or 59.5 per cent.; and Spain, \$10,705.65, or 2 per cent. The decrease in imports from Germany was \$36,282.46, or 1.2 per cent.; Italy, \$21,435.60, or 6 per cent., and Belgium, \$684.68, or 1 per cent.

A trade estimate places import values at \$9,000,000 and exports at \$17,000,000, though the latter values were probably somewhat smaller. The principal receiving countries were the United States, \$5,550,073; France, \$5,496,627; Great Britain, \$1,447,784; Germany, \$908,260; the Netherlands, \$763,642; Cuba, \$604,102; and Spain, \$589,560.

United States statistics note receipts of Venezuelan merchandise during the calendar year 1908 to the value of \$7,028,180 and shipments to the republic to the amount of \$2,566,022, the values being practically the same as in the preceding twelve months.

The commerce of the country for the first half of the fiscal year, 1907-8, consisted of exports valued at \$8,613,000 and imports, \$4,984,000. Imports were received as follows: From Great Britain, \$1,804,000; United States, \$1,256,000; Germany, \$823,800, and the Netherlands, \$462,400. Shipments were made to France, \$3,409,000; United States, \$3,097,000; Great Britain, \$622,000; Germany, \$485,000; the Netherlands, \$365,000; and Spain, \$325,000.

The principal exports were coffee, cacao, rubber, and cattle.

The United States exports to Venezuela were mainly wheat flour, cotton manufactures, iron and steel manufactures, illuminating oil, lard, butter, and smaller quantities of a large variety of other articles.



## TARIFF

The import tariff of Venezuela divides foreign merchandise into nine classes paying specific rates of duty as follows: (1) 5 centimes of the bolivar per kilogram; (2) 10 centimes of the bolivar per kilogram; (3) 25 centimes of the bolivar per kilogram; (4) 75 centimes of the bolivar per kilogram; (5) 1 bolivar 25 centimes per kilogram; (6) 2 bolivars 50 centimes per kilogram; (7) 5 bolivars per kilogram; (8) 10 bolivars per kilogram; (9) 20 bolivars per kilogram.

Among the goods admitted free of duty are live animals, iron boiler plates, agricultural implements, barbed wire for fencing, Roman cement, printing papers and their accessories, certain kinds of machinery, iron bridges, etc.

In addition to the internal 3 per cent. debt, and the external debt aggregating over 38 millions of gold dollars to which reference has been made, there are outstanding at least twenty millions of national obligations, perhaps a few millions more. This brings the aggregate debt close to sixty million American dollars, or nearly three million yearly in interest charges. With the revenue of the country ranging between eight and fourteen millions, varying according to the crops and political conditions, it will be apparent how very necessary is a period of rest and recuperation if the republic is to escape insolvency.

Owing to excessive taxation Venezuela has few if any industries, all manufactured materials required being imported, even the sacking necessary for the export of native produce.

## APPENDIX E

## THE UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA

## NOTE I

THE competitors for the trade of Colombia are the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France, and in a small degree

Italy and Spain. The United States, from its geographical situation, is the natural source of supply for foodstuffs, and it should also be the leading source for iron and steel manufacture and perhaps for textiles. It is not, however. The increase of 70 per cent. in the duties on foodstuffs has caused a large falling off in our shipments of flour and lard.

Figures regarding imports into Colombia, and in a lesser degree exports from the country, are unsatisfactory and deceptive. It is apparent, however, that during the last year or two Great Britain has taken a decided stride ahead of us and other competitors. American capitalists have also seen fit to sell out their control of the Cartagena-Calaman railway and the river steamers to an English company. As a result the new owners naturally purchase their steel rails and equipment and coal in the United Kingdom, but formerly all these articles were sold by us.

As in all other South American countries, German enterprise and commercial good sense are everywhere apparent. There is no German bank, but the need of one is not apparent, as several of the largest commercial houses do a large banking business with German capital. In Baranquilla more than half the importing houses are controlled by German capital.

France buys Colombian coffee and rubber direct, and in prosperous years the trade between the two countries has amounted to nine million dollars annually, but it is very fluctuating.

The leading imports of the United States from Colombia are coffee, hides, rubber, cedar and mahogany, gold and silver and other minerals.

The customs revenues of Colombia amount to about \$7,000,000 annually. They are collected chiefly on imports, but the export duties on cattle, coal, and bullion enter into this total.

The internal revenues of the government are drawn from a number of articles, many of which are state monopolies. The

total income from this source is approximately five millions, the state monopolies contributing the major part. The miscellaneous sources of internal revenue include the stamp tax, mining taxes, the postal and telegraph returns, government railways, and the salt tax, which alone yields \$500,000 annually.

The fiscal system of Colombia, both as relates to the revenues and as to currency, centres around the Banco Central. The intention was obviously to have this institution bear the same relation to the government as does the Bank of France to France and the Bank of England to Great Britain, but in practice it is not worked out this way. Legal provision was made for the organisation of the Bank by legislative decree in 1905. At that time the economic condition of the country was at the lowest ebb and an acute financial panic prevailed. The government, in straits, appealed to the established banks for a loan of two millions, which, however, they were unable or unwilling to supply. In consequence the Banco Central was organised by a group of capitalists who enjoyed close relations with the government. The capital was fixed at eight millions. The concessionaires subscribed 60 per cent. of the stock, and it is said that the public took the balance. The Bank was given a franchise of thirty years for the exclusive issue of bank notes on a gold basis, the minimum legal reserve to be 30 per cent. gold. The Bank has been in operation too short a period to justify severe criticism, but it certainly has not cured the intolerable evils of the currency system prevailing.

The history of the Colombian paper currency is a melancholy one, especially for a country that for more than a century coined its own money with the product of its mines. The first paper currency was only issued in 1881, but in the succeeding twenty-three years nearly seven hundred million dollars' worth of the stuff was issued. Some of this has been burnt for sanitary as well as financial reasons, and there are now about 630,000,000 paper promises to pay in circulation. The fluctua-

tions of these notes have not been violent, but in times of civil war and agricultural depression they drop unceasingly.

At one time soon after the separation of Panama, and when it was feared that the Congressional fire-eaters would declare war upon the United States, exchange was 26,000 to 100—that is, 26,000 of the Colombian dollar notes were required to purchase a draft of 100 dollars in gold on Europe or the United States. After the inauguration of Reyes as President a great effort for improvement was made in this direction, and it was found possible to maintain exchange within a point or two of these quotations, and the paper dollars acquired for the first time something like stability, on the basis of a 100-dollar note being worth one dollar in gold, or, to put it in another way, the Colombian paper dollar is worth one American cent. These notes are very well printed, and it seems a wonder how the government can turn them out for the return which they bring. That the Colombians themselves are not without both ingenuity and industry is shown by the fact that these paper dollars which are worth one cent are very largely counterfeited by the local artists.

Recognising the necessity of restoring confidence by means of the gold basis, the public, the executive, and the national assembly co-operated in 1905 in providing a plan of conversion. By legislative decree the *billetes* or paper notes were declared to be the debt of the nation and the monetary unit was declared to be the peso *billete* of the Banco Central. As a conversion fund the proceeds of the emerald mines, the pearl fisheries, and the ports dues were set aside. The old paper money was called in, and it was provided that all notes not presented before January 1, 1908, would be outlawed. Holders of these notes generally present them without delay in order to secure the much coveted gold, and as long as such withdrawals continue the issue of gold notes can hardly serve the purpose intended. The Banco Central has also availed itself of its privilege of issuing gold notes against its gold reserve. The public confi-

dence is shattered and shows a decided preference to the metal over the paper promise.

Señor Carlos Restrepo has been President since July 15th, 1910.

The external debt, mostly due to British creditors, was converted in 1896 and new bonds were issued with a face value of £2,687,800. In Bogotá it is officially announced that payment of 30 per cent. of the still outstanding external debt is contingent upon Colombia receiving compensation from the United States in respect of the secession of Panama. The strength of the national army is determined by act of Congress each session. The peace-footing strength is about 7,000 men. The navy consists of four small vessels, two of which are not regarded as seaworthy.

For further information as to the resources and trade conditions of Colombia see the very valuable report of Mr. Charles M. Pepper, special agent of the U. S. Department of Commerce and Labour, and reprinted and distributed by the International Bureau of American Republics, Washington, 1909. I have made liberal use of this report in the above account of the present trade and fiscal conditions in Colombia.

The value of the Colombian foreign trade for the year 1910, according to Sr. Don Joaquin Caicedo, director general of statistics, amounted to \$34,650,789.79. The imports were \$17,-025,637.05 and the exports \$17,625,152.74. For the preceding year the figures, according to the report of Sir Don Tomas O. Eastman, minister of finance, made to the National Assembly near the close of the year 1910, were: Imports, \$12,117,927; exports, \$16,040,198; total, \$28,158,125.

Sr. Eastman's figures are in correction of figures before published by the statistical office as follows: Imports, \$10,561,047; exports, \$15,513,346; total, \$26,074,393. On the basis of Sr. Eastman's figures for 1909, there was an increase for 1910 of \$4,907,710 in imports, and \$1,584,954 in exports, or a total increase of \$6,492,664.

## IMPORTS

Values of the imports by countries and articles for the year are not available. According to a special report of Charles H. Small, United States deputy consul general at Bogotá, the weight of articles from the leading countries for the years 1908 and 1909 amounted to:

COUNTRIES	1908	1909
	<i>Pounds</i>	<i>Pounds</i>
United States.....	62,712,276	58,909,078
United Kingdom.....	48,237,245	43,251,123
Germany.....	37,767,883	23,318,339
France.....	7,254,222	4,918,902
Spain.....	2,420,748	2,874,576
Other Countries.....	23,786,066	17,027,607
Total.....	182,178,438	150,299,625

On the basis of the weight of the imported goods, a comparison in values of the two years is not possible.

## NOTE II

THE following barometric record of Colombian "civic commotions" is compiled from official records, reproduced in a very conservative spirit:

1864. Murillo was elected President for the ensuing two years, that being the term recently established. A revolution broke out in the "Sovereign State of Antioquia," and overthrew the local government. Murillo observed strict neutrality, and promptly recognised the new government of the state. Similar successful revolutions were recognised by the general government as the *de facto* governments in the states of Bolivar, Panama, Magdalena, and elsewhere.

1866. Mosquera succeeded Murillo. He attempted to re-establish the authority of the central government, and for that purpose intervened in the local revolutions.
1867. Mosquera declared himself Dictator. The garrison in Bogotá revolted, and he was overthrown. Acosta was declared President by the Bogotá troops. He refused to interfere in the local revolutions.
1868. General Gutierrez became President. He interfered in the local state revolutions. In Cundinamarca the governor assumed a dictatorship locally of the state, but Gutierrez deposed him.
1870. General Salgar became President. The country under his rule went from bad to worse.
1872. Murillo was declared President, and apart from the economic crisis which was chronic in Colombia, even in those days, his administration was without special incident.
1874. Santiago Perez was declared President by Congress. Grave disorders broke out in 1875 in all parts of the country. Panama revolted, and many other states defied the authority of the President and arrested his officers and troops.
1876. Aquiles Parra was selected for Chief Executive by Congress in the latter part of 1875, and took office early in 1876. Revolutions broke out in Cauca, and when the President sought to intervene other "sovereign states," such as Antioquia and Tolima, "declared war." A bloody insurrection followed. Parra raised about 25,000 men, and many heavy battles were fought. The states of Santander, Boyaca, and Cundinamarca joined the insurrection, but General Parra finally succeeded in restoring order.
1878. Trujillo was declared President. Revolutions again devastated the country. The governments of Cauca and Magdalena were overthrown by the national troops.

1880. Rafael Nuñez, a man of liberal antecedents, although a member of the conservative party, was installed as President. The following year a strong revolution was organised against him by liberal influences in Cauca and Antioquia, but was put down after heavy loss of life.
1882. Señor Laldúa succeeded Nuñez as Chief Executive, but he died in 1883.
1883. Vice-President General Otalora succeeded as Chief Executive.
1884. Señor Rafael Nuñez was declared President. His reactionary policies gave dissatisfaction to the liberals, who had supported him.
1885. A widespread and powerful revolution broke out in the provinces of Panama, Boyacá, Cundinamarca, and Magdalena, under the leadership of Generals Reyes and Velez. It was subdued, and peace was proclaimed in September.
1886. On August 6 Dictator Nuñez proclaimed a new Constitution, extending the President's term to six years and making a centralised government. He declared himself elected President for the term ending August 7, 1892.
1888. Dictator Nuñez appointed Carlos Holguín to administer the government at Bogotá. Nuñez himself remained in Cartagena on account of his health; but Nuñez was consulted about everything, and his orders were law. Armed uprisings were frequent in all parts of the country, but were suppressed without great difficulty.
1892. Dictator Nuñez declared himself President for the ensuing six years, and appointed Señor Miguel Caro to administer affairs in Bogotá, while he continued as before to reside in Cartagena.
1894. In September President Nuñez died. Señor Miguel Caro assumed the unexpired term. Uprisings were continuous and severe, but Señor Caro suppressed them all.
1898. M. A. Sanclemente was chosen President by the conservatives. A powerful revolution broke out in all parts



of the country, aided by Venezuela in its latter stages. This was a bitter and bloody insurrection, entailing widespread disaster.

1900. Señor J. M. Marroquin, the Vice-President, deposed and imprisoned the President by *un golpe de cuartel*,—an uprising of troops, fomented and directed by General Rafael Reyes.
1903. Revolution of Panama, and its recognition as an independent republic by the United States and other foreign countries. The separation took place because of the refusal or failure of Colombia to approve a treaty for the construction of the Panama Canal.
1904. General Rafael Reyes was installed as President, and soon afterwards declared himself Dictator.

The following is a partial list of the disturbances on the Isthmus of Panama since 1850. It is by no means complete, but it shows what the relations between Colombia and the Sovereign State of Panama had been for half a century, when a complete separation was brought about and the new state of affairs promptly recognised by the United States.

December, 1858. Attempted secession of Panama.

April, 1859. Outbreaks and frequent riots.

1860. Revolution and landing U. S. force preserves the city from pillage.

May, 1861. Landing of American troops again requested by the authorities.

October, 1861. Insurrection and civil war.

April, 1862. Blockade to prevent rebels crossing Isthmus.

June, 1862. Mosquera's troops (President of Colombia) refused admittance to Panama.

March, 1865. Revolution. Intervention requested and U. S. marines and sailors landed.

August, 1865. Riots; invasion of Panama.

March, 1866. Unsuccessful revolution.

April, 1867. Attempt to overthrow government.

August, 1867. Revolution.

July, 1868. Revolution and Provisional Government.

August, 1868. Revolution and Provisional Government overthrown.

April, 1871. Revolution followed by counter revolution.

April, 1873. Revolution and civil war which lasted until October, 1875.

August, 1876. Civil war which lasted until April, 1877.

July, 1878. Rebellion.

December, 1878. Revolt.

April, 1879. Revolution.

June, 1879. Revolution.

March, 1883. Riot.

May, 1883. Riot.

June, 1884. Revolutionary attempt.

December, 1884. Revolutionary attempt.

January, 1885. Revolutionary disturbances.

March, 1885. Revolution.

April, 1887. Disturbance on Panama Railroad.

November, 1887. Disturbance on line of canal.

January, 1889. Riot.

January, 1895. Revolution which lasted until April.

March, 1895. Incendiary attempt.

October, 1899. Revolution.

February, 1900, to July, 1900. Revolution.

January, 1901. Revolution.

July, 1901. Revolutionary disturbances.

September, 1901. City of Colon taken by rebels.

March, 1902. Revolutionary disturbances.

July, 1902. Revolution.

"The above is only a partial list of the revolutions, rebellions, insurrections, riots, and other outbreaks that have occurred during the period in question; yet they number 53 for the 57 years. It will be noted that one of them lasted for nearly three years before it was quelled; another for nearly a year. In short, the experience of over half a century has

shown Colombia to be utterly incapable of keeping order on the Isthmus. Only the active interference of the United States has enabled her to preserve so much as a semblance of sovereignty. Had it not been for the exercise by the United States of the police power in her interest, her connection with the Isthmus would have been sundered long ago. In 1856, in 1860, in 1873, in 1885, in 1901, and again in 1902, sailors and marines from United States warships were forced to land in order to patrol the Isthmus, to protect life and property, and to see that the transit across the Isthmus was kept open. In 1861, in 1862, in 1885, and in 1900 the Colombian Government requested the United States Government to land troops to protect its interests and maintain order on the Isthmus."

These conclusions are drawn by Mr. Crutchfield in his work "American Supremacy." They seem to be justified by the revolutionary data which were compiled from the consular and diplomatic records of the State Department.

## APPENDIX F

### THE DANISH WEST INDIES

THE population of the Danish islands is steadily decreasing. It has fallen from over forty-three thousand in 1835 to less than thirty-one thousand in 1901. The islands are without any constitutional or chartered form of government and are ruled directly by the king, represented by a resident governor.

Santa Cruz is the only island of the group that can be said to enjoy any commerce or cultivation. In 1906 the business done in the whole group of islands, including imports as well as exports, amounted to something less than two million dollars. Sugar and rum are the only articles of export, but experimental cotton growing is under way.

The trade with Denmark, formerly considerable, has fallen off nearly to the vanishing point of recent years. Various measures for the development of the islands and for their

representation in the Danish Parliament are under consideration.

## APPENDIX G

## THE BRITISH ISLANDS

## NOTE I

THE following trade returns from the British West Indies for the years 1906-7-8 show decided improvement. The table of revenue is also more satisfactory. This improvement is most striking in the case of Jamaica and of Dominica, showing the happy influence of the increasing fruit trade with the United States and in a lesser degree with the United Kingdom.

ISLANDS AND COLONIES	Year	Revenue	Expenditure	Imports	Exports
		£	£	£	£
Barbados .....	1906-7	204,704	186,016	1,192,328	932,966
	1907-8	209,818	188,296	1,271,530	935,256
British Guiana..	1906-7	535,746	514,053	1,690,808	1,843,105
	1907-8	548,293	520,046	1,765,359	1,711,543
Jamaica .....	1906-7	887,228	828,115	2,261,469	1,992,007
	1907-8	1,022,390	884,243	2,914,000	2,376,000
Trinidad and Tobago .....	1906-7	765,272	810,474	3,120,717	2,872,325
	1907-8	871,201	781,038	3,374,824	3,907,503
Grenada .....	1906-7	71,786	70,379	223,449	210,149
	1907-8	79,871	68,383	288,665	417,299
St. Vincent .....	1906-7	26,031	24,650	78,008	83,755
	1907-8	28,465	24,653	96,554	94,265
St. Lucia .....	1906-7	60,012	60,293	242,469	220,313
	1907-8	67,351	64,840	310,309	264,401
Antigua .....	1906-7	44,175	45,207	132,763	95,971
	1907-8	50,620	46,968	168,396	174,972
St. Kitts-Nevis..	1906-7	49,613	46,067	158,818	160,195
	1907-8	50,351	47,170	180,347	189,903
Dominica .....	1906-7	34,149	31,055	103,224	106,246
	1907-8	39,865	31,486	128,650	124,294
Montserrat .....	1906-7	8,732	6,578	22,807	23,982
	1907-8	10,233	8,016	32,756	35,183
Virgin Islands..	1906-7	2,425	2,032	6,440	5,760
	1907-8	3,971	4,367	7,009	6,027

In the year 1909, according to the latest available official returns, total imports to the British West Indies were valued

at £8,445,130. Total exports at £7,808,708. In both figures bullion and specie is included.

Total revenue of West Indies for the year 1909-10 was £2,590,143. Total expenditure, £2,671,192, showing a deficit of about \$400,000 in U. S. currency.

## NOTE II

THE following are the latest estimates regarding population and area:

COUNTRIES	POPULATION	AREA IN SQUARE MILES
Barbados.....	194,510	166
British Guiana.....	304,549	100,000
Jamaica.....	830,261	4,207
Trinidad.....	316,141	1,754
Tobago.....	20,626	114½
Grenada.....	70,783	123
St. Vincent.....	51,779	140
St. Lucia.....	54,599	233
Antigua.....	34,953	108
St. Kitts.....	30,813	68
Nevis.....	14,076	50
Dominica.....	31,943	291
Anguilla.....	4,400	35
Montserrat.....	12,215	32½
Virgin Islands.....	4,908	58

## NOTE III

IN the following extracts from his volume entitled "White Capital and Coloured Labour," Sir Sidney Olivier, British Governor of the island of Jamaica, sets forth at length his extraordinary views on the race question, which have attracted so much attention in the West Indian world.

"We are confronted in the United States, in South Africa, in India, and elsewhere with a belief on the part of the majority of the European section of the population that white

and coloured can blend no more than oil and water. Whatever be the explanations of race prejudice and whatever our judgment of its significance, we must recognise its existence as a fact of solid importance in regard to coloured society. On the other hand, it is evident that, with a vigorous native stock, no stable mixed community can grow up so long as colour prejudice and race antagonism maintain their supremacy. Such a condition is only comparable with the institution of slavery.

"Whether the white man likes it or not, the fact must be faced that under the modern system of industry which deals with the coloured man as an independent wage-earner and in which he has the stimulus of the white man's ideals of education, the coloured man must advance, and he visibly does advance to a level of understanding and self-reliance in which he will not accept the negrophobist theory of exclusion.

"In the history of the world, it has practically come about to a vast extent by interbreeding and mixture of races, and though the idea of this method may be scouted as out of the range of practical consideration or influence in connection with the modern colour problem, and though I should admit that it may tend to diminish in importance as compared with direct mental influences, yet I consider that the tendency of opinion at the present in the ascendant is unduly to undervalue its real importance, and I propose to give reasons for thinking that where it takes place it is advantageous. We should at least give full credit to its possibilities before passing to consider other methods of fusion.

"The question of the relations between black and white is obscured by a mass of prejudice and ignorance and blindness proportional to the isolating differences in their evolved constitutions. These barriers are not different in kind or in strength from those which once separated neighbouring European tribes. What has happened as between these we can trace and recognise, and this recognition will help us to approach the contemporary problem. . . .

"What happens when two persons of different race inter-

marry? Each race, we have argued, has evolved its own specialised body, adapted to a certain range of human capacities. In neither case, one may say in no possible case, is the race-body (including the brain and nervous system) anything approaching to a competent vehicle of all the qualities and powers that we imply by humanity. Of course, we have had very splendid and comprehensive human types among those races of whose activities and productions records remain, and doubtless there have been others equally capable, of which we have no record, but none that we can judge of (I certainly should not accept the Greeks of the Periclean age) come near to satisfying us as completely capable of all the human apprehension and activity known to us. I do not wish to overweigh this idea of the limitation of racial faculty which will always yield, more or less, to educational influences. The truly great men of all races are visibly near akin. Each race, too, I have argued, is likely to exhibit habitually a good deal of human faculty that is absent in the other. . . .

"The writer of these chapters has for many years been connected with and concerned in the administration of British West Indian colonies in which the great bulk of the population is descended from African slaves and is still very largely a pure African race. He has spent nearly five years in the island of Jamaica and has a special and rather thorough knowledge of that community. In no field is there better material for a study of the effects of prolonged collocation of white and black in the relation of employer and employed, and whilst the different conditions of other colonies have produced somewhat different results, an understanding of the phenomena of Jamaican society may be regarded as affording a very good foundation for a judgment as to the possibilities of racial interaction in any such British community. . . .

"In all the British West Indies the coloured population enormously outnumbers the white. The social and industrial conditions vary considerably. Where the sugar industry survives as the principal support of the community, the land is

still for the most part held in big estates and the labouring population is employed at wages. This is especially the case in Barbados, Antigua, and St. Kitts. It is the circumstance that land has been so monopolised and that the descendants of the slaves have, therefore, been compelled to work on the estates for such wages as the estates would give, that alone maintained the sugar industry in these islands, whilst it failed to so great an extent where the negro was not under like compulsion to work. And it is in islands and districts where the sugar estate industry has been thus maintained that the condition of the West Indian negro is poorest and most degraded. In the more important colonies of Trinidad and Demerara the labour supply for estates is principally provided by indentured East Indian coolies, whilst the bulk of the negro population is settled, as it is in Grenada, Dominica, and Montserrat, under conditions more nearly approaching those which are to be found most fully established in Jamaica, that is to say, as a peasant proprietary, not primarily dependent upon wage employment, but supplying a more or less uncertain amount of labour available for the larger plantations. Setting Barbados apart as a unique community, the future of which it would be exceedingly difficult to forecast, because there, owing to close land monopoly and great density of population, there is a thoroughly European confrontation of capitalist and proletariat classes, Jamaica may be taken as the type of what the ordinary British West Indian colony appears destined to become.

“The people of Jamaica are mostly negroes, with but little admixture of white blood. The predominant status is that of peasant proprietors, although in some districts considerable numbers still live and work for wages on estates, and own no land. But where they do not own land they almost always rent land, and depend largely for their maintenance upon its produce. The number of this class amounts to about 700,000. The extent to which land is distributed among them is indicated by the fact that out of 113,000 holdings of property on the Valuation Roll of the island



in 1905, 106,000 were below £100, and 91,260 below £40 in value. Practically all these small holdings are owned by the black peasantry and coloured people, the acreage varying from less than an acre to 50 or 100 acres. Next in number to the nearly pure negro peasant class comes the considerable coloured class of mixed African and European descent, which largely supplies the artisans and tradesmen of the community. Very many of this class are landowners and planters, many are overseers and bookkeepers on estates, many commercial clerks, and some are engaged in the professions of law and medicine. Many clergy of all the Protestant denominations are black or coloured; so are all the elementary schoolmasters and schoolmistresses and some of the teachers in the few second-grade schools. There are not more than 15,000 persons in the island (including Jews) who claim to be of unmixed white race. These whites predominate in the governing and employing class and as merchants or planters direct and lead the industrial life of the island.

“ Now what are the social relations in this mixed community? There is no artificial or conventional disqualification whatever to bar any Jamaican of negro or mixed race from occupying any position for which he is intellectually qualified in any department of the social life of the island, including public service. Many coloured men are magistrates of Petty Sessions, more than one holds the office of Custos, that is to say chief magistrate of their parishes, more than one holds or has held stipendiary magistracies under the government. These positions they fill with credit. According to their professional positions they associate with the white residents on precisely the same terms as persons of pure European extraction. In practice it is the fact that the pure negro does not show the business capacity and ambition of the man of mixed race, and there are few if any persons of pure African extraction holding positions of high consideration, authority, or responsibility.

“ I would not be understood as asserting that there is not coloured prejudice in Jamaica or in any other British West

Indian colony—that is to say, that there is in the minds of domiciled Europeans nothing answering to the hostility and contempt toward black and coloured people which is boasted by many spokesmen of white folk in the Southern States of America and prevalent now in South Africa; or that there is not, conversely, a latent jealousy of and hostility towards the ‘buckra’ in the temperament of the black and coloured which may lend itself on occasions to the inflammatory excitement of a cry of ‘colour for colour, race for race.’ Such prejudice, however, does not appear on the surface, and such as there is is unquestionably diminishing. It is strongest on both sides in the women and on the woman’s side of life. . . .

“But though in Jamaica and in other West Indian colonies there may be in general social and professional relations no barrier against intermixture, there is beyond question an aversion on the part of white creoles to intermarriage with coloured families, and this aversion may, I think, be relied upon, at any rate for a long time to come, to check, in practice, any such obliteration of race distinctions as is foreboded by negrophobists in the United States as the necessary result of the admission of social equality.

“It is true that in these colonies you will occasionally find Creoles of mixed race in good positions married to ladies of pure European blood. But, as a rule, such marriages will not have been made in the colony, but in England, where there is less sensibility on such matters. Again, you will find men of pure European extraction and good position with Creole wives of mixed race, though perhaps not without special information to be identified as such, nor disposed to be so identified. Moreover, in the lower social ranks of employees in stores, so far as these are recruited from Europe, such mixed marriages may frequently be met with.

“On the whole, however, it does not appear to me that admission to social and professional equality, when resulting from compatibility of temperament and interests, does, in fact, conduce necessarily or strongly to likelihood of intermarriage:

at any rate of frequent and habitual and unhesitating inter-marriage.

"I myself began my connection with the West Indies under the prejudices of the theory of the degeneracy of the offspring of interbreeding, which was commoner, perhaps, at that time, in the writings of anthropologists than it is now; but I have found myself unable to establish any judgment on the facts in support of any such sweeping generalisation. The effects of a first cross are no doubt constitutionally disturbing and many persons of mixed origin are of poor physique. But the phthisis and other diseases from which they suffer are equally common among the West Indian negro population of apparently pure African blood, and arise among these from the overcrowding of dwellings, bad nutrition, insanitary habits, and other preventable causes. There may naturally be aversion on the part of and a strong social objection on behalf of the white woman against her marriage with a black or coloured man. There is no corresponding strong instinctive aversion, nor is there so strong an ostensible social objection, to a white man's marrying a woman of mixed descent: the latter kind of union is much more likely to occur than the former. There is good biological reason for this distinction. Whatever the potentialities of the African stocks as a vehicle for human manifestation, and I myself believe them to be, like those of the Russian people, exceedingly important and valuable—a matrix of emotional and spiritual energy that have yet to find their human expression in suitably adapted forms—the white races are now in fact by far the further advanced in effectual human development, and it would be expedient on this account alone that their maternity should be economised to the utmost. A woman may be the mother of a limited number of children, and our notion of the number advisable is contracting: it is bad natural economy, and instinct very potently opposes it, to breed backwards from her. There is no such reason against the begetting of children by white men in countries where, if they are to breed at all, it must be with women of coloured or mixed race. The

offspring of such breeding, whether legitimate or illegitimate, is, from the point of view of efficiency, an acquisition to the community, and, under favourable conditions, an advance on the pure-bred African. For notwithstanding all that it may be possible to adduce in justification of that prejudice against the mixed race, of which I have spoken, and which I have myself fully shared, I am convinced that this class as it at present exists is a valuable and indispensable part of any West Indian community, and that a colony of black, coloured, and whites has far more organic efficiency and far more promise in it than a colony of black and white alone. A community of white and black alone is in far greater danger of remaining, so far as the unofficial classes are concerned, a community of employers and serfs, concessionaires and tributaries, with, at best, a bureaucracy to keep the peace between them. The graded mixed class in Jamaica helps to make an organic whole of the community and saves it from this distinct cleavage.

"A very significant light is thrown on the psychology of colour prejudice in mixed communities by the fact that, in the whites, it is stronger against the coloured than against the black. I believe this is chiefly because the coloured intermediate class do form such a bridge as I have described, and undermine, or threaten to undermine, the economic and social ascendancy of the white, hitherto the dominant aristocracy of these communities. This jealousy or indignation is much more pungent than the alleged natural instinct of racial aversion.

"The status of such blended communities among human societies may not be high, but the white man has, in fact, created them, and continues to do so, and whatever undesirable characteristics, moral or physical, may be accentuated by interbreeding, it is certain that, from the point of view of social vitality and efficiency, it is not the mixed coloured class, if any, that is decadent in Jamaica. Where, therefore, we have created and are developing a community of diverse races, I cannot, in the light of British West Indian conditions, admit that interbreeding is necessarily an evil. I think, rather, that where we

have such a community we had better make up our mind not only not to despise the offspring of the illicit interbreeding that invariably takes place in such conditions, but to make our account of a certain amount of legitimate and honourable interbreeding and to look upon it not as an evil but as an advantage. We need not be much afraid that those persons, the race purity of whose offspring it is essential for the world to maintain, are going to plunge into a cataract of mixed matrimony. Such a development is not at all probable."

## APPENDIX H

### THE DUTCH ISLANDS

THE Dutch Antilles are of little importance viewed commercially. The largest of the islands, Curaçao, has only an area of 550 square kilometres and is almost without agriculture; foreign trade would be almost non-existent were it not for the transit facilities with the nearby Venezuelan ports. The population of the inhabitants of the Dutch islands is estimated at sixty thousand. It is not an underestimate. The islanders figure in the tables of foreign commerce with their exports of so-called Panama hats and with frequent invoices of orange peels which in Holland are manufactured into the much-prized Curaçao liqueur. The total business of the islands amounts to about one million six hundred thousand dollars, and it is not on the increase. The revenue obtained is a little under one million, and there is a small annual deficit in the budget. The administration of the islands is beyond all praise, as is indeed the case with all the Dutch colonial possessions. Expenditures for the year 1910 amounted to 6,738,174 guilders and local revenue to 5,815,588. The deficit of 922,586 guilders was covered, as usual, by a subvention from the home government.

## APPENDIX I

## THE FRENCH ISLANDS

## NOTE I

MORE eloquently than by words the decadence of the French Antilles is told in the following commercial statistics taken from the official publications of the French Colonial Office:

## COMMERCE OF MARTINIQUE

YEAR	IMPORTS	EXPORTS	TOTAL
	<i>Francs</i>	<i>Francs</i>	<i>Francs</i>
1882.....	28,376,660	38,992,741	67,366,401
1887.....	23,461,440	20,859,130	44,320,580
1892.....	33,110,028	18,384,916	51,494,944
1897.....	21,487,077	18,933,127	40,420,204
1898.....	23,528,390	21,796,431	45,324,821
1899.....	24,898,836	25,754,938	50,653,774
1900.....	24,764,977	26,978,824	51,743,801
1901.....	26,423,431	23,323,737	49,747,168
1902.....	19,111,972	16,251,658	35,363,630
1903.....	20,389,568	15,104,073	35,493,641
1904.....	14,987,791	12,645,521	27,633,312
1905.....	14,759,172	18,069,422	32,728,594
1906.....	14,907,882	18,812,130	33,720,012
1907.....	15,940,039	18,997,221	34,937,260

The situation in Guadeloupe is still more disastrous. Competent observers seem to agree that there are not half a dozen plantations on the island which are not mortgaged far beyond their present market value. Under these circumstances it is quite natural that the Colonial Land Bank,—Crédit Foncier Colonial,—should decline to make any further large advances.

There is one hopeful symptom of the otherwise dark situation in Guadeloupe which in the coming years presents a chance however slight, but still a chance, of salvation. Without the financial resources which they once had, and which are still unpaid, to a limited extent at least by the planters of Martinique, the landowners of Guadeloupe are eliminating their sugar cane and are planting cacao and coffee.

## COMMERCE OF GUADELOUPE

YEAR	IMPORTS	EXPORTS	TOTAL
	<i>Francs</i>	<i>Francs</i>	<i>Francs</i>
1882.....	26,667,201	41,811,642	68,478,843
1887.....	19,587,284	22,159,653	41,746,937
1892.....	21,066,283	21,829,566	42,895,849
1897.....	18,017,274	15,145,356	33,162,630
1898.....	18,492,517	17,056,704	35,549,221
1899.....	28,446,080	17,949,093	36,398,173
1900.....	20,282,563	14,813,072	35,095,635
1901.....	19,666,816	16,899,701	36,566,517
1902.....	16,408,801	16,658,297	33,067,098
1903.....	16,359,061	17,812,489	34,171,550
1904.....	13,260,380	12,933,271	26,193,651
1905.....	13,438,419	15,637,471	29,076,890
1906.....	12,867,069	15,434,609	28,301,678
1907.....	13,626,855	16,269,156	29,856,001

## NOTE II

THE impoverished condition of the treasury and the increasing need of financial assistance, which neither the French Government nor the Parisian banks are inclined to provide upon acceptable terms, is clearly indicated by the following fiscal reports:

## MARTINIQUE

YEAR	RECEIPTS	EXPENSES	SUBSIDY FROM FRANCE
	<i>Francs</i>	<i>Francs</i>	<i>Francs</i>
1899.....	7,821,859	6,994,256	.....
1900.....	6,594,000	6,596,516	.....
1901.....	6,898,518	6,883,102	618,000
1902.....	5,404,487	5,373,457	500,000
1903.....	5,637,044	5,453,742	499,000
1904.....	5,154,615	5,095,713	470,000
1905.....	4,804,016	4,575,306	420,000
1906.....	4,562,400	4,562,400	390,000
1907.....	4,749,970	4,749,970	285,000
1908.....	4,616,600*	4,616,600	140,000

\* These figures for 1908 represent the Colonial Office estimate and not the actual accounts, but they are not likely to be far out.

The still greater frequency of deficits in the insular budget is shown by the following tables relating to the Budget of Guadeloupe:

YEAR	RECEIPTS	EXPENSES	SUBSIDY FROM FRANCE
	<i>Francs</i>	<i>Francs</i>	<i>Francs</i>
1899.....	6,668,510	6,676,500	.....
1900.....	5,958,211	4,960,789	.....
1901.....	7,568,378	7,661,875	840,000
1902.....	5,290,928	5,759,709	800,000
1903.....	7,290,928	5,004,415	700,000
1904.....	6,050,560	5,976,280	650,000
1905.....	4,862,211	4,812,137	625,000
1906.....	5,048,028	5,048,028	590,000
1907.....	4,755,962	4,755,962	500,000
1908.....	4,692,322	4,692,322	400,000

## NOTE III

THE following communication furnished to the Press of Paris, on March 9, 1910, by the French Government completes the tableau of the intolerable conditions prevailing in the French West Indies:

"The Parliamentary Commission which is investigating political and administrative conditions in the West Indian island of Guadeloupe, in connection with the charges of corrupt practices brought against M. Legitimus, the negro deputy from Guadeloupe, whose first appearance in the Chamber of Deputies a few weeks ago created a sensation, has elicited a number of remarkable facts. V. M. L. Ballot, the Governor of the island, who came here to testify, has been relieved of his functions by the Colonial Minister, M. Milliès-La Croix.

"When he appeared before the commission M. Ballot explained that he was not yet able to give full information, but he admitted that the situation was most deplorable, especially with regard to the court. He said the magistrates, enfeebled by the climate, abandoned themselves to reprehensible practices, such



as 'intoxicating themselves with ether and morphine.' M. Ballot promised to take energetic steps to bring about an improvement in the situation."

## APPENDIX J

## REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

## NOTE I

## IMPORTS

THE imports to Panama by principal countries for 1908-9-10 were as follows:

COUNTRIES	1908	1909	1910
United States.....	\$4,459,777.80	\$4,996,626.63	\$5,652,653.46
United Kingdom...	1,553,552.55	1,762,411.33	2,166,988.65
Germany.....	793,583.16	914,756.41	966,151.34
France.....	385,868.43	297,352.22	307,981.93
China and Japan...	128,951.69	180,245.52	229,938.49
Italy.....	154,002.08	210,426.37	198,466.49
Spanish America...	172,861.94	152,345.38	187,341.84
Spain.....	80,639.52	133,823.84	149,021.84
Belgium.....	77,554.69	108,319.94	101,435.62
Switzerland.....	.....	.....	79,939.34
Denmark.....	.....	.....	13,947.30
Austria-Hungary...	.....	.....	3,127.20
Total .....	\$7,806,811.86	\$8,756,307.64	\$10,056,993.50

There were increases in the imports from all the leading countries above except from Italy and Belgium. The increase in imports from the United States was \$656,026.83, or 13.1 per cent.; United Kingdom, \$404,577.32, or 22.9 per cent.; Germany, \$51,394.93, or 5.6 per cent.; France, \$10,629.71, or 3.5 per cent.; China and Japan, \$49,692.97, or 27.6 per cent.; Spanish America, \$34,996.46, or 22.9 per cent.; and Spain, \$15,198, or 11.3 per cent. The decrease in imports from Italy amounted to \$11,959.88, or 5.7 per cent., and from Belgium, \$6,884.32, or 6.3 per cent.

## NOTE II

THE following is the complete text of the much discussed treaty with the Republic of Panama under the provisions of which the United States is building the Canal.

## TREATY WITH THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

The treaty between the United States and the Republic of Panama, under which the construction of the Panama Canal has been made possible, was signed at Washington on November 18, 1903, was ratified by the Republic of Panama on December 2, 1903, and by the United States Senate on February 23, 1904, and reads as follows:

“The United States of America and the Republic of Panama being desirous to insure the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and the Congress of the United States of America having passed an act approved June 28, 1902, in furtherance of that object, by which the President of the United States is authorised to acquire within a reasonable time the control of the necessary territory of the Republic of Colombia, and the sovereignty of such territory being actually vested in the Republic of Panama, the high contracting parties have resolved for that purpose to conclude a convention and have accordingly appointed as their plenipotentiaries,—

The President of the United States of America, John Hay, Secretary of State, and

The Government of the Republic of Panama, Philippe Bunau-Varilla, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the Republic of Panama, thereunto specially empowered by said Government, who after communicating with each other their respective full powers, found to be in good and due form, have agreed upon and concluded the following articles:

## ARTICLE I

The United States guarantees and will maintain the independence of the Republic of Panama.

## ARTICLE II

The Republic of Panama grants to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of a zone of land and land under water for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of said canal of the width of ten miles extending to the distance of five miles on each side of the centre line of the route of the canal to be constructed; the said Zone beginning in the Caribbean Sea three marine miles from mean low-water mark and extending to and across the Isthmus of Panama into the Pacific Ocean to a distance of three marine miles from mean low-water mark, with the proviso that the cities of Panama and Colon and the harbours adjacent to said cities, which are included within the boundaries of the Zone above described, shall not be included within this grant. The Republic of Panama further grants to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of any other lands and waters outside of the Zone above described which may be necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said canal or of any auxiliary canals or other works necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said enterprise.

The Republic of Panama further grants in like manner to the United States in perpetuity all islands within the limits of the Zone above described and in addition thereto the group of small islands in the Bay of Panama, named Perico, Naos, Culebra, and Flamenco.

## ARTICLE III

The Republic of Panama grants to the United States all the rights, power, and authority within the Zone mentioned and

described in Article II of this agreement and within the limits of all auxiliary lands and waters mentioned and described in said Article II which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory within which said lands and waters are located, to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, or authority.

#### ARTICLE IV

As rights subsidiary to the above grants the Republic of Panama grants in perpetuity to the United States the right to use the rivers, streams, lakes, and other bodies of water within its limits for navigation, the supply of water or water power or other purposes, so far as the use of said rivers, streams, lakes, and bodies of water and the waters thereof may be necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said canal.

#### ARTICLE V

The Republic of Panama grants to the United States in perpetuity a monopoly for the construction, maintenance, and operation of any system of communication by means of canal or railroad across its territory between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean.

#### ARTICLE VI

The grants herein contained shall in no manner invalidate the titles or rights of private landholders or owners of private property in the said Zone or in or to any of the lands or waters granted to the United States by the provisions of any article of this treaty, nor shall they interfere with the rights of way over the public roads passing through the said Zone or over any of the said lands or waters, unless said rights of way or private rights shall conflict with rights herein granted to the United States, in which case the rights of the United States

shall be superior. All damages caused to the owners of private lands or private property of any kind by reason of the grants contained in this treaty or by reason of the operations of the United States, as agents or employees, or by reason of the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said canal or of the works of sanitation and protection herein provided for, shall be appraised and settled by a joint commission appointed by the Governments of the United States and the Republic of Panama, whose decisions as to such damages shall be final and whose awards as to such damages shall be paid solely by the United States. No part of the work on said canal or the Panama Railroad or on any auxiliary works relating thereto and authorised by the terms of this treaty shall be prevented, delayed, or impeded by or pending such proceedings to ascertain such damages. The appraisal of said private lands and private property and the assessment of damages to them shall be based upon their value before the date of this convention.

#### ARTICLE VII

The Republic of Panama grants to the United States within the limits of the cities of Panama and Colon and their adjacent harbours and within the territory adjacent thereto the right to acquire by purchase or by the exercise of the right of eminent domain, any lands, buildings, water rights, or other properties necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, and protection of the canal and of any works of sanitation, such as the collection and disposition of sewage and the distribution of water in the said cities of Panama and Colon, which, in the discretion of the United States, may be necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said canal and railroad. All such works of sanitation, collection and disposition of sewage and distribution of water in the cities of Panama and Colon shall be made at the expense of the United States, and the Government of the United States, its agents or nominees shall be

authorised to impose and collect water rates and sewerage rates which shall be sufficient to provide for the payment of interest and the amortisation of the principal of the cost of said works within a period of fifty years and upon the expiration of said term of fifty years the system of sewers and water works shall revert to and become the properties of the cities of Panama and Colon respectively, and the use of the water shall be free to the inhabitants of Panama and Colon, except to the extent that water rates may be necessary for the operation and maintenance of said system of sewers and water.

The Republic of Panama agrees that the cities of Panama and Colon shall comply in perpetuity with the sanitary ordinances whether of a preventive or curative character, prescribed by the United States, and in case the Government of Panama is unable or fails in its duty to enforce this compliance by the cities of Panama and Colon with the sanitary ordinances of the United States the Republic of Panama grants to the United States the right and authority to enforce the same.

The same right and authority are granted to the United States for the maintenance of public order in the cities of Panama and Colon and the territories and harbours adjacent thereto in case the Republic of Panama should not be, in the judgment of the United States, able to maintain such order.

#### ARTICLE VIII

The Republic of Panama grants to the United States all rights which it now has or hereafter may acquire to the property of the New Panama Canal Company and the Panama Railroad Company as a result of the transfer of sovereignty from the Republic of Colombia to the Republic of Panama over the Isthmus of Panama and authorises the New Panama Canal Company to sell and transfer to the United States its rights, privileges, properties and concessions as well as the Panama Railroad and all the shares or part of the shares of that company; but the public lands situated outside of the Zone de-

scribed in Article II of this treaty, now included in the concessions to both said enterprises and not required in the construction or operation of the canal, shall revert to the Republic of Panama except any property now owned by or in the possession of said companies within Panama or Colon or the ports or terminals thereof.

#### ARTICLE IX

The United States agrees that the ports at either entrance of the canal and the waters thereof, and the Republic of Panama agrees that the towns of Panama and Colon shall be free for all time so that there shall not be imposed or collected custom-house tolls, tonnage, anchorage, light-house, wharf, pilot, or quarantine dues or any other charges or taxes of any kind upon any vessel using or passing through the canal or belonging to or employed by the United States, directly or indirectly, in connection with the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the main canal, or auxiliary works, or upon the cargo, officers, crew, or passengers of any such vessels, except such tolls and charges as may be imposed by the United States for the use of the canal and other works, and except tolls and charges imposed by the Republic of Panama upon merchandise destined to be introduced for the consumption of the rest of the Republic of Panama, and upon vessels touching at the ports of Colon and Panama and which do not cross the canal.

The Government of the Republic of Panama shall have the right to establish such ports and in the towns of Panama and Colon such houses and guards as it may deem necessary to collect duties on importations destined to other portions of Panama and to prevent contraband trade. The United States shall have the right to make use of the towns and harbours of Panama and Colon as places of anchorage and for making repairs, for loading, unloading, depositing, or transshipping cargoes, either

in transit or destined for the service of the canal and for other works pertaining to the canal.

#### ARTICLE X

The Republic of Panama agrees that there shall not be imposed any taxes, national, municipal, departmental, or of any other class, upon the canal, the railways and auxiliary works, tugs and other vessels employed in the service of the canal, storehouses, workshops, offices, quarters for labourers, factories of all kinds, warehouses, wharves, machinery and other works, property, and effects appertaining to the canal or railroad and auxiliary works, or their officers or employees, situated within the cities of Panama and Colon, and that there shall not be imposed contributions or charges of a personal character of any kind upon officers, employees, labourers, and other individuals in the service of the canal and railroad and auxiliary works.

#### ARTICLE XI

The United States agrees that the official despatches of the Government of the Republic of Panama shall be transmitted over any telegraph and telephone lines established for canal purposes and used for public and private business at rates not higher than those required from officials in the service of the United States.

#### ARTICLE XII

The Government of the Republic of Panama shall permit the immigration and free access to the lands and workshops of the canal and its auxiliary works of all employees and workmen of whatever nationality under contract to work upon or seeking employment upon or in any wise connected with the said canal and its auxiliary works, with their respective families, and all such persons shall be free and exempt from the military service of the Republic of Panama.



## ARTICLE XIII

The United States may import at any time into the said Zone and auxiliary lands free of custom duties, imposts, taxes, or other charges, and without any restrictions, any and all vessels, dredges, engines, cars, machinery, tools, explosives, materials, supplies, and other articles necessary and convenient in the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the canal and auxiliary works, and all provisions, medicines, clothing, supplies, and other things necessary and convenient for the officers, employees, workmen, and labourers in the service and employ of the United States and for their families. If any such articles are disposed of for use outside of the Zone and auxiliary lands granted to the United States and within the territory of the Republic, they shall be subject to the same import or other duties as like articles imported under the laws of the Republic of Panama.

## ARTICLE XIV

As the price of compensation for the rights, powers, and privileges granted in this convention by the Republic of Panama to the United States, the Government of the United States agrees to pay to the Republic of Panama the sum of ten million dollars (\$10,000,000) in gold coin of the United States on the exchange of the ratification of this convention and also an annual payment during the life of this convention of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$250,000) in like gold coin, beginning nine years after the date aforesaid.

The provisions of this article shall be in addition to all other benefits assured to the Republic of Panama under this convention.

But no delay or difference of opinion under this article or any other provisions of this treaty shall affect or interrupt the full operation and effect of this convention in any other respects.

## ARTICLE XV

The joint commission referred to in Article VI shall be established as follows:

The President of the United States shall nominate two persons and the President of the Republic of Panama shall nominate two persons and they shall proceed to a decision; but in case of disagreement of the commission (by reason of their being equally divided in conclusion) an umpire shall be appointed by the two Governments who shall render the decision. In the event of the death, absence, or incapacity of a commissioner or umpire, or of his omitting, declining, or ceasing to act, his place shall be filled by the appointment of another person in the manner above indicated. All decisions by a majority of the commission or by the umpire shall be final.

## ARTICLE XVI

The two Governments shall make adequate provision by future agreement for the pursuit, capture, imprisonment, detention, and delivery within said Zone and auxiliary lands to the authorities of the Republic of Panama of persons charged with the commitment of crimes, felonies, or misdemeanours without said Zone and for the pursuit, capture, imprisonment, detention, and delivery without said Zone to the authorities of the United States of persons charged with the commitment of crimes, felonies, and misdemeanours within said Zone and auxiliary lands.

## ARTICLE XVII

The Republic of Panama grants to the United States the use of all the ports of the Republic open to commerce as places of refuge for any vessels employed in the canal enterprise, and for all vessels passing or bound to pass through the canal which may be in distress and be driven to seek refuge in said ports. Such vessels shall be exempt from anchorage and tonnage dues on the part of the Republic of Panama.

## ARTICLE XVIII

The canal, when constructed, and the entrances thereto shall be neutral in perpetuity, and shall be opened upon the terms provided for by section 1 of article three of, and in conformity with all the stipulations of, the treaty entered into by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain on November 18, 1901.

## ARTICLE XIX

The Government of the Republic of Panama shall have the right to transport over the canal its vessels and its troops and munitions of war in such vessels at all times without paying charges of any kind. The exemption is to be extended to the auxiliary railway for the transportation of persons in the service of the Republic of Panama, or of the police force charged with the preservation of public order outside of said Zone, as well as to their baggage, munitions of war, and supplies.

## ARTICLE XX

If by virtue of any existing treaty in relation to the territory of the Isthmus of Panama, whereof the obligations shall descend or be assumed by the Republic of Panama, there may be any privilege or concession in favour of the Government or the citizens or subjects of a third power relative to an interoceanic means of communication which in any of its terms may be incompatible with the terms of the present convention, the Republic of Panama agrees to cancel or modify such treaty in due form, for which purpose it shall give to the said third power the requisite notification within the term of four months from the date of the present convention, and in case the existing treaty contains no clause permitting its modification or annulment, the Republic of Panama agrees to procure its modification or annulment in such form that there shall not exist any conflict with the stipulations of the present convention.

## ARTICLE XXI

The rights and privileges granted by the Republic of Panama to the United States in the preceding articles are understood to be free of all anterior debts, liens, trusts or liabilities, or concessions or privileges to other governments, corporations, syndicates, or individuals, and, consequently, if there should arise any claims on account of the present concessions and privileges or otherwise, the claimants shall resort to the Government of the Republic of Panama and not to the United States for any indemnity or compromise which may be required.

## ARTICLE XXII

The Republic of Panama renounces and grants to the United States the participation to which it might be entitled in the future earnings of the canal under Article XV of the concessionary contract with Lucien N. B. Wyse, now owned by the New Panama Canal Company and any and all other rights or claims of a pecuniary nature arising under or relating to said concession, or arising under or relating to the concessions to the Panama Railroad Company or any extension or modification thereof, and it likewise renounces, confirms, and grants to the United States, now and hereafter, all the rights and property reserved in the said concessions which otherwise would belong to Panama at or before the expiration of the terms of ninety-nine years of the concessions granted to or held by the above-mentioned party and companies, and all right, title, and interest which it now has or may hereafter have, in and to the lands, canal, works, property, and rights held by the said companies under said concessions or otherwise, and acquired or to be acquired by the United States from or through the New Panama Canal Company, including any property and rights which might or may in the future either by lapse of time, forfeiture, or otherwise revert to the Republic of Panama under any contracts or concessions, with said Wyse, the Universal Panama Canal Com-

pany, the Panama Railroad Company, and the New Panama Canal Company.

The aforesaid rights and property shall be and are free and released from any present or reversionary interest in or claims of Panama and the title of the United States thereto upon consummation of the contemplated purchase by the United States from the New Panama Canal Company, shall be absolute, so far as concerns the Republic of Panama, excepting always the rights of the Republic specifically secured under this treaty.

### ARTICLE XXIII

If it should become necessary at any time to employ armed forces for the safety or protection of the canal, or of the ships that make use of the same, or the railways and auxiliary works, the United States shall have the right, at all times and in its discretion, to use its police and its land and naval forces or to establish fortifications for these purposes.

### ARTICLE XXIV

No change either in the government or in the laws and treaties of the Republic of Panama shall, without the consent of the United States, affect any right of the United States under the present convention, or under any treaty stipulation between the two countries that now exists or may hereafter exist touching the subject-matter of this convention.

If the Republic of Panama shall hereafter enter as a constituent into any other Government or into any union or confederation of states, so as to merge her sovereignty or independence in such government, union, or confederation, the rights of the United States under this convention shall not be in any respect lessened or impaired.

### ARTICLE XXV

For the better performance of the engagements of this convention and to the end of the efficient protection of the canal

and the preservation of its neutrality, the Government of the Republic of Panama will sell or lease to the United States land adequate and necessary for naval or coaling stations on the Pacific coast and on the western Caribbean coast of the Republic at certain points to be agreed upon with the President of the United States."

## APPENDIX K

### CANAL LEGISLATION AND HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY

AFTER much discussion and delay, the long-debated Panama bill was passed by both houses of Congress, in the last days of August, 1912, and became a law, with the President's signature. The act deals with three subjects: the conditions under which the canal may be used by vessels of commerce and war; the provisions according to which the territory of the canal will be defended against enemies, protected from disease, and civilly governed; and the administrative authority under which these three subjects will be dealt with.

The bill, as passed, places the responsibility for the administration of the canal and of the Canal Zone upon the President, and also provides that the chief resident authority shall rest, not with a commission as at present, but upon a single administrative officer, a civilian under ordinary circumstances, an officer of the army in time of war. The most important provisions of the bill, or those which have been most widely discussed, deal with the question of tolls. The bill, as it passed the Senate, in the first instance, provided that free passage of the canal should be accorded, not only to all vessels engaged in American coastwise trade, but also to all American vessels engaged in foreign trade "if the owners agree that such vessels may be taken in time of war or other public emergencies upon payment of their fair value."

After protracted debate and discussion the Senate was induced to retire from its position exempting American deep-sea vessels. The bill, as passed, however, retains the provision excepting from

payment of tolls vessels engaged exclusively in the coastwise trade of the United States. There is much opposition to the bill in railway circles, both in Canada and in the United States; those who argue in favour of the bill, however, claim that the imposition of tolls would help to strengthen the present monopoly of continental railways. To overthrow this alleged monopoly the canal is forbidden to vessels owned and run by the railroad companies.

It is generally believed that Great Britain will formally protest against several of the regulations which the bill contains, especially the provision exempting American coastwise vessels from tolls, as violating the agreement reached in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. It is further stated in London, semi-officially, that should the protest fail of its purpose the British government will endeavour to have the question submitted to the Hague Court, under the arbitration treaty between the two countries.

After the passage of the Panama Bill, President Taft sent to Congress a message recommending that the legislative branch of the government pass a resolution supplementary to the bill declaring that nothing in it shall be deemed a violation of the Treaty and authorising any alien who thinks he is discriminated against to bring suit in the United States courts. Congress adjourned without acting upon this suggestion.

Perhaps the most important provision of the Panama canal bill is the one which admits foreign-built ships in foreign trade to American registry when they are owned by Americans. This is a great step towards freedom of trade, and one which can hardly fail to restore the American flag to the high seas.

The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, negotiated to supersede the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, was ratified and proclaimed in February, 1902. The objections of the British government to the canal bill are supposed to be based upon the following provisions of this treaty:

Article III. "The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules [those embodied in the Convention of Constantinople, 1888, for free navigation of the Suez Canal] on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable.

2. "The canal shall never be blockaded nor shall any right of war nor any act of hostility be committed within it. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder.

Article IV. "It is agreed that no change of territorial sovereignty, or of the international relations of the country or countries traversed by the aforementioned canal, shall affect the general principles of neutralisation, or the obligation of the High Contracting Parties under the present treaty."

From the preceding it is clear that our lease or purchase of the Canal Zone from the Republic of Panama was foreseen, and that such rights of sovereignty as we then acquired are impaired by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and are subject to its provisions. In fact, there seem to have been foresight and forethought everywhere upon the question except in Washington.

## APPENDIX L

### OUR POLICY IN CENTRAL AMERICA

THE policy of the United States in its relations with our revolution-ridden neighbours in Central America, and in the American Mediterranean, is perhaps more clearly defined than ever before in a note of Hon. Huntington Wilson to Minister Weitzel at Managua, which was published in Washington on September 18, 1912.

Mr. Weitzel was directed to present this instruction officially to the Nicaraguan Government and unofficially to the



revolutionists in that country, and to make it public as an authorised declaration of policy.

America's purpose, the instruction declares, is to foster true constitutional government and free elections, and to this end strong moral support will be given to established governments against revolutions based upon the selfish designs of would-be despots, and not upon any principle or popular demand. Force will be used, if necessary, in maintaining free communications with and to protect American ministries and legations. This policy has already been adopted in Santo Domingo, Panama, and Honduras.

"The policy of the Government of the United States in the present Nicaraguan disturbances is to take the necessary measures for an adequate legation guard at Managua, to keep open communication, and to protect American life and property.

"In discountenancing Zelaya, whose régime of barbarity and corruption was ended by the Nicaraguan nation after a bloody war, the Government of the United States opposed not only the individual, but the system, and this Government could not countenance any movement to restore the same destructive régime.

"The Government of the United States will, therefore, discountenance any revival of Zelayaism, and will lend its strong moral support to the cause of legally constituted good government for the benefit of the people of Nicaragua, whom it has long sought to aid in their just aspiration toward peace and prosperity under constitutional and orderly government.

"Under the Washington conventions, the United States has a moral mandate to exert its influence for the preservation of the general peace of Central America, which is seriously menaced by the present uprising, and to this end, in the strict enforcement of the Washington conventions and the loyal support of their aims and purposes, all the Central American republics will find means of valuable co-operation.

"When the American Minister called upon the Government

of Nicaragua to protect American life and property, the Minister for Foreign Affairs replied that the Government troops must be used to put down the rebellion, adding: 'In consequence, my government desires that the Government of the United States guarantee with its forces security for the property of American citizens in Nicaragua, and that they extend this protection to all the inhabitants of the republic.'

"In this situation the policy of the Government of the United States will be to protect the life and property of its citizens in the manner indicated, and meanwhile to contribute its influence in all appropriate ways to the restoration of lawful and orderly government in order that Nicaragua may resume its programme of reforms unhampered by the vicious elements who would restore the methods of Zelaya."

The communication closed with a denunciation of General Mena, leader of the present insurrection, whose revolt is declared to have been in flagrant violation of promises, without even the pretence of contending for a principle, and "in origin one of the most inexcusable in the annals of Central America."

Criticism of, and opposition to, this line of policy will not be wanting in Central America or elsewhere. Never before has it been made quite so plain that no government can survive in the five republics between Mexico and Panama without the approval and the, at least moral, support of the administration in Washington.

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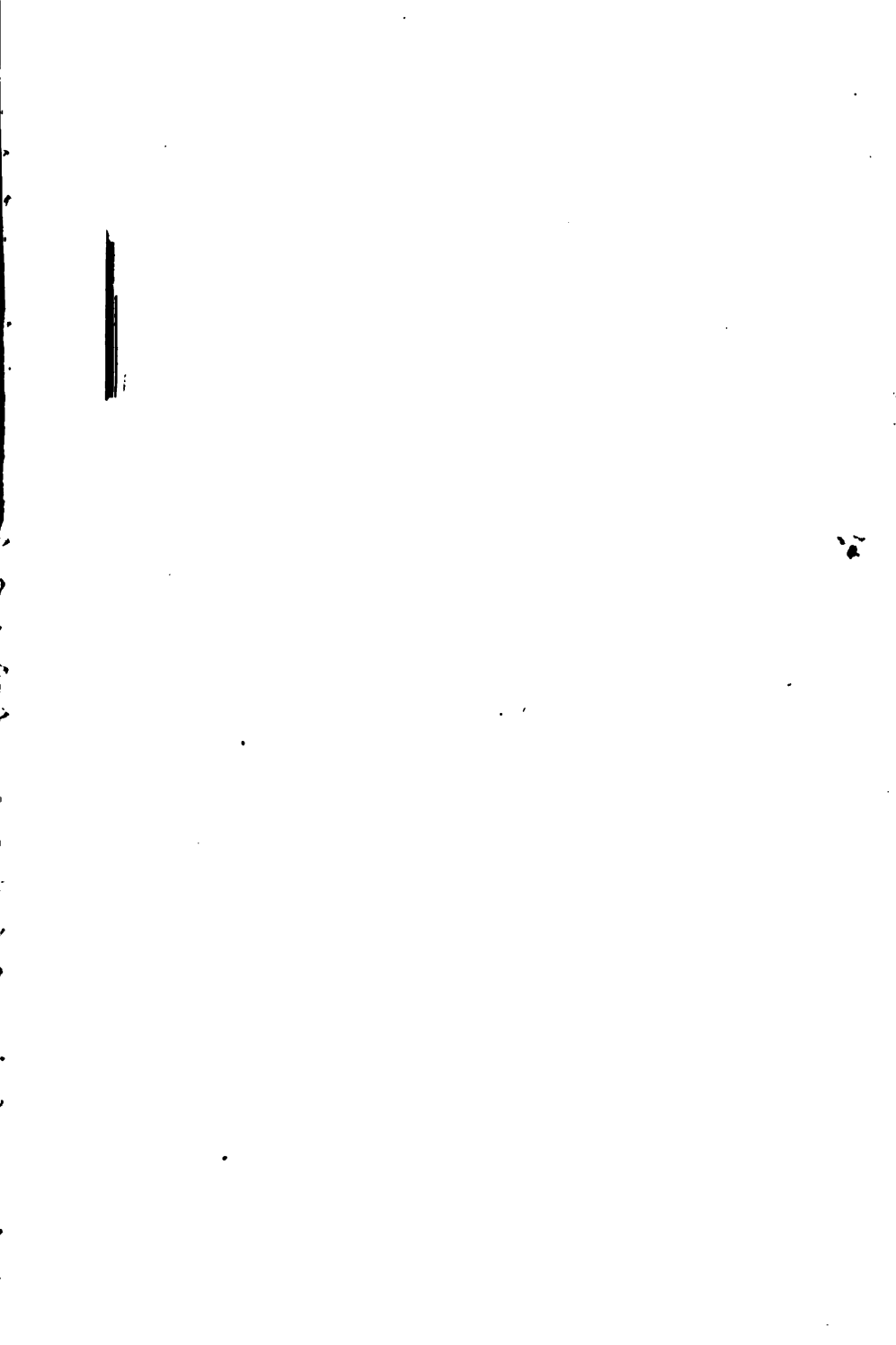
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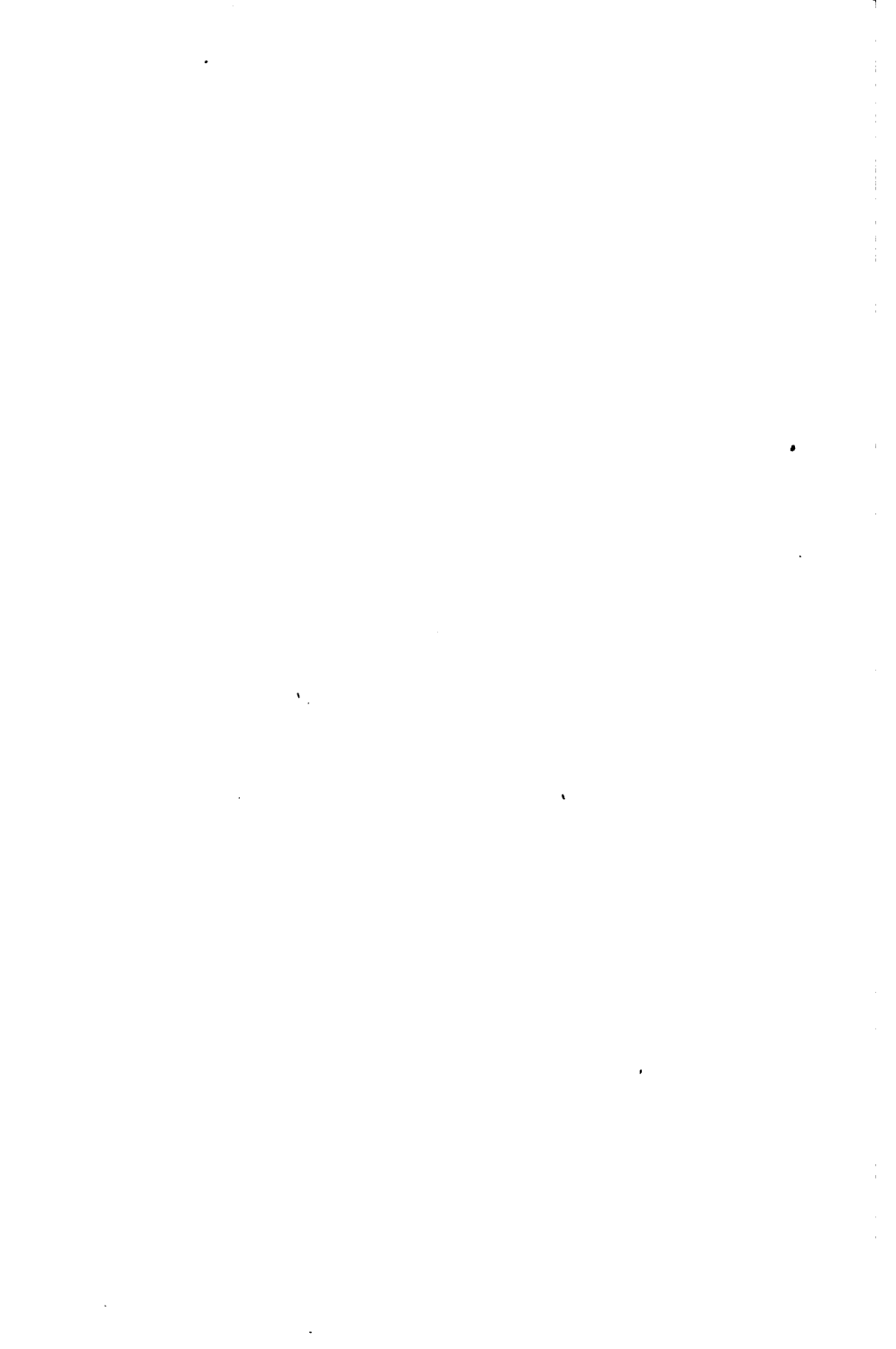
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